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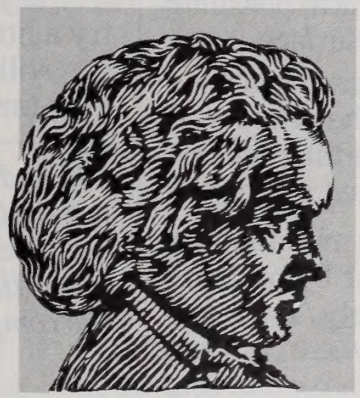
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Printed in the U.S. Second class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both addresses from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign add $3 per year. Please send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (614) 383-3141, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M. Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. *Harper's Magazine* does not publish unsolicited poetry.

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LETTERS

In Defense of Scholarship

Since Walter Karp's recent essay "In Defense of Politics" [May] discusses my book (*On the Autonomy of the Democratic State*) at greater length than it does any other work, I feel permitted to comment. Karp is in basic, if not full, agreement with my argument, so I can only wonder why he minimizes it by calling it "Nordlinger's Plea." My claims are put forward as empirical assertions, and this is purposely done in "bloodless phrases" to avoid misunderstandings: "The [policy] preferences of the democratic state are at least as important as those of civil society in accounting for what it does and does not do; the democratic state is not only frequently autonomous insofar as it regularly acts upon its preferences, but also markedly autonomous in doing so even when they diverge from the demands of the most powerful groups in civil society."

In any case, Karp is right: historians have been overly focused upon social history. Political scientists have also joined the search for socio-economic determinants. It is indeed misleading and surprising that the public believes that elected officials—the men and women who populate the huge, authoritative, resource-laden, prized ensemble of offices of the democratic state—are incapable of acting upon their values and interests when these diverge from those of the politically weightiest groups in society.

What motivates officials to act autonomously, sometimes at considerable risk and cost? Karp takes exception to the encompassing term "mere" preferences. His verbiage certainly sounds better than mine "...the tempting, ensnaring sweetness of power unchecked, power liberated from the people, their judgment their votes." But the more important explanations are on the mundane side. Politicians' preferences are shaped by their career interests, competing institutional interests, and various conceptions of the public interest. Karp fails to appreciate that governing is also an intellectual problem-solving exercise. What officials see, know, and remember is used to confront, puzzle out, and form policies for dealing with societal problems.

Karp says, "Nordlinger's Plea was received coolly by political scientists." Not so. One kind of reaction was overly appreciative: one reviewer said that the book proposes "a minor Copernican revolution in policy studies," and another suggested that it is "must reading for all political scientists." The other kind of reaction was also favorable, yet criticized me for exaggerating the extent to which the state's autonomy has been ignored. Both reactions are indicative of the widespread scholarly acceptance of the "thesis" since *circa* 1980, when my book and several others made the case using different approaches across historical time and geographic space. And if the *New York Review of Books* is as good a bellwether as usual, a shift in historical studies from socio-economic determinism and social history toward the political action of leaders is upon us.

How could the "dungeon of orthodoxy" of a societally constrained state have developed? This is now the in-

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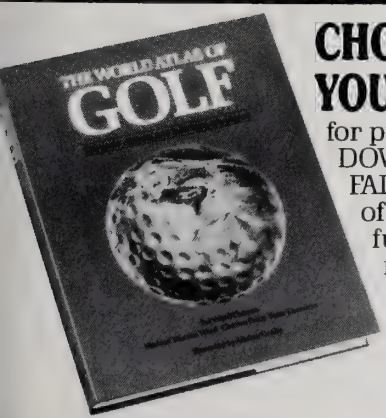
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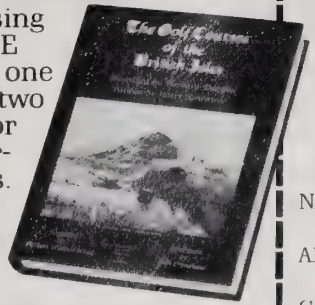
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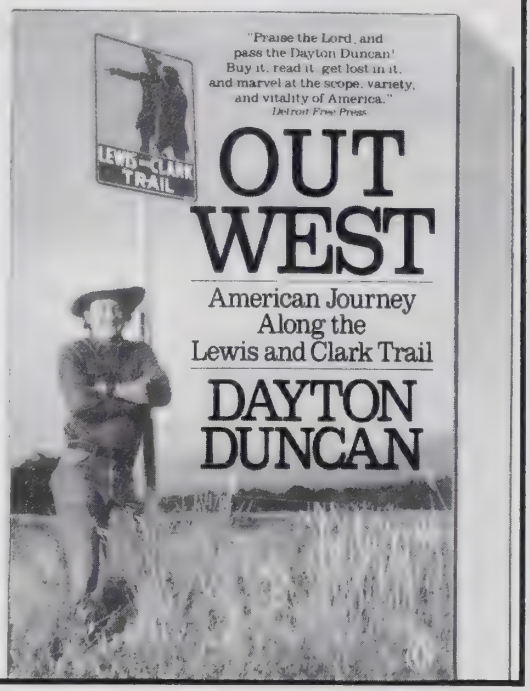
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triguing and consequential questio its answer would constitute an impo tant first step in remedying our de ocratic defects. Karp recognizes significance yet answers in a sentenc "There is no safer way to usurp pow in a democratic republic than make the impotence of the powerf the common doctrine of the cou try." There are several problems wi this. First, it does not make good lo cal sense. With people believing th elected officials are responsive their interests, they have reason try to influence governmental po cies on their behalf. Second, not whiff of evidence is offered in suppo of his conspiratorial-type assertio Since the popular orthodoxy put tively serves the governors' interest Karp simply assumes that someon has purposely spread it about. It is mechanistic assertion of exactly th kind that he deplores—without pol tics, action, or people.

Karp's moaning about rece scholarship derives not just from th scholar's faulty claims and misleadir emphases. We must also become ful aware of the pernicious consequenc of autonomous officials so as to offs their power "lust" and, I would ad their self-serving routines. But the would still be a serious problem, a least for those (Karp probably inclu ed) who are committed to decidedl egalitarian policies. With politic resources being always more or le unevenly distributed, a state that responsive to societal interests wi not adopt policies that are more egali tarian than those allowed by its in equalities of influence. Without sug gesting that it would regularly do s an autonomous state is therefore nec essary if we are to get egalitarian po icies. The "real" (and the scholarly world is not quite as simple as Kar would have it.

Eric A. Nordlinger
Cambridge, Mass.

Walter Karp suggests, and rightl so, that the responsible use and ac quisition of power is noble, even that power is often sought and gaine by those who are irresponsible. Th politician-as-public-trustee is an idea embodied in this country by th

)unders and by many political lead-
's who followed them. These indi-
duals did not lack the zeal for lead-
ship and raw power, but they were
enly aware of the need to acquire
id exercise power responsibly, in ac-
ord with the will of the people from
hom their power was derived.

Our inability to view power for
hat it is stems, in part, from our be-
f that "power corrupts." In fact,
any who exercise power find it ap-
opriately humbling—it can inspire
heightened sense of responsibility
the community. As egotistical and
quisitive a man as Theodore Roose-
elt was anchored by this enlightened
nse of trusteeship, as revealed in his
ritings.

Great political leaders do make a
fference, and their belief in the im-
ortance of the individual is, as Karp
iggests, often lost in the present ten-
ency to consider political events in
rms of large groups and external
vents. Emerson's notion that "an in-
itution is the lengthened shadow of
he man" seldom applies in modern
orld politics; today, even the most
rominent world leaders are viewed
s relatively uninfluential. The best
urrent example is probably Gorba-
hev, who, for all his dynamism, is
iewed by many as largely hand-tied
y the decisions of his predecessors
nd by the inertia of an enormous bu-
aucracy. Yet in the modern world,
ith all its complexity, the idea that
single individual can make a differ-
nce (even if primarily via the ability
persuade others) remains a corner-
one of political inspiration. With-
ut it, we run the risk of becoming a
aderless society by discouraging po-
ntially strong individuals from con-
dering political careers. If we want
olitical leadership, we must first
onvince ourselves that the pursuit
nd exercise of power is neither in-
erently evil nor inevitably corrupt-
ng. Power sometimes corrupts, but
orruption and power are not stead-
st companions.

There is another notion, unex-
ressed by Karp, that also imperils
he future of politics, namely the idea
hat political thinking and aptitude
re somehow second-rate forms of in-
elligence. When asked to list the
reatest intellects of all time, people

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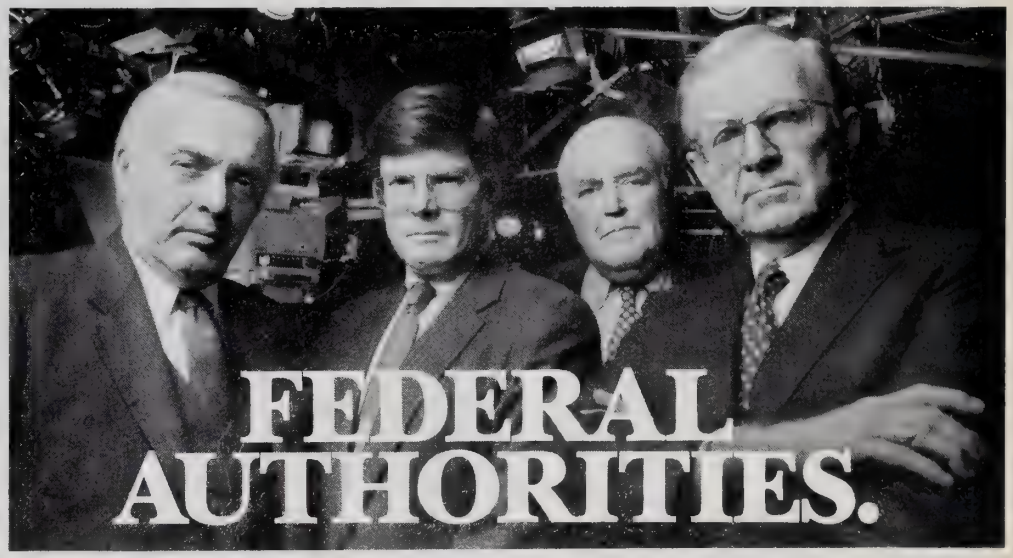
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are likely to name Einstein, Newton, Darwin, and occasionally Freud, but seldom speak of Locke, Madison, Holmes, or others in law or politics. This suggests that intellectual recognition is generally reserved for achievement in the sciences. Is there some inherent disdain for ideas about the acquisition and exercise of power among people, as well as for ideas about the organizational principles of government? It is unlikely that great intellects will gravitate toward a career in public service or a career of scholarship in political science if the best ideas that emanate from these realms are considered inherently less worthy than ideas that emerge from other disciplines.

William E. Cooper
Iowa City, Iowa

As a former political science major, I congratulate Walter Karp for criticizing the "new historians" who teach us how to obey, rather than how to act. But Karp does not go far enough in his discussion of this phenomenon—he tells us what has happened, but not why.

The twentieth century is terrifying in its revelation of the power of deeds, Karp says, yet historians keep analyzing history through broad categories such as social forces, over which they insist mankind has no control. This analysis lets mankind off the hook: if we have no control over social forces, then we cannot be blamed for our "terrifying century."

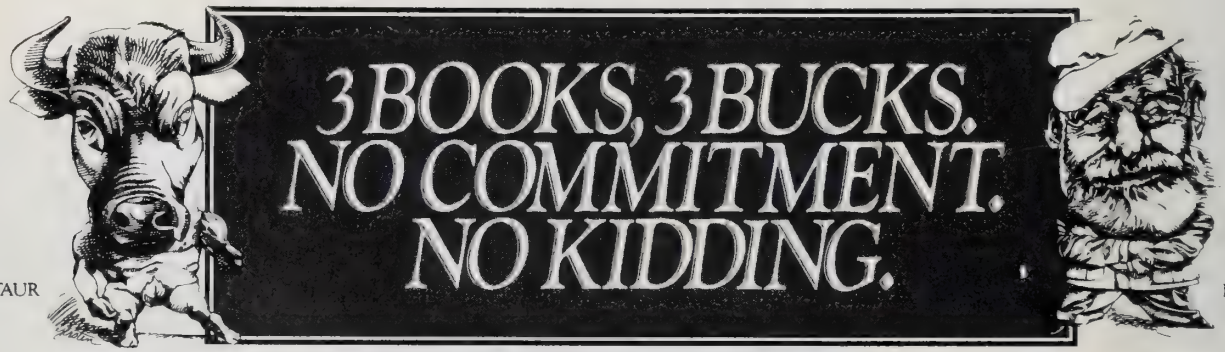
Not only history, but literature, too, has taken up the cry of powerlessness. So much of twentieth-century literature is about man's inability to act, about the meaninglessness of his existence. If bad things sometimes happen to us, we can't be blamed—other forces control us.

Ironically, the pulp-fiction market is one of the few places where this attitude does not prevail. While highbrow literature offers tales of lives let inert by minor dilemmas, pulp fiction offers sweeping dramas where powerful men and women make a difference by changing their own lives and the lives of others. The books full o heroes and deeds that once belonged t the high literature of Greek mythology and Shakespearean drama now sit on drugstore book racks, in paperback.

Joseph Ferullo
Hollywood, Calif.

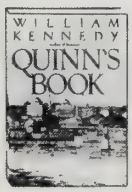
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George W. S. Trow exhibits some convoluted logic in his annotation ["A Grim Obligation That Might Be Made to Work," April] of Ameritech's advertisement for "An Evening of Jerome Kern"—one of the programs in the PBS series "In Performance at the White House." Trow suggests Ameritech has no right to associate its name with the program, despite the fact that our sponsorship





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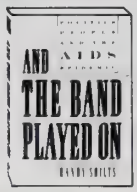
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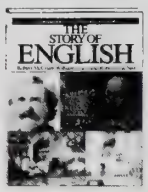
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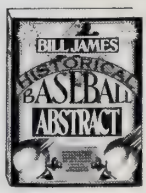
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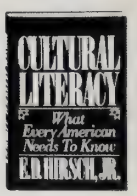
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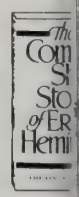
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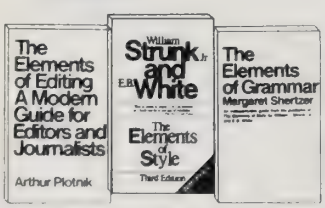
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made the broadcast possible. It is hard to believe that anyone as clever as Trow could be so naive about the role of underwriters. He apparently doesn't understand that *his* opportunity to have fun is made possible by *Harper's Magazine*, which is supported by readers and advertisers. And, to extend his own logic—Trow wouldn't have had anything to write about if Kern hadn't composed those wonderful songs. Ultimately, Trow's critique results in self-exposure rather than reader enlightenment.

For the record, Ameritech is pleased to have brought these concerts from the White House to the American public. They represent yet another way we help people communicate. Although unintended, it seems we also provided Trow with a chance to communicate.

John A. Koten
Senior Vice President, Ameritech
Chicago, Ill.

Right from the top we're in trouble with George W. S. Trow's annotation. Calling the Reagans "Ron and Nancy" is overly familiar in several senses. Usually used to express contempt for the Reagans, the phrase became tiresome sometime in 1981. To get an even bigger laugh, Trow might have considered using *Ronnie* and Nancy, or even—haw haw—*Bonzo* and Nancy.

I get the bit about Jerome Kern being a sidewalk for the Reagans. I get the bit about associating the figures in silhouette with the Reagans. I mean, I don't *get* them, but I do understand the words. But what's all this about an alphabet in which all the letters are A? About how we are uncomfortable in our hearts with A-B-C? I'm pretty comfortable with A-B-C. I'm beginning to get uncomfortable, though, with the letters G-W-S.

Then there's the poor phone company. Sponsor one lousy Jerome Kern special on public TV and your slogan—"Helping you communicate"—gets called "simple, uncatchy," and "an offense to anyone who has ever opened his mouth to speak." *I've* opened my mouth to speak on any number of occasions, and *I* don't find the slogan offensive.

Anyone who actually saw this special knows that Marvin Hamlisch was an insufferable, Nancy-pandering nit, and Trow let him off with barely a snide remark—preferring to make yet another sortie against poor old Bob Hope. And he wasn't even involved! That hardly seems fair. Incidentally, why stop with Bob? Why not take on other sacred cows such as the Jerry Lewis Telethon and the People's Choice Awards?

I see in his bio that Trow writes for the *New Yorker*. Did he write the nine-parter on soybeans? I didn't get that one either.

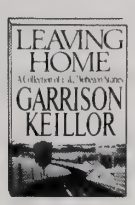
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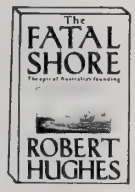
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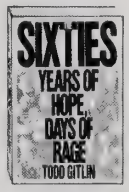
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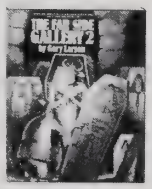
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NOTEBOOK

North light

By Lewis H. Lapham

The formula "Two and two make five" is not without its attractions.

—Dostoevsky

During the course of the last twenty years I've probably written at least 100,000 words speculating on the actions, motives, attitudes, conspiracies, plots, and subplots of the Soviet Union. It is, of course, the editorial writer's task to spin the straw of rumor into the gold of this week's truth, but much of what I have had to say about the Soviet Union escapes too easily into the realm of geo-political abstraction. True, I had browsed extensively through the history of the Russian Empire, and I had read (in translation) a good deal of Russian literature. But I can't speak the language, and I had never traveled to the country to which I had assigned so many adjectives.

And, so, when I was invited to go to Moscow for a week in early May, I was glad of the chance to compare my improvisations with whatever I could see of the imperial city that for forty years has loomed like a line of dark clouds on the horizon of the American imagination. The occasion was the making of a television documentary for which I had been hired as host and narrator, and because the work entailed access to the spheres of official influence, I was allowed to see more of Moscow than I might have seen if I had been riding an Intourist bus. Like most writers set loose in a foreign country, I kept notes. As follows:

SATURDAY, APRIL 30

Approaching Moscow from the northwest, the plane from London arrives in the late afternoon. The dirt roads and tumbledown villages on the outskirts of the city look as if they had been remaindered from the nineteenth century. The mud, the broken barns, and the collapsed sheds would have been familiar to Gogol.

On the road away from the airport I am surprised by a stand of silver birch trees. I hadn't expected so rural a scene so close to the seat of Mr. Reagan's Evil Empire. We have been met by a representative from Novosti, the Soviet press agency, a man in his early thirties blessed with a sense of humor. He says that some of the more suspicious travelers from the West think that the trees are not trees but missile installations artfully disguised as trees.

The road into the city is as bleak as it is straight, the waste ground near the airport gradually giving way to a dismal arrangement of urban slums, mostly housing projects that look as if they had been constructed by children playing with blocks. The twilight smells of low-octane fuel and sour hay.

About two miles from the center of the city, the road from the airport becomes Gorky Street. It is a wide avenue bordered by trees and a few buildings of monumental proportion. In the public squares on both sides of the avenue most of the statues appear to have been erected to the memory of poets, which is preferable to the memory of generals. In the windows of what I take to be shops, I can see a few meager displays of canned goods, cloth, and pharmaceuticals. The attempts at advertisement lack even a rudimentary talent for graphic design. The man from Novosti explains that Gorky Street corresponds to Fifth Avenue or the Champs Elysées. If so, Gorky Street suffers in the comparison. No neon lights or sidewalk cafés. No billboards, fountains, or shiny new automobiles. Little else but ragged lines of poorly dressed people waiting for buses with shopping bags made of string.

The feeling of depression vanishes in the instant that Gorky Street descends in a long, gentle slope toward the immense space of the Marx Prospect. In the distance I can see a medieval tower and the facade of one of the palaces inside what is obviously the Kremlin. The effect is playful. The buildings are gigantic but look as if they belong in a fairy tale. The red brick tower reminds me of a sand castle. The palace wall is the color of lemons.

LATER THAT NIGHT

At dinner in the National Hotel I'm struck by the sense of having traveled backward in time. The dining room, high-ceilinged but dimly lit, presents the aura of impoverished romance that I associate with restaurants on the left bank of the Seine in the early 1950s. White linen tablecloths, old chandeliers, a balalaika band in traditional costume playing gypsy music. The room is nearly empty. At a table near the band, a man and a woman, both Russian and both expensively dressed, drink champagne. Beyond them, through a high window trimmed with embroidered linen, the yellow walls of the Kremlin palace have been illuminated with floodlights.

The television crew numbers ten people in various states of nervous an-

icipation. We sit together at a long able staring at the food, which tastes s poor as it looks—stale bread, cu-umbers in sour cream, onions, fried otatoes cut so small and so thin that hey resemble cornflakes.

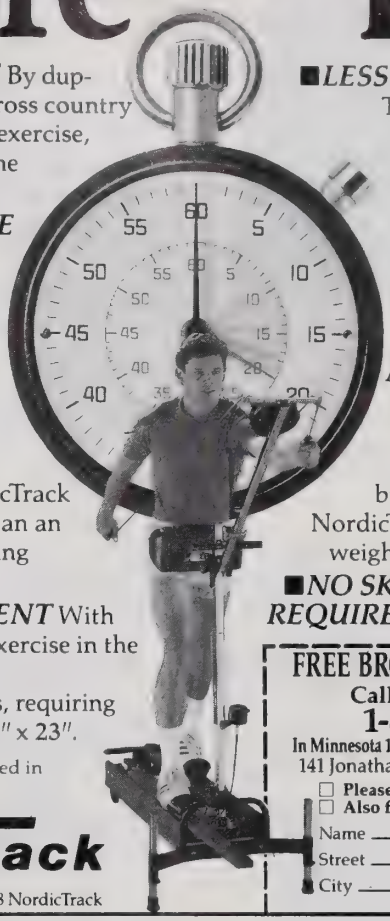
The hotel was built in 1903 and ustains the illusion of faded elegance. The double staircase (stone softened y worn oriental rugs) leads grandly pward through the scent of boiled abbage and disinfectant. Each land-ng boasts the presence of a night por-er, a stern-faced woman seated at a lesk who (so it is said by the man from Novosti) guards the premises against he debaucheries likely to invade ho-el corridors in the capitalist West. The room to which I've been assigned s small and austerely furnished, the ed so narrow as to imply a reproach. n the corners of the ceiling I notice our small fixtures that resemble light ockets. I would like to think they were listening devices placed by the KGB, possibly as a subtle form of flat-ery. The grand hotels in London and New York soothe the guest's vanity with chocolate and bath oil. In Mos-ow the hotels offer the far more rincely compliment of pretending hat their guests might say something elevant to the safety of the state.

SUNDAY, MAY 1

May Day, the socialist saturnalia commemorating the Chicago Hay-market riots of 1886. The weather blue and clear, a light breeze rustling he enormous red banners draped across the fronts of the buildings on Marx Prospect. We have been given permission to set up our cameras at a point not too far from Lenin's tomb, and at 9 A.M. we begin showing our cards of official invitation to the first of several army officers commanding he lines of soldiers surrounding Red Square. Each officer in turn studiously examines my face and my passport photograph. But the security seems to be relatively lax, the procedures far less rigid than those I would expect at a corporate headquarters building in New York.

Promptly at ten o'clock, First Sec-retary Gorbachev and the members of he politburo (all wearing the familiar gray hats and overcoats) appear on he balcony of Lenin's tomb, and the

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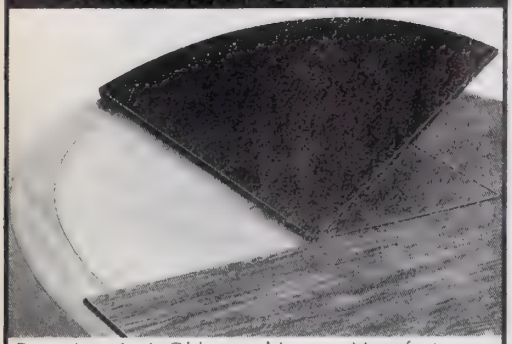
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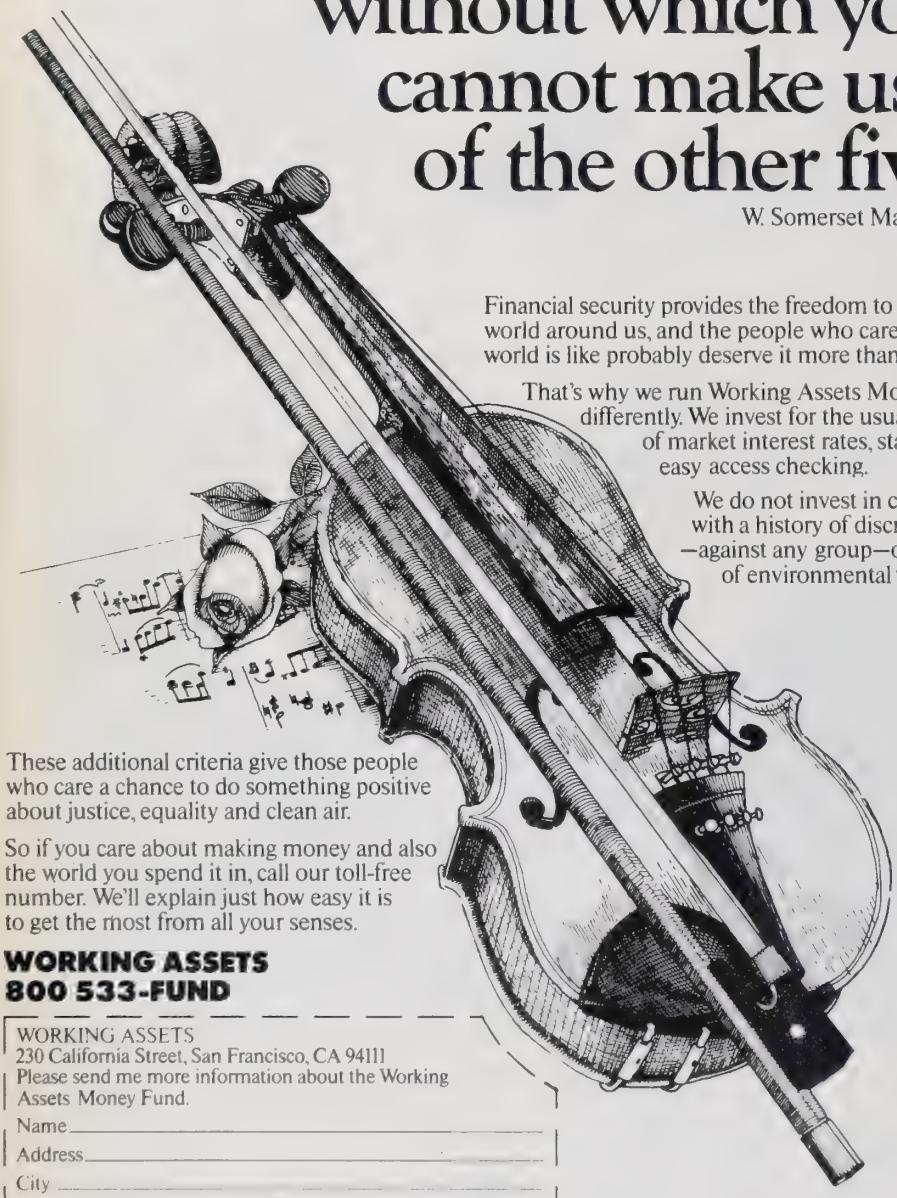
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W. Somerset Maugham



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square fills with the sound of heroic music—pre-recorded and much amplified by loudspeakers. Two columns of people surge into the square from the northwest. They carry banners, balloons, paper flowers, placards mounted on bicycle wheels, cherry blossoms, posters of Marx and Engels and Lenin, but mostly of Lenin.

The crowd moves at surprising speed, many people running to hold their places in line, and the impression is one of an impetuous and headlong rush. It is as if I am looking at a river, balloons and posters and paper flowers bobbing in the current of humanity, the tumultuous flood bringing gifts to a society that places more of its faith in its people than it does in its machines.

Throughout the entire procession, nobody in the watching crowd applauds or sits down. Around me in the Tribune of Honor, a stone grandstand that can accommodate 10,000 people under the Kremlin wall, I see people dressed in what I take to be their Sunday best. The clothes lack even the trace elements of style, but the little girls have tied strands of bright ribbon in their hair. The parents smile and murmur to their children in low and loving voices. The little boys stand as still as glass.

The procession ends as abruptly as it began. An immense *corps de ballet* of perhaps 1,000 children performs gymnastic exercises with colored streamers and branches of cherry blossom, and then, precisely at noon, the music stops, the members of the politburo vanish into thin air, the last flags flutter past St. Basil's Cathedral. The emptiness is so sudden that I can imagine the procession having taken place in a dream. On the cobblestones of Red Square I cannot see a single scrap of paper.

TUESDAY, MAY 3

At least five times a day I'm accosted by somebody offering to change currency at the black-market rate—four rubles to the dollar as opposed to the official rate of two-thirds of a ruble to the dollar—and on the sidewalk in front of the National Hotel (i.e., on Marx Prospect within bow shot of the Kremlin arsenal), the cabdrivers, as antic as the carnival hustlers in

Petrushka, voice their spiels in heavy accented English, promising the dream of heaven (fur hat? nightclub? pretty girl?) at prices commensurate with those in Berlin or Amsterdam. Again I'm reminded of Europe in the early 1950s, when the dollar was still a victorious currency and it was possible to buy a hat or a hotel room for a carton of American cigarettes.

Last night in the hotel bar I listened to a Latvian gentleman (resident of London and by profession an exporter of cut-rate goods to the Eastern bloc) discuss the commercial possibilities implicit in *perestroika.*

"The Soviet economy is a train wreck," he said. "See for yourself. These people have nothing, and there's nothing they wouldn't buy if they had a little money."

We drank the rest of the vodka neat, in delicate Czechoslovakian shot glasses with gold rims), and the Latvian trader—suddenly conspiratorial—glanced over his left shoulder and unveiled his theory of the geoeconomic devastation of the West.

"Imagine an alliance between the Russians and the Japanese," he said. "The Russians supply the natural resources and the market. The Japanese put up the technology and the goods. They trade a few islands in the North Pacific that nobody ever heard of, sign a treaty, and good-bye Fortune 500."

He laughed uproariously and pointed to what looked like a game show on the television set behind the bar. About twenty contestants, all of them apparently very angry, were playing a variation of roulette and shouting at one another.

"Isn't that the worst thing you ever saw?" the Latvian said. "The color is as bad as the oranges the Russians get from Cuba."

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4

Together with Tomlinson and Bygott-Webb, the two historians traveling with the television documentary, I have taken to walking around Moscow in the evenings. This is easy to do, and I'm surprised that I am not followed by the expected premonitions of dread. Not once have I been stopped by a man in uniform. Every now and then an army truck rumbles at high speed through an empty square, but it doesn't occur to me to think of Le Carré's Moscow Center or the Lubianka Prison. Were I a Russian citizen, a journalist, say, writing satirical articles for *Glasnost,* or the son of a man recovering his political orthodoxy in a labor camp, I might not feel quite so careless. But as a tourist who doesn't speak the language, I'm given a pass through the lines of murderous polemic. Instead of being seized with claustrophobia, I'm astonished by the feeling of immense space. The city seems as wide as the wide-reaching sky that curves over the Black Sea. Like the walls and palaces of the Kremlin, the buildings in the city tend toward the vast and the grandiose, painted in soft pastel colors and often decorated with sentimental sculpture. Seen from a distance and a flattering perspective (i.e., without the intrusion of the modernist concrete structures donated by Stalin and Khrushchev), the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century architecture reminds me of Paris. So does the profusion of trees, many of them just turning green in what has been a late spring. On even the broadest avenues, the street lamps cast little more than a dim glow, and the cobblestoned side streets, utterly dark, might as well lead further backward in time, possibly as far as the year 1848. Tomlinson and Bygott-Webb wonder what Moscow might have looked like before it was burned by Napoleon.

THURSDAY, MAY 5

The waiters take pride in their surliness. If asked for fish and there is no fish, the waiter announces the news—"Is not possible"—with an air of perverse triumph. On a particularly barren evening the waiter can make the same announcement about the lamb, the beef, the stew, the green vegetables, and the black caviar—all listed on the menu but all, alas, not possible. After the waiter has repeated the response four or five times, his voice falls into the rhythm of a liturgical chant. It is as if he were singing a dirge for the consumer society, celebrating, in mournful and solemn antiphons, the sublime truth of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and the October revolution.

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"My subject is war and the pity of war."

—WILFRED OWEN

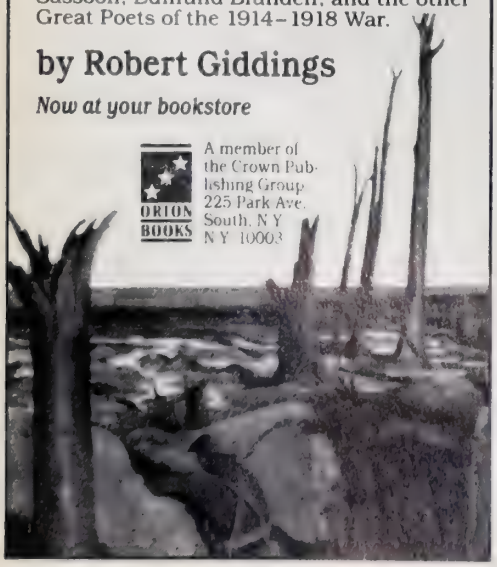
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On leaving the hotel yesterday morning, I noticed six men setting to work to unload a truck parked under an archway adjacent to the hotel's kitchen. It was a small truck, not much bigger than a grocery van. From what I could see of its cargo (twenty or thirty boxes of Finnish glassware), the labor of unloading didn't present insuperable difficulties. When I returned to the hotel at five o'clock in the afternoon, the six men were still busily at work. They had carried off no more than half the boxes, and I understood they had performed a wonderful feat. Somehow they had managed to move only ten or fifteen boxes through the distance of twelve feet and eight hours. Their inspired bungling had triumphed over logic, commerce, boredom, political necessity, and the mechanics of time and space. What brilliant excuses could they have invented? What fantastic stories could they have told themselves? Were the same six men ordered to load the ammunition into a tank on the Polish frontier, I'm sure they could manage to wreck the gun carriage.

"Lazy, shiftless, and stupid," the Latvian gentleman had said of the Russians that night in the hotel bar, "as dumb as stones."

But maybe the Latvian looked too darkly through too bourgeois a lorgnette. I thought of Goncharov's intrepid Oblomov, the hero of the novel named in his honor, who, through the entire 400 pages of the text, seldom gets out of bed, and only once, and then under duress, leaves his house.

FRIDAY, MAY 6

In a practice studio on the sixth floor of the Bolshoi Theater I watch Galina Ulanova, age seventy-nine, teach a master class to Alla Michalchenko, age maybe twenty-four, on the subject of *Giselle*. A bare room filled with light, the plain oak floor canted at an angle of fifteen degrees. The walls painted the color of peaches, a washbasin, four chandeliers, a few wooden benches under a rectangular mirror, the pianist, a woman in her late fifties playing a Bechstein piano with a tone as luminous as an Impressionist painting.

Miss Ulanova carries herself with the strength and grace of a sixteen-year-old girl. She speaks softly in Russian, putting her pupil through the different passages of the dance, gently moving her right hand in a gesture so small as to be nearly invisible. I don't know why I am so delighted with the scene. Maybe because of its clarity. Certainly I am no student of the ballet, but I understand the seriousness of the lesson, and I am content to watch the drafting and redrafting of the figures on the imagined canvas in the frame of a timeless space.

I think of Oblomov, and of Lenin talking to a wall in Switzerland, and it occurs to me that in Moscow I cannot avoid the victories of the poet's play with words—of an art or a life or an idea obstinately transcending the prosody of fact. Backstage, the Bolshoi Theater is as shabby as the National Hotel—the same atmosphere of faded grandeur and jury-rigged intelligence, of dressing rooms too warm in summer and too cold in winter. The obstacles merely excite the mind to more fantastic leaps. The spirit eludes the nets of circumstance, shrugs off the snow and the politicians, slips away from the police, and sets itself free to dance. Or makes icons of a political ideology as crazy as Nijinsky.

SATURDAY, MAY 7

On the way out of town, toward the airport, I sit in the front seat of the car sent by Novosti, exchanging cigarettes with the driver who admires Clint Eastwood. Neither of us speaks the other's language, but we both laugh at the recklessness with which the driver defies, at 50 m.p.h., the principles of sound traffic management. I look at the now familiar buildings on either side of Gorky Street, as threadbare as they were a week ago but oddly comforting because they don't insist on the dream of chrome-plated success or badger passersby with the news of their own failure. In the square under the sovereignty of his not very well-wrought statue, I see Pushkin contemplating a crowd of schoolchildren gathered around a man with a toy bird, and think of a Russian proverb, "A word is not a sparrow, once it flies, you can't catch it." ■

HARPER'S INDEX

Value of the arms that Warsaw Pact members have bought from NATO countries since 1982 : $35,000,000
Value of the arms that NATO members have bought from Warsaw Pact countries since 1982 : $165,000,000
Amount the Pentagon spent last year on foreign-made parts and equipment : $21,000,000,000
U.S. military spending during the Reagan administration, per second : $8,607 (see page 39)
Portion of all arms sales worldwide, since 1982, that went to the Middle East : 2/5
Percentage of Jewish settlers on the West Bank who consider themselves "religious" : 8
Percentage of Americans who say they would vote for an atheist for president : 31
Percentage who say they would vote for a homosexual : 26
Percentage of voters who list their spouse as a "very important" source of information about candidates : 19
Percentage of executives who rank themselves as their "most trusted confidant in an ethical situation" : 44
Average hourly rate Chrysler paid Lee Iacocca last year : $8,608
Chances that an American earning hourly wages is paid less than $5 an hour : 1 in 3
Estimated number of jobs in the United States that were created by Japanese companies : 230,000
Estimated number of jobs in Japan that were created by American companies : 336,000
Portion of all U.S. imports that are produced by American companies abroad : 1/5
Bounty that drug smugglers are rumored to have put on Barco, a U.S. Border Patrol drug-sniffing dog : $30,000
Annual premium on a $6,000 life insurance policy for a champion German shepherd : $540
Price of a $1,000 rain insurance policy for a trip to Anchorage, Alaska, in July : $32.50
Ratio of tourists to scientists and researchers visiting Antarctica last year : 1:1
Price of a one-kilo bag of thousand-year-old glacial "party ice cubes" in Japan : $1.50
Profits earned by Coca-Cola in Japan last year: $350,000,000
In the United States : $324,000,000
Price of a box of Cheerios in Japan : $7.20
Ratio of tons of grain produced to tons of fertilizer used worldwide in 1950 : 44:1
Today : 13:1
Number of countries with zero population growth : 35
Percentage of 13- to 15-year-old boys who say that it is acceptable for a man to rape his wife : 86
Who say that it is acceptable for a man to rape his date if he has spent "a lot of money" on her : 24
Number of people worldwide who have died of AIDS since 1981 : 72,504
Number of people who have died of measles since then : 14,000,000
Total cost of eradicating smallpox, worldwide : $300,000,000
Projected total cost of the Love Canal cleanup : $250,000,000
Chances that the blood of an American who uses a public water system contains a dangerous amount of lead : 1 in 5
Brands of bottled water sold in the United States : 535
Number of fish per day that a Vermonter may shoot in season : 10
Price of an order of sushi at Dodger Stadium : $4.50
Percentage of all ice cream consumed by Muscovites that is vanilla : 95
Number of Soviets in Petrozavodsk who were crushed to death in liquor-store lines last year : 3
Price paid in West Virginia last April for a case of Billy Beer : $2,000

Figures cited are the latest available as of May 1988. Sources are listed on page 76.
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READINGS

[Essay]

TOWARD SOMETHING AMERICAN

By Peter Marin. Adapted from his introduction to The New Americans, *a photo essay by Ulli Steltzer, to be published in September by NewSage Press. Marin is a* Harper's Magazine *contributing editor.*

It is a commonplace, I know, to say we are a "nation of immigrants." But that means far more than that we are all descended from foreigners. It also means that the very tenor and nature of American life—its underlying resonance, its deep currents—have been defined in large part by the immigrant experience and, in particular, by the immigrant's experience of displacement and loss. You can find writ small, in individual immigrant lives, the same tensions, ambiguities of desire, contradictions, and struggles that are writ large across almost all of American life and in most American lives.

I am thinking, specifically, about what happens to the traditions and values that previously gave order and meaning to immigrants' lives—the crisis that occurs in terms of *culture*. It is that crisis, I think, that is in an important sense our own, enveloping and involving all Americans—even those of us whose ancestors arrived here long ago.

Culture, after all, is more than the way immigrants (or, for that matter, the rest of us) do things, dress, or eat. It is also more than art, ritual, or language. It is, beyond all that, the internalized and overarching beliefs and systems of meaning that create community, dignify individual lives, and make action significant. It provides a way not only of organizing the world but also of realizing the full dimensions and dignity of one's own existence and the moral relation it bears to the full scheme of earthly and unearthly things.

And it is all of that which is called into question and threatened when immigrants leave one place for another. To put it as simply as I can: immigrants find themselves dislocated not only in terms of space but also in terms of meaning, time, and value, caught between a past no longer fully accessible and a future not yet of use. Inevitably, a sort of inner oscillation is set up, a tension between the old world and the new. The subsequent drama is in some ways more profound, more decisive than the material struggle to survive. It involves the immigrant soul, if by soul one simply means the deepest part of the self, the source of human connectedness and joy. The great tidal pulls of past and future, of one world and another, create a third and inner world, *the condition of exile*—one in which the sense of separateness and loss, of in-betweenness, of suspension and even orphanhood, become more of a home for the immigrant, more of a homeland, than either the nation left behind or America newly entered.

Perhaps it is easiest to understand all this by looking at the schisms that appear within immigrant and refugee families, the gaps that open up between generations. The parents are for the most part pulled backward toward the values of the past, often struggling to create, in the new world, simulacra of the cultures they left behind. But the children are pulled forward into the vortex of American life with its promise of new sensations, pleasures, experiences, risks, and material goods—most of which have more to do with fashion than with values, and few of which, in the end, can touch the soul, deepen the self, or lead someone to wisdom.

You will note that I said American "life" rather than American "culture." I want to make that distinction clear. For I am not absolutely sure that there really is an American culture—not, at least, in the ordinary sense of the word or in the form of anything that might replace in the heart or moral imagination what immigrant parents left behind. What we like to think of as the "melting pot" often seems more like a superheated furnace that must be fed continuously with imported values and lives, whose destruction creates the energy and heat of American life. And as interesting as that life is, and as liberating or addictive as it can become, in terms of values, America remains even now much what it was when the first Europeans arrived: a raw open space, a wilderness, though today it is a moral and spiritual wilderness rather than a geographical one.

I do not say that mournfully or deploringly. A wilderness, after all, is not empty. It has its own wonders and virtues. It is simply wild, untamed, essentially unknowable and directionless: open to all possibilities and also full of dangers. If you think about it, what one is really talking about here is freedom: the forms it takes in America, and what it costs as well as confers upon us. The ideas of wilderness and freedom have always been intertwined in America. It was the moral neutrality of the wilderness, the absence of preexisting institutions, of culture, if you will, which conferred upon the settlers the freedom they sought. Even while still on their ships, the Puritans claimed to be in "a state of nature" and therefore free of all sovereignty save their own. And now, 300 years later, freedom in America still means essentially *being left alone*: the chance to pursue, undeterred by others, the dictates (or absence) of appetite, will, faith, or conscience.

But that same idea of freedom, which is the real hallmark of American life and perhaps its greatest attraction, also causes immense difficulties for us. For one thing, it intensifies the fragmentary nature of our society, undermining for many Americans the sense of safety or order to be found in more coherent cultures. For another, it makes inevitable social complexity, competition between values, and rapidity of change, which often make the world seem threatening or out of control, inimical to any system of value.

Hence the nostalgia of so many Americans for the past, a nostalgia which exists side by side with perpetual change and amounts, in moral terms, to a longing for "the old country." The fact is that the values and traditions fed to the furnace of American life never disappear altogether—at least not quite. There remains always, in every ethnic tradition, in the generational legacy of every individual family, a certain residue, a kind of ash, what I would call "ghost-values": the tag ends and shreds and echoes of the past calling to us generations after their real force has been spent, tantalizing us with idealized visions of a stability or order or certainty of meaning that we seem never to have known, and that we imagine can somehow be restored.

You can detect the pull of these ghost-values in our political debates about public issues such as abortion, pornography, and "law and order," and in the vast swings in American mores between the adventurous and the conservative. But equally significant and far more interesting are the ways in which these schizoid tendencies are at work in so many of us as individuals—as if we ourselves were (and indeed we *are*) miniaturized Americas.

Let me give two examples. Recently a friend of mine attended a wedding in New England at which two gay women were married in a traditional Jewish ceremony. And I have another friend, an Englishman, who decided after fifteen years in America and a marriage and three children and a divorce, to become a woman. After surgery he turned out to be a carbon copy of the conservative matrons he had seen, as a child, taking tea in his mother's drawing room. When I asked about the children, he said, "I just want to be a mother to them."

There you have it—America! I have not chosen these examples idly, extreme as they may seem. Both are, in essence, attempts to solve the immigrant's dilemma. Both reveal something that seems to me particularly and poignantly American: a combined hunger and innocence in which we ache for both freedom *from* the past and the safety *of* the past at the same time. We are apparently unwilling to sacrifice one for the other. It is as if we are—each one of us, each American—both the immigrant child straining to escape the past and the immigrant parent struggling to preserve it.

The end result, of course, is that we end up much the way our immigrant ancestors did: without a world in which we feel at home. The present itself seems continually to escape us. The good and the true always lie behind us or ahead. Always in transit, usually distracted, we are rarely satisfied or sustained by the world as it is, things as they are, or the facticity of the given, to use a fancy but accurate phrase. We tend to lack the deep joy or the gravid resignation engendered in other cultures by a sense of ease in time: the long shadow cast by lives lived for generations in a loved mode or place. "Home" is for us, as it is for all immigrants, something to be regained, created, discovered, or mourned—not where we are in time or space, but where we dream of being.



American farmlands, 1954, *a photograph by Margaret Bourke-White. From a retrospective of her work at the International Center of Photography in New York City last spring. The show will travel to Kansas City and St. Paul later this year.*

[Affidavit]

A SALVADORAN'S PLEA

Excerpted from an affidavit by Maria Teresa Tula viuda de Canales, a Salvadoran human-rights activist, requesting political asylum in the United States. On May 6, the Immigration and Naturalization Service denied her request after receiving a State Department advisory opinion. In recommending against asylum, the opinion states that "there is no evidence that peaceful political activity of a leftist character would cause her to be at risk in El Salvador," and that Tula is a "prominent guerrilla activist." The State Department opinion offers no evidence to support its allegations, all of which Tula has denied. Tula is currently living in the United States, and is being represented by the Center for Constitutional Rights in a new application for asylum.

I, Maria Teresa Tula viuda de Canales, being duly sworn according to law, do hereby depose and say:

I was born on April 23, 1951, in the village of Izalco, in the Department of Sonsonate in El Salvador.

Up until January 1978, I was never involved in politics in any way. My husband was working for the Izalco Sugar Company and I was taking care of our four children and working—washing and ironing clothes. Conditions at the sugar company were very bad. In January 1978, over 1,700 workers decided to go on strike.

My husband was very active in the strike.

He was arrested and taken to the National Guard Headquarters in San Salvador where he was held incommunicado for three days. Finally, on the fourth day, he was presented to a military tribunal and sentenced to six months in prison. When I visited him, he told me how he had been tortured—he was beaten on the testicles, then hung from the ceiling and beaten all over his body, a torture described as "the airplane."

It was after my husband's arrest that I started working with the CoMadres—an organization of women formed in 1977 to press for the release of our husbands and other family members who had been jailed, "disappeared," or assassinated, and to demand that the government respect human rights.

In June 1978, my husband was released from prison.

We decided to move to Santa Ana, where my husband got work as a bricklayer. He was not involved in politics in any way.

I traveled to San Salvador several times a week to do my human-rights work with CoMadres. We would call press conferences when people disappeared, or place ads in the newspaper announcing that someone was being held and demanding that they be released, or at least charged and tried.

In May 1980, I moved with my husband and our children to Sonsonate. My husband had gotten a job there building houses. Barely a month later he was assassinated. I remember on June 19, four men in civilian clothes, heavily armed, came to our house. They asked for my husband and said they were taking him to the municipal police station because he had been a witness to a robbery. On Saturday the newspaper ran a picture of him and said that he was a guerrilla and had died in a confrontation with the armed forces in a clandestine house full of arms. This was a complete lie since my husband was never involved with the guerrillas. He hadn't been involved in any [politics] since the sugar-workers strike in 1978. When I went to get my husband's body, the judge who had identified it told me that he had been killed by the armed forces—his hands and feet had been bound and there was a bullet hole through his head.

After my husband's funeral, when we were returning home from the cemetery, some neighbors told me that my house was "*militarizado*"—there were soldiers surrounding it and going through all our things. So I never went back. Once they kill one member of a family, they often kill others.

From June 1980 until August 1982, I lived with my children in San Salvador. I continued to be very active with CoMadres, which was under intense pressure from the right-wing death squads and security forces. In 1980 the CoMadres office—which we shared with the nongovernmental Human Rights Commission—was bombed twice. Several unidentified decapitated bodies were left at the front of the office.

Several members of the Human Rights Commission were also assassinated during this period.

In 1982 Archbishop Rivera y Damas recognized the work that we at CoMadres were doing and he gave us office space in the archdiocese. To announce the move, we held a press conference, telling the public about our work and where they should come for help. As a result, a death threat against all members of CoMadres from the death squad Maximiliano Hernandez appeared in the newspaper. It told us not to put any more ads in the newspapers and not to hold press conferences. And it threatened that if people did not obey, they would be disappeared or decapitated, one by one.

Shortly after this, men dressed as civilians started coming to my house and asking questions. Plainclothesmen were constantly watching the house, and whenever I left they would ask the children questions.

By this time it was clear that my life was in danger. I decided to flee to Mexico.

In the fall of 1984, CoMadres was chosen to receive the Robert F. Kennedy Foundation award for our work in human rights, and I was selected by the group as one of four members to travel to Washington to accept the prize. Shortly afterward, I decided to return to El Salvador because I believed that with this international attention and recognition for our work, I would now be safer. Also, José Napoleón Duarte had recently been elected president after a campaign in which he promised to respect human rights and to initiate investigations into disappearances and assassinations. I believed he would want to avoid the international response that would be triggered by any attack on me or CoMadres.

On October 4, 1984, I returned to El Salvador with my children. In the middle of November, the four of us who were going to travel to the United States for the award went to the U.S. Embassy and applied for visas. A few days later we found out they had been denied. Later, an article appeared in the Salvadoran paper *La Prensa Gráfica* listing our names and quoting a U.S. State Department declaration saying that our visas had been denied because we had communist connections. Linking our names to the communists in the newspapers was like giving permission to the death squads to assassinate us.

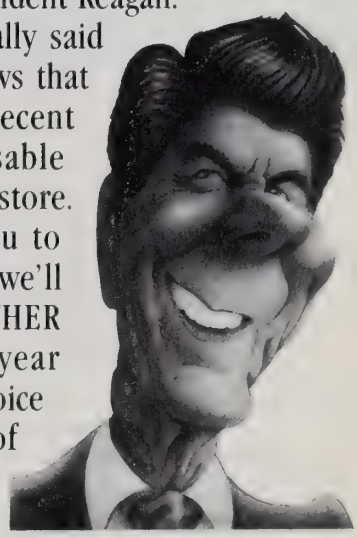
A few days after the visa denials, the U.S. Embassy informed the public, the Kennedy Foundation, and a human-rights delegation that our visas had been denied because we were dangerous terrorists with direct connections to guerrillas. We asked for an audience with the ambassador so he could provide proof of these charges, but he wouldn't see us.

From the moment that our visas were denied, we noticed an increase in surveillance against us. Around this same time, in December 1984, three of the four of us who had been denied visas were invited on a European tour. We left on January 20, 1985, and spent three months touring Spain, Holland, Switzerland, England, Greece, West Germany, France, Italy, Norway, and Sweden. We met with Mrs. Mitterrand, Mrs. Papandreou, and other prominent women; also with Willy Brandt and U.N. representatives in Geneva. We hoped that the international exposure would give us more protection when we returned to El Salvador. On our return

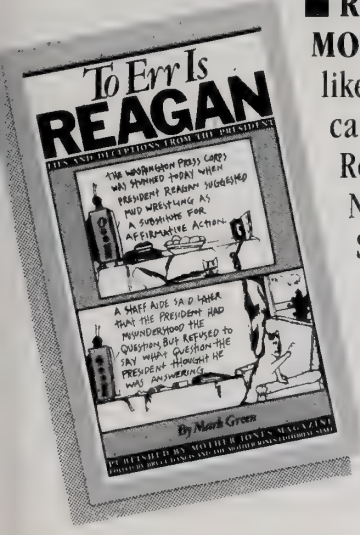


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DG8HP

in April, we were accompanied by European parliamentarians who wanted to ensure that nothing would happen to us.

In January 1986, we received a phone call at the CoMadres office from a number of European parliamentarians who had heard that three of us who had participated in the tour had been captured and found dead. This was only a few months before I was actually captured in May. I now suspect that they may have been testing the waters to see the international reaction [to our disappearances].

On May 6, 1986, I was grabbed suddenly by a man at a bus stop. I was pushed into a white car that was waiting with its doors open. I was forced to lie on the floor with my head down, so that I couldn't see outside, and then the car drove around in circles so I wouldn't know where I was being taken. Finally, the three men who captured me took me to a house. They blindfolded me and put me in a chair with my hands tied behind my back, and they started interrogating me about who I was, what I was doing in that neighborhood, and whether I knew people from CoMadres. I was held for three days. During this time I was beaten and brutally raped by the three men, all while blindfolded. I was seven months pregnant. They gave me no food and only a little water. Later they started carving my belly with a sharp object. Then they questioned me more about CoMadres; when I continued to tell them that I knew nothing, they told me I would die. Then they left me for the night, blindfolded, with my hands tied to the chair.

The next day they asked the same questions and again told me if I didn't answer I would die. Then they began to wound me again with the sharp object, but this time the wounds were deeper. I still have scars from these wounds. Finally, they blindfolded me again, put me in a car, and told me not to look where we were going or they would shoot me in the head. Then they dropped me in Cucatlán Park.

I was arrested again on May 28. The men who arrested me were dressed as civilians and heavily armed. I later learned that they were members of the Treasury Police.

I was tortured for four days. I was seven and a half months pregnant, and they beat me all over, on my head and my back.

Ten days later I was visited by the International Red Cross and the government's Human Rights Commission. They told me that I was being held at the Treasury Police headquarters and that I was accused of being a terrorist. I was never tried or sentenced. I was able to find homes for four of my children. But my six-year-old daughter stayed with me in prison, along with my newborn son.

On September 22, President Duarte ordered my release, in a public ceremony. At that ceremony I pointed out a man who had been one of my torturers.

Following my release I was terrified of going to the CoMadres office. My house continued to be under surveillance. I was also afraid of what would happen to my children, since they often used children as a way to get to their parents. I knew that there was no way I could remain in El Salvador.

A few days before I left El Salvador, I learned that I had been invited to the United States to talk to members of Congress and various groups. I thought this would be a good opportunity to find temporary safety.

At the end of February 1987, I learned that my visa to visit the United States had been denied. Again, the denial claimed that I was a member of a communist or anarchist organization.

I knew I could not remain in Mexico much longer, since my tourist visa was about to expire and I had no chance of permanent residence there. My only choice was to come to the United States and seek asylum.

Given what I have already suffered, I know that if I were forced to return to El Salvador, I would be assassinated or disappeared. During my capture and interrogation I was told that if I was arrested again, or if I kept working with CoMadres, I would be killed. I therefore respectfully pray that my application for political asylum will be granted.

[Q & A]

HOW TO TALK TO THE PLO

From a question and answer session with Abba Eban at the New School for Social Research, in New York City, in April. Eban, a former foreign minister of Israel, is chairman of the Knesset's Committee on Foreign Relations and Defense.

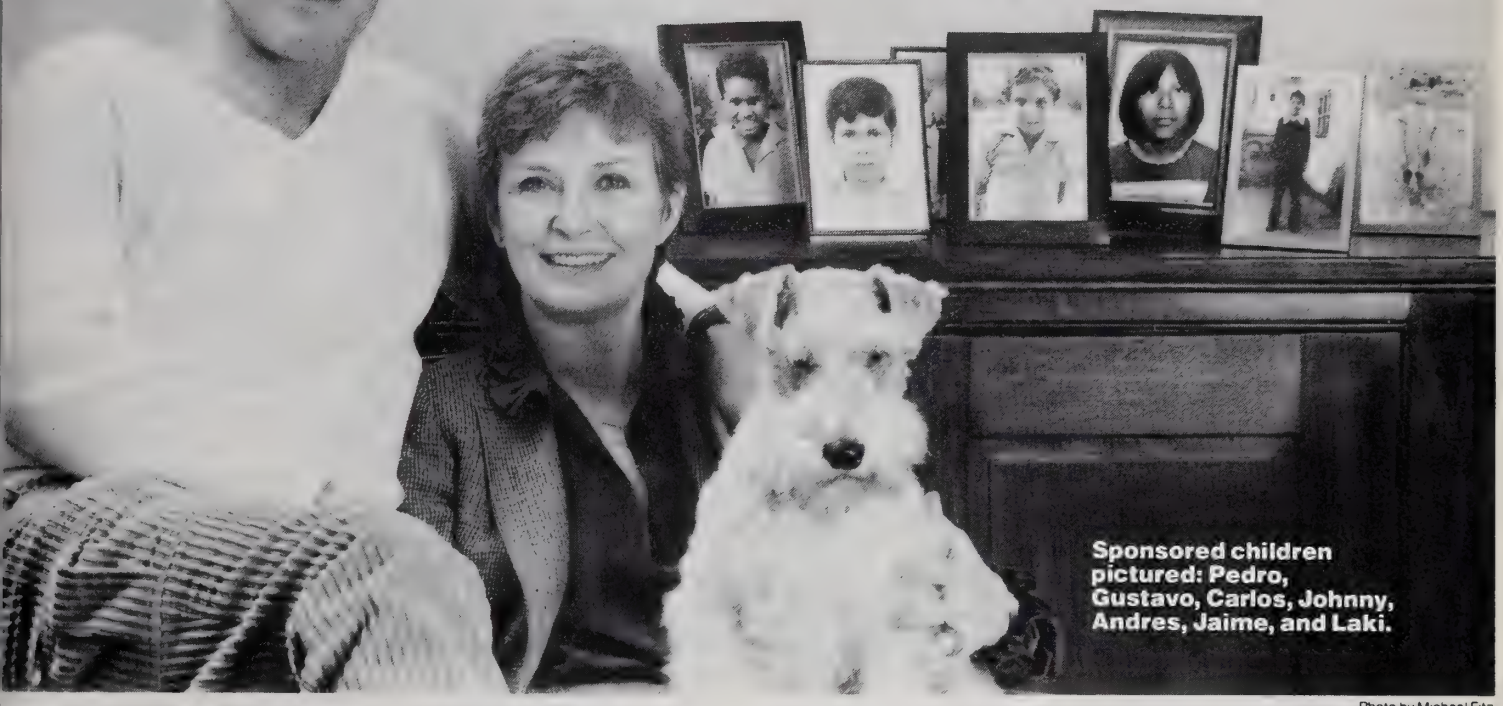
Can Israel trust Yasir Arafat and the Palestinians?

Trust is not a word that belongs in the diplomatic vocabulary. My own experience tells me that most nations make decisions in the name of self-interest, and then explain their decisions in the name of morality. The strength of a contract depends not on trust but on whether there is substance behind the signature. In our treaty with Egypt, for example, it isn't the signature alone that is important—especially since none of the signatories is still in office—it is that the

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treaty provides for a balance of forces, arrangements for demilitarization, and processes of cooperation, all of which involve the interests of both parties. If either party violates the treaty, it would damage its own interest. Now the question is, can we achieve that mutuality with the Palestinians? I think we can, because for the first time the situation weighs equally heavily upon both the Israelis and the Palestinians.

However, the question of Palestinian leadership remains. It is important for us to keep in mind that if we are going to make peace, we should be prepared to meet unpleasant people, abrasive people, because peace is usually made between those who have just recently been at war. That is why the quest for what are called moderate Palestinians baffles me. They could be so moderate that they aren't worth talking to. This was certainly the case in May 1983 when we met and negotiated in Lebanon with people who were known as "moderates." We drank excellent wine and we spoke elegant French, and then signed a very good document. But this document turned out to be worthless because it was signed by President Amin Gemayel, whose sovereignty does not extend beyond the front porch of his own house. Therefore, his signature on the treaty was no more useful than the signature of someone who writes a check without having an account in any bank. We want to negotiate with people who are representative enough to be worth talking to, yet not so abrasive that they are professional gunmen.

The issue of Palestinian leadership is an urgent one, but it's for Palestinians to solve, not us. That said, we must hold to the principle that all parties must qualify to negotiate by accepting rules of negotiation. We have had to accept the rules, so why shouldn't they? We accept U.N. Resolution 242, with its balance between the principle of withdrawal and the principle of peace. We accept both the need to abstain from all violence during the negotiations and the idea that you have to recognize the legitimacy of existing states. Syria, Jordan, and Egypt all accept these conditions. Why won't the Palestine Liberation Organization? Israel and the United States have not excluded the PLO, the PLO has excluded itself by its refusal to accept conditions that would be binding on all of the negotiators. The ball is in their court.

Are you saying that at an international conference, you, as a highly respected authority in Israel, would be willing to sit down with the PLO?

First of all, the fact that they are our enemies is the only possible reason for talking to them. If they weren't our enemies why would I waste my time? Who is the Arab leader who has killed more Israelis than any other? Anwar Sadat. Who is the Arab leader who has killed the second greatest number of Israelis? King Hussein. But we have talked with Anwar Sadat and King Hussein. The Arab world has never made war with Israel without Egypt leading the way, but when this enemy said that he was willing, because of his defeat, to talk to us, then Mr. Begin

[Story Ideas]

ATLANTA, WARTS AND ALL

From the February 15 Chamber Report, *published by the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce. This list of story ideas about Atlanta was developed by the chamber's Convention Task Force as part of its preparation for the Democratic National Convention this July. The task force has established a media center to answer reporters' questions during the convention.*

POSITIVE STORIES

Centers for Disease Control
Hospitality Industry
MARTA System
Georgia Dome
Zoo Atlanta
Oakland Cemetery
Gone With the Wind
Southern Hospitality
Babyland General Hospital
Atlanta's Fortune 500 Companies
Martin Luther King Jr. Center
High Tech Atlanta
Carter Library and Museum
Cyclorama

NEGATIVE STORIES

Are we still the "City Too Busy to Hate"?
KKK Activity
Leo Frank Lynching
Profiles of Civil Rights Activists
Missing and Murdered Children Cases
Cuban Riots at Atlanta Federal Penitentiary
Nude Dance Clubs
AIDS Research at Centers for Disease Control
Homeless People
Drug Connections With Florida
Airport Noise
Highway Congestion/Infrastructure
Recent Political Corruption
Textbook Banning



From the San Francisco Bay Guardian.

spoke to this enemy and we reached a peace. I'm not interested in past biographies, I'm interested in present attitudes. What disqualifies Arafat at the moment is not that he has been our enemy. It's that he has not done what Sadat and Hussein did.

We are looking for a Palestinian delegation that will be representative. It's ridiculous to think that such a delegation would be alienated from the PLO. The Palestinian leadership is very complicated and its ideology is extremely diverse—it contains everything from crazy fundamentalism to an awakening realism. We want to negotiate with Palestinian representatives who abjure terrorism and who want peace. And if they fulfill those qualifications, I don't care what they said five or ten years ago.

It is also important to remember that initial negotiating positions mean very little. There has never been a negotiation where anybody came away with their original illusions intact, least of all in the Middle East, where the mercantile habit has become a kind of worship, and where everybody would be offended if you stated your final position before you had gone through the ritual. Negotiation does not simply photograph positions—it changes them. If a month before Sadat's historic voyage you had asked anybody in Israel, "Wouldn't it be a great idea, for the sake of peace, to give up the settlements and the oil fields and the naval base and the airfields and the territory and the sense of space and distance?" all of us would have said that it was an absurd idea. But once Sadat dramatized the idea of an encounter, both parties (and especially Israel) became capable of such flexibility, such disregard for previous obstacles, as to astonish everybody, even ourselves.

[Letter]

BOTHA'S BIBLE—AND MINE

From a letter by Archbishop Desmond Tutu, sent to South African president P. W. Botha on April 8. The archbishop was responding to a letter from Botha accusing Tutu of distorting the "true message of Christ" by involving the Church in the political struggle against apartheid. Botha claimed that the goal of the African National Congress (ANC) "is to ultimately transform South Africa into an atheistic marxist state" and demanded to know whether Tutu was "acting on behalf of the Kingdom of God, or the Kingdom promised by the ANC." Botha released his letter to the South African press.

Dear Mr. State President:

Thank you for your letter dated 16 March 1988. I must confess I am surprised that a letter marked "Personal" should have been distributed to members of Parliament and to the media without the concurrence of its recipient. I thought that there were conventions governing such things.

Since you are a fair-minded person, I am sure that my reply will receive the same publicity accorded your letter to me. Certainly, you will ask the South African Broadcasting Corporation to give it equally prominent coverage.

I want to state quite categorically that I stand by all that I have done and said in the past concerning the application of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the injustice and oppression and exploitation which are the very essence of apartheid, a policy which your government has

carried out with ruthless efficiency. My position in this matter is not one of which I am ashamed or for which I would ever want to apologize. My theological position derives from the Bible and from the teaching of the Church, both of which predate Marxism and the African National Congress by several centuries.

May I give you a few illustrations? The Bible teaches that what invests each person with infinite value is not this or that arbitrarily chosen biological attribute, but the fact that each person is created in the image of God (Genesis 1:28). Apartheid, the policy of your government, claims that what makes a person qualify for privilege and political power is that biological irrelevance—the color of a person's skin and his ethnic antecedents. That is clearly at variance with the teaching of the Bible and the teaching of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Hence the Church's criticism that your apartheid policies are not only unjust and oppressive; they are positively unbiblical, unchristian, immoral, and evil.

Apartheid holds that ultimately people are meant to be separated. The Bible teaches quite unequivocally that people are created for fellowship, for togetherness, not for alienation, apartness, enmity, and division (Genesis 2:18; 11:1–9; 1 Corinthians 12:12–13; Romans 12:3–5; Galatians 3:28; Acts 17:26).

It is no innovation when we bring the Word of God as we understand it to bear on the situation in which we are involved. Elijah confronted the king about his injustice to Naboth, a nonentity as far as the king was concerned, but a man who was championed by God (1 Kings 21); Nathan was not afraid to convict David of his sinfulness (2 Samuel 12). This kind of involvement of religion with politics, and the habit of religious leaders of speaking to the socio-political and economic situation, was standard practice in the Bible, which provides our mandate and paradigm.

We are law-abiding. Good laws make human society possible. When laws are unjust then Christian tradition teaches that they do not oblige obedience. Our Lord broke not just man's law, but what was considered more serious: he broke God's law in order to meet human need—as when he broke the law of the Sabbath observance (John 5:8–14). He paid due regard to the secular ruler in the person of Pontius Pilate, but subsequently engaged in a defiance of that secular authority when he refused to answer his questions (Mark 15:3–5).

We accept wholeheartedly St. Paul's teaching in Romans 13—that we should submit ourselves to earthly rulers. That authority, however, is not absolute. The rulers themselves also stand under God's judgment as his servants. The ruler is God's servant to do the subjects good (Romans 7:4). The ruler rules for the benefit of the ruled. That comes not out of a political manifesto but from the Holy Scriptures. The corollary is that you must not submit yourself to a ruler who subverts your good. That is why we admire those who oppose unjust regimes, e.g., totalitarian communist governments.

I am committed to working for a non-racial, just, and democratic South Africa. Transfer of power to the people of South Africa means exactly that. The latest apartheid Constitution cannot by any stretch of the imagination be described as democratic when it excludes 73 percent of the people of South Africa from any meaningful participation in the political decision-making process. I long for and have dedicated myself to working for a South Africa where all South Africans are South Africans, citizens in an undivided South Africa, not one that is balkanized into unviable Bantustan homelands. When you are a citizen you share through the exercise of your vote in the political decision-making process, either directly or through duly elected representatives. Since 1976 I have appealed to the government to heed our *cri de coeur*. How much time has been wasted and how many lives have been lost trying to beautify apartheid through cosmetic improvements while the pillars of a vicious system still remain firmly in place?

I want to state the obvious—that I am a Christian religious leader. By definition that surely means I reject communism and Marxism as atheistic and materialistic. I work for God's Kingdom. For whose kingdom do you work? I pray for you, as I do for your ministerial colleagues, every day by name.

God bless you.

Yours sincerely,
Desmond Tutu

[Policy Manual]

BANKING AFTER THE BIG ONE

From "Continuity of Business—Global Nuclear War," a chapter in the 1988 Citicorp policy manual. The manual is distributed to all bank officers.

In the event of a global nuclear war, we must assume that communication facilities around the world will be disrupted or destroyed and unavailable, and that the senior officer in each area will have to evaluate the local situation and take such action as is deemed necessary to pro-

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tect the personnel and assets of Citicorp. . . . We shall rely on the senior officer in each area, using good judgment, to take whatever steps necessary to safeguard the lives of Citicorp's employees and the interests of shareholders and bank depositors. Should a nuclear attack on New York City destroy our head-office buildings and rupture communications with management, the following plan will be implemented.

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In the event of disruption of communication between the notified point of contact and any one or more overseas branches (provided that communication with such isolated areas is still possible), the senior officer in the geographic area in which communications are still functioning shall automatically become the officer in charge of the area.

In the event that all communications between countries are ruptured, the senior officer in each country or the officer designated in accordance with the contingency plan will assume charge.

[Interview]

I SING OF NORMAN P.

From an interview with Allen Ginsberg in the Fall 1987 issue of New Letters, *a quarterly published in Kansas City, Missouri. The interview was conducted by Robert Stewart and Rebekah Presson.*

I had a very funny experience a couple of years ago when I dropped some Ecstasy . . . and I suddenly remembered Norman Podhoretz. And I said, Gee, good old Norman, we went to college together. He wanted to be a poet, and he thought he'd commit suicide when he was thirty if he didn't get to be a great poet. So then when he got to be thirty, he realized that John Hollander, who was also at college with us, was a poet, and he wasn't. So he had to go some different way for power, and he got very perverse thoughts and started taking revenge on poetry power. Like denouncing Kerouac. He's still denouncing Kerouac as a moral degenerate. And I say, Good old Norman Podhoretz. If he weren't there like a wall I can butt my head against, I wouldn't have anybody to hate. And why hate him? He's part of my world, and he's sort of like the character Mr. Meany or the Bluenose or the Blue Meanie. At the same time, he has some sense in him. And the poor guy is dying, like all of us. So, how could I pile my hatred on him anymore? But did I ever really hate him or was I just sort of fascinated by him?

I also saw him as a sort of sacred personage in my life, in a way: someone whose vision is so opposite from mine that it's provocative and interesting—just as my vision is interesting and provocative enough for him to write columns against it in the newspaper. In fact, maybe he's more honest than I am because he attacks me openly. So I should really respect him as one of the sacred personae in the drama of my own transitory existence.

[Open Letters]

IN DEFENSE OF "DA BUTT"

From open letters by Spike Lee and Marcus Miller in the March 14 issue of the R & B Report, *a music industry magazine published in Hollywood. Lee directed the movie* School Daze *and Miller wrote "Da Butt," a song played in a dance scene in the movie. Miller and Lee wrote in response to criticism about the portrayal of blacks in* School Daze.

Dear General Public:

I understand some of you are upset about something I did—or, really, something I wrote and produced: namely, "Da Butt." Some of you think the song is degrading and nasty.

Let me explain. Spike Lee called me and said he wanted me to write a song called "Da Butt." That's where the title came from, that's where I started. He had just been to a go-go party in Washington, D. C., and had liked the style of

the music and wanted a song in that style in his movie. Excited and unoffended by the assignment, my writing partner, Mark Stevens, and I accepted.

So we wrote a funky, funny, fun song. And it's called "Da Butt," even though we know that's incorrect English, strictly speaking. I think that the black form of the English language has become a classic form, a literary form, especially if it's being used by people who know it's "wrong" when they use it. Spike is sharing a part of our culture that's definitely there. We didn't imagine or hallucinate this language.

It's funny. No one complains about novels that use this kind of language. No, you give them Pulitzer Prizes. You give me grief. The point is: we're intelligent people who knew what we were doing, and why; anybody who takes it too seriously just isn't getting the point.

Another thing. I'm told that some of you were sitting there, looking at the big screen, saying, "I can't believe they wrote a song about the butt." That's what Spike wanted—reaction. Some people react positively, others just can't handle it. There have been songs about the Good Foot, the Boogie Finger, and everything else—everything but Da Butt. Now there is one.

One final statement: Some of you have said that the depiction of college life in *School Daze* is going to keep people from donating to black colleges. Just because you see a comedy film about some aspects of college life that are funny, you can't just generalize and decide not to give black colleges any money. That's ridiculous. This is a film—a comedy film—about a weekend. It has nothing to do with real colleges and their real needs. I didn't notice donations to Harvard dropping off because people were offended by *Animal House*. Get real. Give to black colleges.

Sincerely,
Marcus Miller

Dear *School Daze* and "Da Butt" critics:

As far as I'm concerned you can make your own movies and your own records if you don't like mine, you ignorant, handkerchief-head-wearing, chicken-and-biscuit-eating Negroes.

You same Negroes who are offended by this movie and by "Da Butt" probably also think James Brown is not a positive image. Then please watch *A Different World*. That probably fits your idea of positive, ideal black people at a positive, ideal black college. But *A Different World* is not the kind of black college I attended. (It's fake.) I made the film I wanted to make. The film turned out the way I envisioned it. And it's tuff if it offends some of you

[Letter to the Editor]

THE BRUCE NUN OF ISTANBUL

From a letter to the editor published in the Spring 1988 issue of Backstreets, *a Bruce Springsteen fanzine. The writer lives in Turkey, where, according to* Backstreets, *one can be sent to prison for possessing rock records.*

Dear Editor,

I'm seventeen years old, and I'm a Turkish girl who loves Bruce. He isn't as popular here as Madonna or Bon Jovi. Here there are no TV shows, no real news programs, no audiotapes, no singles, and no LPs. Bruce didn't come to Turkey on any of his tours, so I'm unlucky. But I will not give up. I don't live on the New Jersey Turnpike, but I'll do my best.

You can imagine the pain I take for all this. But I get pleasure from it, so I love the pain in my own way. I want to tell all the other Bruce Tramps out there not to feel so bad, not to feel unlucky in their lives—they should just imagine what my life is like in Turkey. I'm sure many of them have seen him live and have good memories of that. They should think of my position and be happy.

My family worries about my attitude because my love is growing rapidly. I'm wearing his style, walking and doing everything like he does. I am proudly living for him because I was born to love him. My friends call me "Bruce Nun" and say he's too old for me. I'm getting low marks in school because I think about him all the time. I look at my walls, full of Bruce pictures, and I cry for my terrible, hopeless future, my destiny. I know that he'll never need my love.

Please don't complain, you other Bruce Tramps, when things get bad, because you're so lucky to live in your country. Don't you feel a greatness when you're wearing a Bruce T-shirt, buying a Bruce ticket, or seeing him live in a concert arena? I might give my life to do those things.

While some of you get to see him perform, I try to give away everything I own for a picture of him. And that's the difference between your destiny and mine. If I were you, I'd be proud to live in a Bruce Country.

Sebla Tekli
Istanbul, Turkey

All that stuff in the movie has happened. The only thing that was slightly exaggerated was the skin-color controversy between light-skinned blacks and dark-skinned blacks.

Just because I present problems, some people expect me to solve them. That's really unrealistic. It's a burden I won't assume. I am thirty years old. I don't have all the answers, and don't pretend to. That's not my job. We intended this film to provoke discussion, which is what it's doing. That was our task. And we performed it. If we don't address problems, they don't get talked about and solved.

As for "Da Butt." Some of you say that song shouldn't have been what it is. People kill me: the people who criticize "Da Butt" probably can't even dance.

When fifty black films come out every year, maybe you'll stop expecting me to be all things to everybody. I am one filmmaker. I will continue to make quality films. That is all I promise.
WAKE UP!

Sincerely,
Spike Lee

[Essay]

UNCLE MILTIE V. MASS MAN

From "Where the Media Critics Went Wrong," by Walter Karp, in the March issue of American Heritage. *Karp, a* Harper's Magazine *contributing editor, is the author of* Liberty Under Siege, *which Henry Holt will publish this fall.*

It was common knowledge way back when I was a teenager that the mass media—newly reinforced by television—was generating mass conformity, mass passivity, and mass "loss of autonomy." It was even producing a new kind of dismal American, a truly ominous being, grimly referred to as "mass man." In other words, it was common knowledge in my youth that the one thing we could not expect from the forthcoming 1960s—still hidden then in the womb of time—was exactly what we got from that turbulent era: a vast revival of political activity, a great throwing-off of the chains of conformity, and an exhibition of youthful autonomy so appalling to many a media critic that when last heard from they were blaming television for breeding unrest and political rebellion. Not since it was common knowledge that international trade made war obsolete (this was in 1914) had humankind's bottomless capacity for mischief proven so many reputable social thinkers so devastatingly wrong.

To find out why the early media critics had gone so far astray—for it is not easy to be completely wrong—I decided not long ago to return to the scene of the accident, by which I mean those anxious post-war years when "What Is Television Doing to Us?" (*New York Times Magazine*, June 12, 1949) was a question to which every right-thinking American expected an unpleasant answer—and invariably got one. Whether it was the theologian Reinhold Niebuhr predicting in 1949 that "much of what is still wholesome in our lives will perish under the impact of this visual aid," or hack writers predicting the death of conversation and the onset of mass myopia ("Does Television Cause Eyestrain?" *House Beautiful*, August 1950), virtually the entire discussion of television's influence took place in an atmosphere of hand-wringing hysteria.

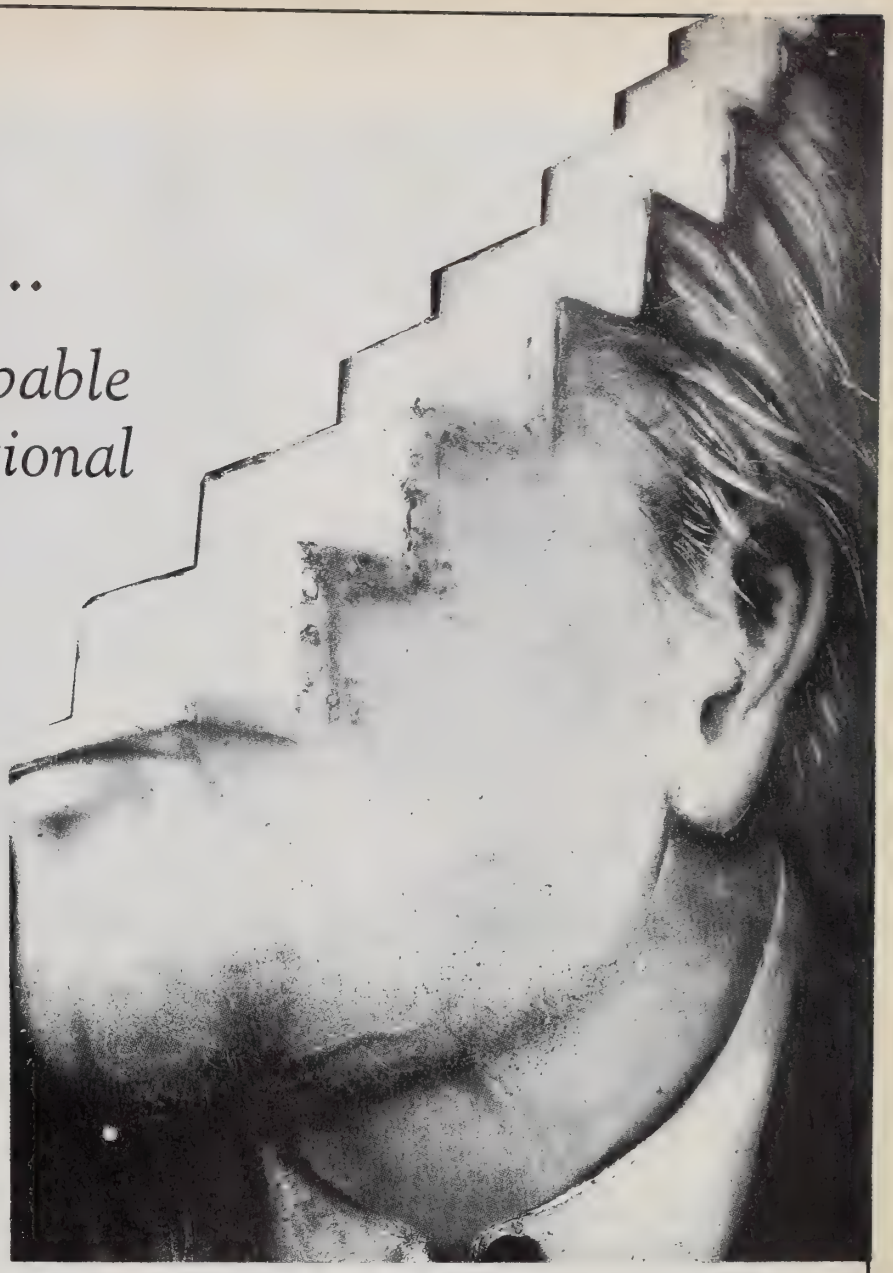
Curiously enough, this hysterical atmosphere had nothing directly to do with television itself. What inspired it was the unnerving national experience of wartime propaganda. Four years of Rosie the Riveter, "Loose Lips Sink Ships," and "Uncle Joe" Stalin, combined with terrifying reports of Hitler's irresistible "Big Lie Technique," had persuaded a remarkable number of Americans that mass propaganda was a new power too great for "the masses" to withstand.

"Politically, a lever of frightening efficiency has been devised," warned Mahonri Sharp Young in the Spring 1948 issue of the *American Scholar*. "New techniques of mass persuasion are being designed to manipulate a supposedly spontaneous public opinion. The existence of radio's influence can hardly be doubted. Argument occurs only over its extent and its depth." Now add the visual impact of television to this "frightening" power of radio, MGM, and *Life* magazine, and the mass media truly looked like the new master and dictator of the world. It has become, warned the eminent critic Gilbert Seldes, "as powerful in shaping our lives as our schools, our politics, our system of government."

But was it? The power of the wartime propaganda rested on the fact that every means of persuasion had been concerted and coordinated to convey the same basic message: "V for Victory," "Beat the Axis," "E for Effort," win the war, do your bit. Writing so soon after this experience of media power, the critics assumed that mass entertainment in peacetime America was not only a *potential* instrument of mass propaganda—which of course it is—but that it was already the conveyor of concerted, coordinated mass propaganda. Beneath mass media's surface of miscellaneous amusements, there was a single propaganda message, and the early critics

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H 10



From the permanent collection of the Institute of Illegal Images, a San Francisco museum that has assembled over 120 specimens of "blotter acid"—squares and sheets of paper dipped in LSD-25. Each individual square represents one "hit" or dose of LSD. The Institute, which was founded by Mark McCloud, will display its collection at the DiverseWorks art gallery in Houston, Texas.

thought they knew exactly what it was. "The message is invariably that of identification with the status quo," wrote Theodor Adorno, the Frankfurt School social theorist, in 1954. "The whole entertainment side of broadcasting which surrounds the communication of ideas," wrote Seldes, "tends to create a mood of consent and acceptance. It cannot afford to stir and agitate the mind."

The mass media operated on the mass audience like a deadly opiate. They "expedited flight from unbearable reality," Leo Lowenthal pointed out in a 1950 issue of the *American Journal of Sociology*. "Whenever revolutionary tendencies show a timid head, they are mitigated and cut short by a false fulfillment of wish-dreams, like wealth, adventure, passionate love, power, and sensationalism in general." Like an electronic vampire, the mass media sucked the life force out of the people. "The repetitiveness, the selfsameness, and the ubiquity of modern mass culture tend to make for automatized reactions," said Adorno, "and to weaken the forces of individual resistance." Gunther Anders, a radical social critic, called this inner weakening "depersonalization." Ernest van den Haag, a conservative critic, called it "de-individualization." Whatever it was called, it was reducing Americans to a state of zombielike inner docility, or so the students of "mass culture" insisted, until a great democratic revival erupted in America for the first time in fifty years. Before the upheaval subsided, the alleged victims of the mass propaganda of "unreflecting obedience" had cast two perfidious presidents out of the White House.

Why had the great engine of passivity failed so badly, and why did the mass propaganda of conformity have so little effect? Because commercial mass entertainment in America is a wonderfully inefficient tool of mass persuasion. And the reason the early critics of the media failed to see this was that they assumed its "frightening efficiency" in advance, and so were blind to all evidence to the contrary.

Milton Berle is a good case in point. While the critics wrote of the media's "selfsameness" and its "stereotypes," the most dominating figure on television was an outrageous egomaniac, so extravagantly shameless that nobody could have invented him except himself. Far from affirming "sanctioned attitudes," as the media was supposed to do, Berle trampled on every rule of

decorum. Nor did he generate the required "mood of consent," since not only was he the most popular entertainer on television but he was also, as polls showed, the most widely detested one. I knew people who would drive nerve-racking miles on near-empty gas tanks just to avoid buying gasoline from Texaco, the sponsor of the Berle show. To well-bred, right-thinking people, Berle's "message" was all too anarchic.

When Jackie Gleason supplanted Berle in public favor, the media critics did not modify by an iota their belief that the media "expedited flight from unbearable reality." Yet Gleason's Ralph Kramden was almost unbearably real. Envy and vanity made him a fool and folly made him mean and dishonest. The portrait was pitiless, as Seldes himself admitted, and the moral a harsh one—harsh and yet profoundly humane: it takes strength and integrity just to be decent. Such was the weekly theme of a television program that enjoyed immense popularity at a time when the critics were accusing the media of "reproducing the very smugness, intellectual passivity and gullibility that seem to fit in with totalitarian creeds."

Blind to any virtues in popular things, the media critics took it for granted, as Lowenthal noted in a survey of mass-culture studies, that "the media are estranged from values and offer nothing but entertainment and distractions." If something amused a vast number of Americans it had to be degrading, or how could it serve as mass propaganda?

In that bigoted spirit, the critics could see nothing in the American Western, for example, except infantile violence. According to television critic Marya Mannes, the entire genre could be summed up as "good men and bad men who rode horses over magnificent country and decided issues by shooting each other." Yet it was the grand and terrible theme of the old-time Western that some "issues" could not be peaceably resolved: the dusty wooden cowboy town is in thrall to a tyrant—the local cattle baron or the gambling-casino owner; the sheriff is the tyrant's drunken tool; the churchgoing good folk are helplessly dithering. Nothing but armed insurrection can overthrow the tyranny and "clean up the town." And where is the message of subservience in that? Many a Western could have been denounced as "subversive" were they not so thoroughly American.

Interestingly enough, the one truly prescient observation made in the 1950s about the impact of television was made by professional politicians. After seeing what the plot-ridden Republican National Convention looked like on television in 1952, politicians freely predicted that "TV would be the making of the direct presidential primary," as Walter Goodman reported in the *New Republic*. And so it was, although it took a rebellion against an unpopular war to complete the job that television had begun. The reason the politicians were right goes a long way toward explaining why the media critics were wrong. America's politicians understood television's menace to the old nominating system because they never lost sight of the central truth about American life—that the American people believe devoutly in democracy, that we hate to see it openly violated, that we love to see its values affirmed and triumphant, even in our "entertainment and distractions." That is why the mass media performed so poorly as an engine of social control and passive obedience. In America you cannot promote deference and successfully sell soap. You cannot promote servility and amuse a vast audience. The popular understanding of democracy may not be precise or exacting, but our love of democracy runs deep, and that love has done more to shape the media than the media has done to shape us. That was what the early critics overlooked so completely. Appalled by the power of mass propaganda, they concluded that the masses everywhere were empty and pliant and that Americans cherished nothing strongly enough to resist the designs of lawless ambition. That they were so largely in error is a truth well worth remembering in our darker hours.

[Fiction]

SNEAK

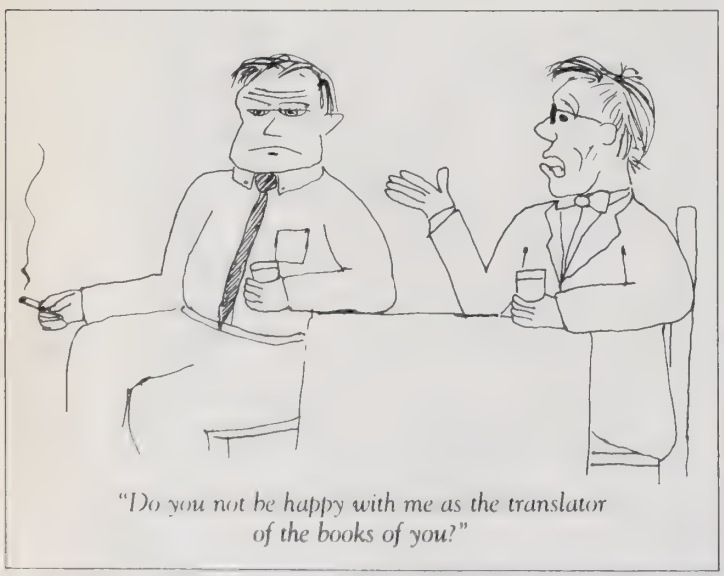
From Shine Hawk, *a novel by Charlie Smith, to be published in September by Paris Review Editions. Smith lives in New York City.*

There was a brief period of time—in the year after he quit high school—when Frank became a cat burglar. He was a very strange cat burglar because he didn't steal anything. A cat breaker and enterer was what he actually was. He would break into a house, always when the family was home, sneaking in through a second-story window or a screen door left ajar, and roam the rooms, sometimes marking the valuables—which he could have stolen—with a piece of chalk. He brought the knowledge of the precariousness of life to the homes he sneaked about in. And he was good at it, creeping on his belly up a flight of stairs, taking infinite pains, going so slowly he could hear grandfather clocks chime the silvery quarters one after another as he inched along a bare floor toward the shut bedroom door. He knew that if he was patient

enough, if he moved slowly enough, he could creep into any space, no matter how personal or sheltered, and remain there as long as he liked.

I went with him once, into the big antebellum house owned by Costell Brake, but I made so much noise coming through the laundry room that it woke the Brakes' dog, a short-haired feist that slept in the downstairs hall, so we had to hightail it, racing across the wide lawn with the lights snapping on behind us like gunshots.

After a while he lost interest in marking the valuables and wanted only to spend time in rooms where people slept. He would slide on his belly into the master bedroom and lie on the floor two feet from the bed—on his back, he told me, with his hands folded under his head—and, as he put it, ponder his life. He said he would go into a dream state there on the carpet, one so profound—though his eyes were open—that his life would rise up before him, robust and intemperate, and so vivid that he would sometimes hear the characters of the dream speaking to him. He saw his brother Jake, who, three years older, was already charging into the devilment that eventually bore him down; he saw his little-league coach who had been arrested for propositioning a ninth grader; saw Sally Blazer who followed him around the playground in sixth grade begging him to give her one of his cat's-eye marbles; saw the complete choir of the Capernaum Baptist Church singing at full throttle the last verse of "The Old Rugged Cross"; and he saw his mother and father, the brawny-armed patriarch sitting at the kitchen table peeling an apple, while his mother, slight and nervous, stirred the supper pots. He would hear their conversations, including the one that perhaps he had actually heard when as a young boy-child it must have passed in the airs above his crib as he slept beside their marriage bed; he heard his mother say, "Dickery, I cannot bear your hardness any longer, I cannot bear it. There is an evil in you that wears me down and I must leave this place. I must leave here." And as the words, tossed back from the aluminum diodes of the stars (where they, as Jake told us once, and all other sounds from this planet, are collected), passed over him, it would seem that the life they bore, the spiritual weight of them, pressed on him so profoundly that his body and all the life he lived among us in this Middle Earth kingdom of sorrow and madness were being crushed out of him, as if he and all he held dear were being obliterated, the mass and matter of him transubstantiated from flesh and bone into nothingness, until, lying on his back on the perhaps wheat yellow carpet below the sheet-protected forms of that evening's incorrigibly human, vulnerable, and abandoned husband and wife (perhaps Mrs. Subbs who slept under a black silk eyeshade and her husband James who talked in his sleep; or Avery Strange, the town millionaire who would be discovered four years later dead in his four-poster with dimes clutched in his fists; or the Quarter-Ton Willises who together weighed more than 600 pounds and who snored on their backs like two small twin noisy mountains; or Dana Hodgkins who slept with his arm across his wife's neck so she dreamed she was being strangled by a slippery stranger; or Fay Ruth Williams who could not get to sleep or stay under—she believed—unless some part of her body touched some part of her husband's), he seemed to become a floating consciousness only, perhaps not even a consciousness but only perception itself, an undulant web of awareness thinner than a spider's, in the silk strands of which snagged the bits and flecks of a fluttering human passage, trivial and mortal. There were times, he told me, when the sleepers would wake, when a wife, pricked out of sleep by dream or sharp-rising thought, would get out of the bed and make her way sleepily across the floor to the bathroom. Then he would lie in a self-stillness so deep that he believed he could not be seen. The fact was, he said, no one had ever discovered him; once, as he loitered on the burgundy shag rug of her second-floor bedroom, Mrs. Donell Carter, pillar of the First Baptist Church and the woman who had once reprimanded him for swearing during a junior-high-school tennis match, had risen in her ruffled cotton nightgown and stepped with ponderous legs over him going and coming. He said that her sex, which he spied in passing, looked like one of the crusts of foam the wind blew against the riverbank on a winter's day. He said he felt like an Indian taking coup.



"Do you not be happy with me as the translator of the books of you?"

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From Spy, *the New York City monthly.*

[Essay]

THE CREDIBLE WORD

By John Berger. From the Winter 1988 Threepenny Review. *Berger's* Pig Earth *and* Once in Europa *were recently reissued in paperback by Pantheon. Berger's essay "To Take Paper, To Draw" appeared in the September 1987 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

Today the discredit of words is very great. Most of the time the media transmit lies. In the face of an intolerable world, words appear to be able to change very little. State power has become congenitally deaf, which is why—but the editorialists forget it—terrorists are reduced to bombs and hijacking.

The power of reason to overthrow tyranny was in fact an illusion. Likewise, to believe that the pen is mightier than the sword is today a sign of relative privilege. Words are systematically used to confuse.

Yet it is to words that we confess our confusion and our impotence, our anger and our visions. With words we still name our losses and our endurance. We do this because we have no other recourse, but also because man is incurably open to words, and slowly they form his judgment. This judgment, which those with power habitually fear, is formed slowly like a riverbed, by currents of words. But words make such currents only when they are credible.

I once had a dream. In the dreamt country a decree had been passed which was binding and which everybody accepted: according to this decree every word, either spoken or thought, had to be cashed for what it signified. It was as if the language and its economy had returned to the gold standard, so that every coin or bill was exchangeable for its equivalent in gold. If you thought *tree* in that country, the tree had to appear and be there. In thinking *tree*, tree became present. In thinking *morning*, morning was. It was not, as in the first chapter of Genesis, a process of naming and so simultaneously creating; it was a question of speaking with *what* words meant. The words, according to the new decree, could not be left free-standing: they were porters of what they signified. All this applied not only to nouns but also to verbs, adverbs, etc. When you thought *dig*, the act of digging was enacted. If you added the adverb *sadly*, sadness came and was as unmistakable as salt on the lips.

For a long time in the dreamt country everybody respected the decree. As a result there was great clarity. There was also a certain cumbersomeness, because space was becoming too restricted for everything thought and said to be placed within it. There was no confusion as before, but there was overcrowding. Tentatively people began to test what would happen if certain words weren't cashed. Could clarity be preserved more economically? And it was at this moment that the people made an unexpected discovery. As a result of the decree having been in effect for so long, everything which existed had become eloquent with all the words, thoughts, phrases which had ever been cashed for it. People found themselves in a *speaking* universe, in which words were no longer necessary.

A word-spinner's utopian dream! Yet buried within it is perhaps a clue about how writing becomes credible (when it does) and about the clarity of words.

One does not look *through* writing onto reality—as through a clean or dirty windowpane. Words are never transparent. They create their own space, the space of experience, not that of existence. Clarity of the written word has little to do with style as such. A baroque text can be clear; a simple one can be dim. Clarity, in my view, is a gift of the way the space created by words in a given text is arranged.

The task of arranging this space is not unlike that of furnishing and arranging a home. The aim is similar: to accommodate with ease what belongs there and to welcome those who enter. There are hospitable and inhospitable writings. Hospitality and clarity go together. Yet what does accommodate mean here? It means allowing each event recounted its own proper space. By event I mean what would become present if the word were cashed. In semiological jargon: the signified. The space required is not of course physical. A scarf may demand more space than a cloud. Everything depends upon the particular experience being recounted.

Lived events are ambiguous because no experience comes alone, and so a single event entails many others. A lived event—from the point of view of the purist—keeps bad company, is promiscuous. This is perhaps where the principal difference between science and art begins.

Let us take an extremely simple example of ambiguity in the practice of narration. *The ship sailed out of the port.* An adventure or a farewell? From the quayside the mood is passive; from the stern of the ship it is active. The ensuing words will remove certain ambiguities and, at the same time, will entail other, new ones. *He looked toward the horizon.* An act of will, an act of habit? *The screeching gulls reminded him of his father, lost off Cape Wrath.*

Each event, each object, needs to be allowed the space of its ambiguities, and each subsequent one needs to acknowledge the ambiguities it has eliminated.

The father's death "acknowledges" the ship's

[Simulation]

COMPUTER BOTANY





From the Spring 1988 Whole Earth Review. *These computer-generated "plants" were created by Przemyslaw Prusinkiewicz of the University of Regina in Saskatchewan, Canada, using an IRIS 3130 Superworkstation. Prusinkiewicz, a professor of computer science, has written a program that, like DNA, establishes a set of instructions for a plant's growth. Prusinkiewicz's simulated plants, which take about ten seconds to "grow," are considered to be among the most sophisticated models ever generated by a computer; each new plant produced by the model is unique, yet retains the basic characteristics of its "species." The image on the right is a mutation of the species on the left, created after a single variable in the growth model was changed.*

sailing away. The suggestion that the father was a sailor or a fisherman "acknowledges" the son's looking at the horizon. An unspoken dialogue is taking place between the events. The problem of narration is not, as is often believed, the problem of "finding the words," but that of choosing and placing events, of allowing or instigating this wordless dialogue.

The complexity of choices involved, when they concern a whole text, would defeat the most sophisticated computer, because it could never be adequately programmed. The writer, programmed by his experience of life and of the inarticulate, accommodates intuitively, rarely by calculation. He becomes his own writing's instinct for self-preservation: an instinct applied to keeping open the space for reciprocal ambiguities without end.

The moment the writer's attention is diverted by considerations of style, rhetoric, or verbal glory, his words, instead of containing, will merely evoke. The moment he simply repeats facts instead of imagining the experience of them, his writing will be reduced to a document. The credibility of words involves a strange dialectic. It is the writer's openness to the ambiguity and uncertainty of any experience (even the experience of determination and certainty) which gives clarity, and thus a kind of certitude, to his writing. He has to abjure words so that, abandoned, they join the "object," the narrated event, which then becomes eloquent with them. The country in my dream was, in fact, literature.

Authenticity in literature does not come from the writer's personal honesty. Authenticity comes from a single faithfulness: that to the ambiguity of experience. Its energy is to be found in how one event leads to another.

The writer should be informed to the maximum about what he is writing. In the modern world, in which thousands of people are dying every hour as a consequence of politics, no writing anywhere can begin to be credible unless it is informed by political awareness and principles. Writers who have neither produce utopian trash. The unpardonable perversity of our *fin de siècle* is that of its innocence.

If a writer is not driven by a desire for the most demanding verbal precision, the true ambiguity of events escapes him. The amorphous does not require accommodation; it simply fills

the room (or book) like a gas. He can abjure words only when he has asked too much of them. And at that moment the ambivalent eloquence of the event saves him.

Recently a new book of mine came out in Britain. I received the first copy from the publisher. It was so badly designed, so grubbily laid out, and so carelessly produced that the sight of it, instead of affording a small pleasure, was sad and discouraging—as dirty clothes can sometimes be. My son, Jacob, was with me and we decided to burn it.

We dropped the book into the wood stove which was heating the kitchen. Outside it was snowing. A few minutes later, far from discouraged, we were watching it burn. The lines of print, the black words, turned white, whiter than the paper. Then an entire page became uniformly incandescent, and radiant with energy. The pages burning were like ideal pages being written.

[Poem]

IN PRAISE OF DEGENERATION

By Sidney Wade. From the Winter 1988 issue of Grand Street, *a quarterly published in New York City. Wade lives in Gainesville, Florida.*

1

The garden is whooping it up.
Overwhelmed by plenitude, thrips

and mirids flutter their eyelashes
and loll about on perfumed squashes,

carefully grooming their little legs,
while the jagged ambush bugs

lay aside, for once, their mantle
of discretion and scandalize

the rest of the community,
parading, with impunity,

their slightly clubbed antennae,
their flaring sides, their brawny

forward tibiae. These mechanics
of annihilation, organic

and rude, normally comport
themselves with circumspection, for,

even on this relatively
primitive and atavistic level,

death is an extremely painful
circumstance and therefore most distasteful

to the exoskeletal nation.
But this, this is a day for celebration.

2

Imagine an espalier
tricked out with dripping pears,

a crown of nails, tiny
webs drenched in aromatic wine.

It stands here, bristling
in all its finery, with fists

full of shredded letters
from the underground, tattered

sentiments, jagged little notes
from the recently dead, composed

in the dark. How redolent
this world is with its garden-

variety losses, its humble
garments, its thimbles-

ful of grief. If only the earth
were more selective with

her appetites. But no. Her servants
transmit these thin leaves and

scatter diminishing messages:
I miss your sweet arms I miss

your hands my fingers are cold
oh love it's so cold

3

The Grand Seigneur is failing.
His complexion is pale

and empty as the sky.
Tiny, unfinished billets-doux

lie scattered at his feet.
He cannot get it right.

His fingers tremble so
in the composition. More

paper. He needs more paper. He
cannot remember the name, the

address, the feel of the skin.
It was like paper, he thinks,

shiny and dry. Across the table
the desiccated, nearly weightless

carcass of a moth is drawn
mysteriously off by some

invisible agent. White.
She was white all over. It

pleasures him to remember this.
White like the stars. Like celestial

navigation. Ah Arcturus. Aldebaran.
Let it fall. Pass me on.

You know how it was as a kid. You stared at the sand long enough and out of the corner of your eye you spotted something no one else saw. And it was the catch of the day.

We look at the oil business like that. We can drill where everyone else does. Or we can use innovation to drill where no one has drilled before. We can build new refineries. Or we can apply new technology to the ones we have so they work more efficiently.

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And below our offshore rigs, a thriving undersea world complete with mussels, starfish, and scallops tells our environmental story. They regard the structure as a natural reef, and we don't see any reason to tell them otherwise.

Like a child searching for treasure, when you're looking for the undiscovered it doesn't matter as much where you look as how wide you open your eyes.

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IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH, YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND.

WHAT IS OURS TO DEFEND?

The debate over defense spending has not receded from public attention since Ronald Reagan made it the centerpiece of his 1980 presidential campaign. Yet the discourse since then has been refined into a dangerous dichotomy. More money, good; less money, bad. Under President Reagan's watch, defense spending has averaged $8,607 a second, and during just the first five years of his administration, the defense budget, adjusted for inflation, rose 55 percent. A third of that increase, according to David Stockman's memoir, can be traced to his own error made on a calculator.

Only recently have members of Congress begun to look beyond the question of money and consider the goods and services this country buys to protect itself. To advance this inquiry, *Harper's Magazine* asked Admiral Gene R. La Rocque of the Center for Defense Information in Washington—a longtime critic of unguided defense spending—to devise a strategy that answers two fundamental questions: What are we trying to defend, and what do we need, specifically, to defend it? This new strategy was submitted for comment to war planners, editorialists, and critics. Admiral La Rocque was offered the opportunity for rebuttal.

GENE R. LA ROCQUE, *Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy (Ret.), is director of the Center for Defense Information in Washington. He was a strategic war planner at the Pentagon for seven years.*

A NEW STRATEGY TO DEFEND AMERICA

Protecting our country is an essential responsibility of our government. The preamble of the Constitution exhorts us to "provide for the common defense." No one challenges the need for defense, but recently the debate about our nation's security has degenerated into grim budget arguments of less versus more. The defense of the United States is too important to treat it as just another item in the congressional bin, alongside, say, cost-of-living adjustments. What is lacking in this debate ought to be at the heart—a clear military strategy designed to protect our nation and our interests abroad.

During World War II, when America had a War Department, we knew that our tax dollars were spent to pursue a specific strategy—defense from the enemy and victory in the war. But now our more felicitously named Defense Department has no stated purpose beyond the shibboleth of protecting "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." How can a military planner translate these intrinsic values into the appropriate size and composition of our armed forces?

In the 1960s and '70s, when we had billions in our national coffers and the earning was easy, our defense strategy consisted of simply spending more money on defense every year to ensure that we were spending enough. Today the U.S. Treasury is broke. Each week we borrow $3 billion just to keep the government running; military spending runs about $6 billion a week, much of it borrowed.

Between our $2.5 trillion national debt, which forces us to confront the limits of our spending, and President Reagan's INF (intermediate nuclear forces) treaty, which invites us to rethink our Cold War posture, America has, I believe, reached a critical juncture. It's time to rethink our national defense: *What should we defend? And what military forces are required to defend it?* Such a reassessment demands that we develop a new strategy for the defense of the United States and our interests abroad. To do this, I have divided our defense forces into three categories, each with its own strategic purpose.

CATEGORY I: Defense of the United States, its overseas territories, and the nations of the Western Hemisphere against a conventional attack.

CATEGORY II: Deterrence against a nuclear attack on the United States.

CATEGORY III: Defense of those allied and friendly nations that cannot defend themselves.

DEFENDING THE HOMELAND

Category I forces would defend the fifty states, our territories, and the nations of this hemisphere. Defense of the United States against a *non-nuclear* attack is actually a simple task. Since neither the Soviet Union nor any other nation has the physical or logistical capability to move the 100,000 troops necessary to *begin* a full-scale attack over our beaches or through Canada or Mexico, the requirements to defend our borders are minimal. The United States could easily repel such an attack with four Army divisions and four tactical air wings backed by suitable reserves.

Defense of Guam, Puerto Rico, and other U.S. territories would be secured by the Navy and Marine Corps. A combined force of two Marine air-wing teams, plus six aircraft-carrier battle groups would provide land, air, and naval forces superior to any hostile force. We should also maintain two Army divisions and two Air Force tactical air wings with appropriate military and logistic sea- and airlift support to use in the event of local conflicts in Latin America, Canada, or the Caribbean.

Although no nation or territory under U.S. protection in the Western Hemisphere is currently in danger of attack by forces outside the region, prudence demands a defense strategy adequate to counter such an attack. Since any assault on the United States or its territories would have to come by sea, attack submarines (designed to destroy ships and submarines) are key. Forty attack submarines, operating from U.S. naval bases in the Atlantic and Pacific, would be able to repulse any attack that could possibly be launched against us or any nation in this hemisphere.

America's early lead in nuclear-submarine technology plus our unique worldwide net of underwater listening devices in all the major oceans put us significantly ahead of every other nation in submarine and anti-submarine warfare. This technological lead should be maintained. Our forty attack submarines and the 500,000 combat forces committed to our border defenses under Category I would give the United States a force larger and more powerful than any an enemy could mount to attack us, our territories, or any place in the Western Hemisphere.

DETERRING A NUCLEAR ATTACK

Category II forces would dissuade the Soviets from launching a nuclear attack on the United

States. Our best nuclear defense is to convince the Soviets that it would be suicidal to attack us. Since the two superpowers have the capability to destroy each other, both must maintain forces adequate to the task of deterrence.

There are, however, limits to the number of nuclear weapons needed for this purpose. The U.S. submarine force alone—armed with nuclear ballistic missiles—can effectively deter a surprise attack on the United States. Our fixed or mobile land-based missiles and manned penetration bombers are too vulnerable to a surprise attack to depend on them for a credible retaliatory capability. Some military strategists, and I am one, believe that the presence of missiles and bombers in the United States acts as a "honey pot," and attracts Soviet missiles. If the United States is determined to retain land-based missiles, they should be located outside our borders.

Although it is unlikely that the Soviet Union would launch a nuclear attack without provocation—what war planners call the "bolt out of the blue"—there are circumstances that could result in massive Soviet attack against land-based missiles, bombers, and submarines in U.S. harbors. If, for example, the Soviets misinterpreted our increased readiness during a crisis as *intent* to attack them, they might launch a preemptive all-out attack. The worst result from such an attack would destroy:

(1) most of our 1,000 land-based missiles in their silos (their well-known vulnerability sparked the MX debate);

(2) two-thirds of our strategic bomber force (one-third of the force would be airborne and therefore protected);

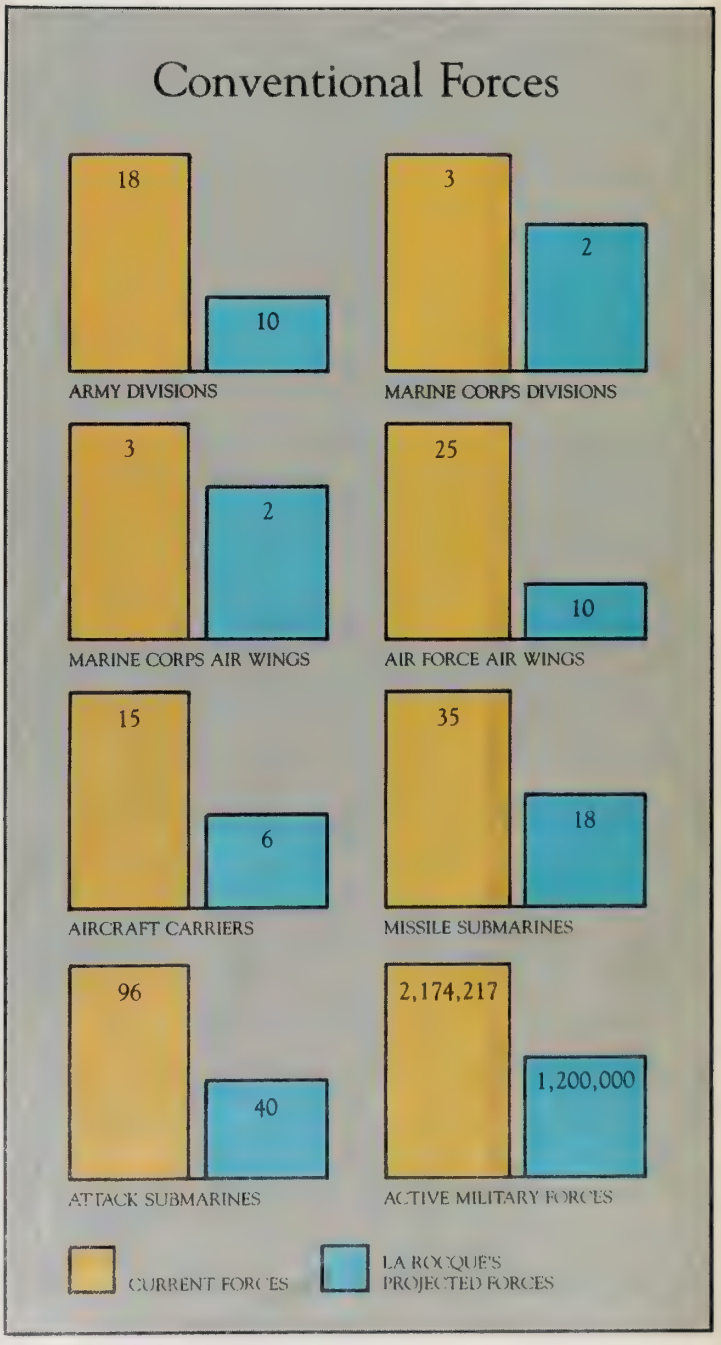
(3) and all U.S. missile submarines and ships in harbors around the world (again, submarines at sea would in all likelihood survive).

While it is possible that our land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles could be launched before Soviet missiles destroy them, we cannot assume that they would be. Therefore, the United States should maintain a sufficient number of nuclear warheads in submarines at sea to destroy the Soviet Union in a counterattack.

THREE NUCLEAR SCENARIOS

War planners generally assume that in a nuclear war the Soviets would immediately launch all their ICBMs and submarine missiles against the United States (the "use 'em or lose 'em" theory). According to this scenario, Soviet missile silos would be empty and our counterattack would target Soviet airfields (50), naval facilities (50), command posts (100), and military-related industries (40)—altogether 240 targets. Nuclear attacks by our surviving nuclear forces would also target the largest 260 Soviet cities. The total number of targets would be 500. This counterattack would destroy approximately one-third of the Soviet population and two-thirds of their industrial capacity, and would foreclose their ability to continue the war. Assuming two nuclear weapons for each target, the United States would require 1,000 nuclear warheads that must survive a first strike in order to destroy the Soviet Union in a counterattack.

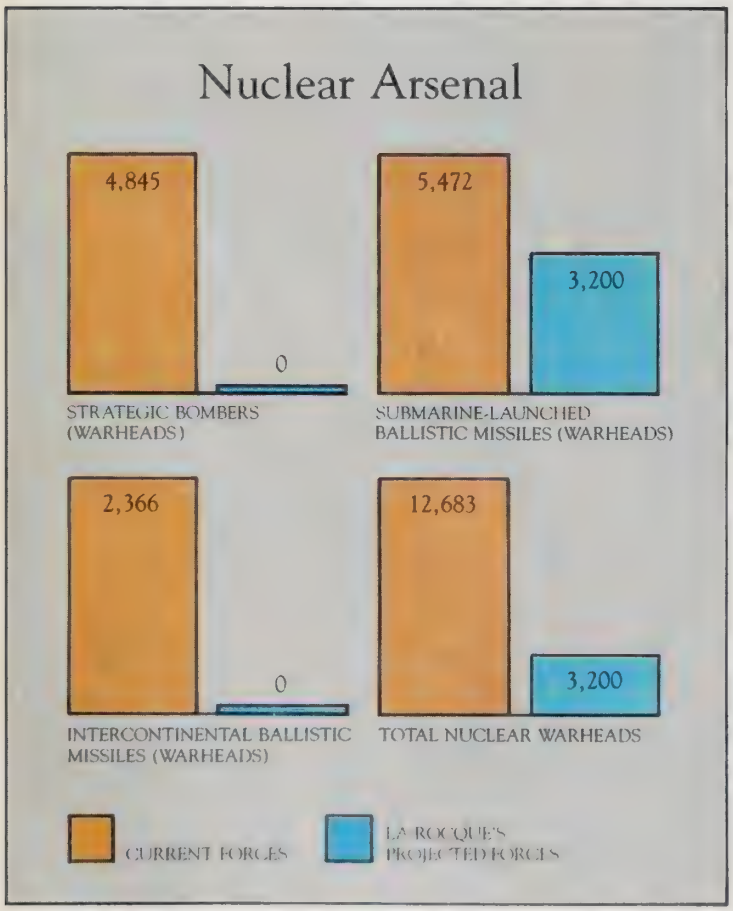
The United States currently has thirty-six missile submarines, of which approximately twenty are at sea at all times. (Unlike attack submarines, which destroy ships and submarines at sea, missile submarines can target sites up to 4,000 miles away.) These twenty submarines are armed with more than 3,000 nuclear warheads, many more than the 1,000 needed. To



preserve sufficient nuclear weapons for a counterattack, the Navy need maintain only six of its new Trident missile submarines at sea (each Trident carries 192 nuclear warheads), armed with a total of 1,152 warheads. With just these six submarines at sea, the Soviet Union could be destroyed as a functioning society; the Soviets are well aware of this.

It is generally accepted that neither our missile-submarine force nor the Soviet missile-submarine force can be destroyed. It is difficult to detect a submarine, then identify it as an enemy, and finally destroy it. With over 1,000 submarines in the world today, it would be difficult during the chaos of a war to identify a submarine as friend or foe. Even if an enemy missile submarine could be detected and identified, a submarine's range of depth and speed makes it difficult to destroy. Elimination of our entire missile-submarine force would be impossible. To ensure that 1,000 nuclear warheads are at sea at all times, the number of submarines at sea could be doubled from six to twelve. This would require an active force of eighteen missile submarines—only half of our current force.

Some military planners advocate a broader strategy for retaliation by the United States than the one needed to deter a "bolt out of the blue." I do not advocate a larger arsenal because it could be perceived as giving us a first-strike capability. Nevertheless, according to this alternate scenario, the Soviets would launch first but save some missiles for a subsequent attack. Since the United States would not know which of the 1,398 silos in the Soviet Union were armed or empty, we would have to attack them all. Assuming two U.S. warheads to ensure total destruction of each silo, such an attack would require 2,800 nuclear warheads. (If future arms negotiations eliminate silo-based strategic missiles, we would not need all 2,800 warheads.) In addition, we would need 400 warheads to destroy the 200 most important naval bases, airfields, and command posts in the Soviet Union.



When all of the Soviet military targets are added up, the maximum number of U.S. nuclear warheads needed to destroy every missile silo, airfield, navy base, and command center is 3,200. At present we have nearly twice that many nuclear weapons in our submarine force, and more than 3,200 missile warheads are always at sea ready to strike targets in the Soviet Union.

Current Pentagon plans call for the construction of about fifteen new Trident submarines with more accurate, more destructive missiles. After phasing in the new submarines, we could maintain a total force of thirty-five missile submarines (including the older Poseidons) and easily maintain the recommended 3,200 nuclear weapons.

In summary, the total number of U.S. nuclear weapons required to completely destroy the Soviet Union as a functioning society is 1,000, all of which could be carried on eighteen missile submarines. If war planners want a force sufficient to destroy all Soviet missile silos and other nuclear capabilities, a maximum of 3,200 nuclear weapons would be required. This number could be maintained at sea at all times with a total force of thirty-five missile submarines.

If, ultimately, war planners decide to target every city, missile silo, airfield, and navy base, and eliminate all strategic weapons and industrial sites in the Soviet Union, the total number of U.S. nuclear warheads required would be 3,800. That number is only one-third of the 12,683 nuclear warheads that the United States is currently prepared to explode in the Soviet Union.

The possibility of developing a defensive astrodome over America—President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative—is much disputed. Most scientists outside the government are skeptical. The most compelling liabilities of SDI are that it costs $1 trillion and that it might prevent agreement on reducing strategic weapons. Yet the SDI program continues to build momentum: Congress has spent $14 billion on the seductive scheme so far. Nevertheless, from

a purely military point of view, until researchers find a way to build a shield over America, it is too early to retreat from our retaliatory deterrent strategy.

DEFENDING OUR ALLIES

Category III forces would defend our allies. Prior to 1945, the United States had little desire or need to assume the burden of defending other countries. After World War II, when America undertook to defend the world against communism, there were only 70 nations in the world; today there are 165 nations, and our military force is spread thin.

In the pre-nuclear era of American economic dominance, it was in our enlightened self-interest to save our allies from collapse and to maintain our "front line" in the Pacific and in Europe, rather than, say, in North Carolina. This "forward-defense strategy" also coincided with our political mission to contain communism within the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, and China.

In the Pacific, our forward-defense strategy stretches from Korea to Japan to Okinawa to the Philippines. In Europe, the strategy is based essentially on the border of Soviet-controlled Eastern and Southern Europe, with large U.S. bases in Turkey and Germany, and an evolving commitment to the unified NATO defense system.

Re-evaluated in light of today's weapons, the forward-defense strategy contributes little to our defense. In the unlikely event that the Soviets attacked us in the Pacific, they would launch their missiles either from Soviet bases (firing over the North Pole) or from submarines—nowhere near Japan.

The 50,000 American troops stationed in Japan cost more than $3 billion a year to maintain and are of dubious value since there is no external military threat to Japan. Besides, Japan has an excellent military force of its own and is capable of building any size force it wishes. The Japanese Constitution states that "land, sea, and air forces as well as other war potential, will never be maintained"; however, Japanese courts have ruled that Japan can have any military forces it wants as long as they are labeled "self-defense."

There is no constitutional restraint on the amount of money or the percentage of its gross national product that Japan may spend for its military forces. Japan already employs its modern destroyers, submarines, tactical and patrol aircraft to extend its self-defense perimeter to 1,000 miles from its homelands. Since our troops in Japan are neither essential for the defense of Japan nor contribute to the defense of the United States, they could be safely phased out in the near future.

Korea is considered by many to be a country we must defend indefinitely. Yet my personal observation of the military forces of both North and South Korea and my analysis of their industrial and military capabilities suggest that the United States could safely remove its 43,000 troops and air units from South Korea during the next five years. Short of a direct Chinese or Soviet invasion, South Korea is perfectly capable of defending itself against any threat.

Our forces in the Philippines contribute to neither our defense nor theirs. Unless we decide to intervene in their internal conflict in support of the Aquino government, there are compelling arguments for withdrawing all U.S. forces in the Philippines when the lease on our bases expires in 1992. If our 15,000 troops remain, they are likely to be caught up in the increasing internal violence, and could even precipitate more violence.

The U.S. naval base at Subic Bay is convenient for our warships operating in the area, but that harbor is not vital to our defense. Clark Air Force Base, north of Manila, is also convenient in peacetime, of possible use in the unlikely event of a war in the Pacific, but it is not vital to our defense.

WITHDRAWING FROM EUROPE

The United States maintains 354,000 uniformed personnel in Europe. These forces plus those in the United States earmarked for NATO cost $125 billion a year—an amount nearly equal to our annual federal deficit—yet we have never seriously reconsidered the wisdom of our continued presence in Europe. The question that Americans must answer is why, forty years after World War II, should we continue to use our resources to defend Germany and France and the other NATO countries? Is it because we fear Western Europe will succumb to the blandishments of communism? That might have been possible when Europe was devastated after the war, but it is unlikely today.

Is it because we fear Soviet troops will invade Germany and overrun Western Europe? The trade and political cooperation developing between Europe and the Soviet Union, plus the Soviets' need to strengthen their domestic economy, decrease dramatically the likelihood of Soviet aggression in Europe. Moreover, such an attack would almost certainly provoke World War III and a nuclear conflagration. The Soviets are fully aware that attacking Western Europe is a tremendously dangerous prospect. The combined French and British tactical and strategic nuclear forces exceed 1,000 warheads and constitute a powerful deterrent.

More than 11 million troops, active and reserve, serve in the armed forces of Western

Europe. With a population of more than 400 million, those countries could easily double that number. Europe's combined GNP exceeds ours, but it spends only half as much per capita for military forces as we do. At some point, the Europeans must be weaned from their reliance on Americans for their security.

If we gradually withdrew our 354,000 troops, we could easily complete the process by the year 2000. That would allow ample time to work out the transition as well as to assess the overall impact on East-West (Soviet-bloc and NATO) relations.

Some strategists insist that we maintain American troops in Europe not only to defend those countries but to defend ourselves as well. But war in Europe would not leave America untouched. Few believe that if nuclear weapons were used in Europe they would not be used elsewhere.

Category III forces would complement those of our allies. They would include 220,000 armed forces, composed of four air-transportable Army divisions, four Air Force tactical air wings, 10,000 special warfare troops, plus the necessary sea- and airlift to transport the troops and munitions with suitable naval defense escorts. These forces would be maintained in the United States and available for deployment anywhere in the world. If a situation arises where the demand for our forces exceeds those available and there is support in the United States for continued involvement, the reserves could be activated.

The foregoing analysis suggests a maximum overall military force of approximately 800,000 armed forces to defend this hemisphere, deter a Soviet nuclear attack on the United States, and support friends and allies—a total of Category I, II, and III forces.

Modern combat units and weapons are increasingly complex and require large and effective support. Experience has shown that logistics and communications, intelligence, and maintenance units approach 50 percent of the combat forces. Approximately 300,000 noncombat personnel plus 100,000 personnel for administration and general overhead would be required to support the 800,000 combat personnel. The grand total of U.S. military personnel required to implement this defense strategy would be 1.2 million officers and enlisted personnel.

The world is changing in fundamental ways. America has an opportunity to lead this change, not fight it. The recent thaw in U.S.–Soviet relations and concern about the national debt have created opportunities for new leadership, if only we have the courage and wisdom to modify our old habits.

The reforms proposed here may sound radical. A cry of "isolationism" arises whenever anyone suggests reducing U.S. military forces. But the perception is growing in America that the premises of our post–World War II defense strategy no longer obtain. The United States has ceased to be the overwhelmingly dominant economic power, and our rivalry with the Soviet Union is no longer the obsession it once was.

These economic and political changes demand an end to the waste and bitterness of the Cold War. General Secretary Gorbachev and President Reagan may be remembered less for the INF arms agreement itself than for the "armistice" that might end forty years of Cold War thinking. We can, if we choose, continue to increase our arms and maintain our forces in foreign countries until the burden becomes too great. Or we can, if we wish, decide our future, rather than drift into it.

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NUCLEAR NUMBER-CRUNCHING FOR RADICALS

This "new defense strategy" is *not* "new" but a dishing up of half-baked leftovers from past fits of isolationism, *not* about "defense" but retreat, and *not* "strategy" but a hodgepodge of naive yearnings. I don't think much of it.

Admiral La Rocque begins with the traditional nod to government's obligation to defend America, but he leaves it at that. With *what* is America to be defended? Nowhere in this proposal does he support any new weapons systems. Elsewhere La Rocque and his leftist Center for Defense Information have advocated scuttling our two new strategic bombers (the B-1 and Stealth), our two new ICBMs (the MX and Midgetman), and in this essay, he proposes to cut in half the number of our new Trident submarines. That nicely kiboshes the updating of each leg of our strategic triad.

As one might expect from a radical, La Rocque is catatonic about SDI, even though the Soviets have researched ballistic-missile defense far longer than we have and have spent ten to fifteen times more money on it than we have. La Rocque decries SDI's "$1 trillion cost" without saying where in the world he got such a figure. He speculates that SDI "might prevent

agreement on reducing strategic weapons," but never acknowledges that SDI brought the Soviets back to the negotiating table and has driven them to accept proposals for deep strategic cuts.

Granted, La Rocque allows 1,000 nuclear warheads—a number he reaches by a contorted passage through nuclear accountancy. But if someone is going to nuclear number-crunch, an exercise I hardly recommend, he should take account of missile hardness, accuracy, and megatonnage. Otherwise, an ordinary reader might wrongly conclude that the author knows what he's talking about.

La Rocque's nuclear prescription would leave the president with a Hobson's choice of surrender or suicide—either doing nothing or going after Soviet cities and citizens in the event of a conventional attack. For more than forty years, Democratic and Republican administrations have fashioned our nuclear arsenal to present the president with more reasonable and moral options.

La Rocque does support a U.S. military force of 800,000 troops. Yet this would leave America with less than one-fifth of the armed forces of the Soviet Union, less than either Vietnam or Iraq, and somewhere around the level of Turkey, North Korea, or Pakistan.

He tosses around numbers without telling us exactly how he arrived at 800,000, and then he proceeds to toss aside allies. Each friend and ally is deemed either unthreatened or unimportant. Withdrawal from South Korea was first proposed by President Carter in 1977. But when all our Asian friends trembled at the mere mention of a pullout, Carter wisely canned the idea. To withdraw from Western Europe, the Philippines, and Japan would be to retreat militarily to a Fortress America. Nothing more, nothing less. Maybe it would work better today than it did in the late 1930s. But why would you want to chance it?

La Rocque admits that his "reforms," which would cut more than 90 percent of our nuclear arsenal and some 65 percent of our troops, "may sound radical." Sound radical? Hell, they *are* radical. Given the large Soviet arsenal—not deemed important enough for La Rocque to describe in his "analysis"—these reforms would leave America inadequately defended and exceedingly vulnerable. The relentless Soviet buildup has not slackened under Gorbachev. The Soviets devote 15–17 percent of their GNP to defense versus our 6 percent, and allocate three *times* the money we do for strategic weaponry.

La Rocque writes that our "forward-defense strategy contributes little to our defense." Yet for forty years we have avoided major conflict. *Something* has worked. We've been through enough major wars this century, thank you Admiral, to go back to the tried and false course of yesteryear. Indeed, most of us have learned that weakness is provocative and that strength deters, that leaving our friends and allies around the world vulnerable is irresponsible, and that trusting the Soviets is myopic and downright dangerous. But not Gene La Rocque.

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WITHDRAWAL EQUALS ABANDONMENT OF OUR ALLIES

Admiral La Rocque's defense critique is pure nonsense. First, few Americans, including those who take a hard-line toward the Soviet Union, are opposed to even profound mutual reductions in superpower forces, provided that equal security for the United States and its allies can be ensured. However, few would agree that a precipitous, unilateral cut in U.S. military capability is good, either for our security or for our allies'. La Rocque builds his case on the mistaken assumption that military spending has caused our record deficit and debt. But this country can easily afford to spend 6 percent of its annual GNP on defense indefinitely. The fundamental causes of our growing debt are the huge tax cuts of 1981–82 and our inability to control federal spending.

La Rocque somehow believes that a large unilateral cut in U.S. defenses would do no lasting injury to our interests and those of our allies. Under his plan—even if the cuts were phased in over the next decade—NATO might likely disintegrate once withdrawals were announced (let alone begun). One can only speculate on the effect of isolating our major trading and investment partners, but it might precipitate an economic disaster.

Troop withdrawals in the Pacific might force Japan to rearm. Although I respect the Japanese and believe that they should spend more on defense, I also fought in World War II in the Pacific. How far Japan's probable rearmament would go is unclear. But we would be foolish to assume that the emergence of a *third* military superpower, and one no longer our close ally, would automatically improve U.S. security.

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A NEW FORTRESS AMERICA

Admiral La Rocque's strategy hinges on a single drastic idea: the unilateral and nearly complete withdrawal of U.S. forces abroad. But consider the repercussions. Foreign nations would no longer have much incentive for granting military-base rights to the United States; yet even in La Rocque's essay, the need for those bases is apparent. According to the Admiral, "If the United States is determined to retain land-based missiles, they should be located outside our borders." Where would they be stationed?

La Rocque argues that the United States could safely remove its 43,000 troops and air units from South Korea during the next five years. "Short of a direct Chinese or Soviet invasion," La Rocque writes, "South Korea is perfectly capable of defending itself against any threat." That view unpleasantly echoes the opinion of former secretary of state Dean Acheson, which some scholars think opened the way for the 1950 North Korean attack.

There are compelling arguments, La Rocque believes, for withdrawing all U.S. forces from the Philippines by 1992 and closing our naval and air-force bases there. These facilities are described as merely convenient, not vital, to our defense. This may be correct, but even relocating them in the Southwest Pacific, on Guam, for example, would be a heavy burden on the defense budget.

La Rocque would gradually withdraw all of our European-based troops during the next twelve years. He believes "that would allow ample time to work out the transition as well as to assess the overall impact on East-West (Soviet bloc and NATO) relations." Should not such an assessment be made before any troop withdrawal, rather than during or after it? He gives no consideration to the impact such an action would have on our dependence on bases in Europe—e.g., those bases are essential to our military posture in the Middle East. Presumably the Sixth Fleet would also have to be withdrawn from the Mediterranean.

Coming after the anxiety generated in Europe by the INF treaty, the La Rocque strategy would certainly harpoon our position in NATO and might even render Europe neutral—something the Soviets have been attempting to do since World War II. Moreover, many observers believe that the presence of the U.S. Seventh Army in Germany is at least as important a deterrent to a Soviet invasion as NATO's nuclear weapons.

In the final analysis, the main deterrent to war is not manpower or weapons but the political unity of the nations that compose the North Atlantic alliance. It seems inconceivable that that unity could survive the changes proposed by Admiral La Rocque. Unity has already been severely strained by Reagan's high-handed style of managing alliance relations. Carrying out the La Rocque prescriptions would most likely end NATO as well as the Japan–U.S. Security Treaty

A War Planner's Lexicon

Army division: the largest tactical unit, composed of all the arms and services required for sustained ground combat, with an armored division containing 18,000 soldiers; a mechanized division, 18,000; an air-assault division, 18,000; an infantry division, 17,000; and an airborne division, 16,000.

Marine Corps division: 19,830 soldiers trained and equipped for amphibious operations.

Air Force tactical air wing: 4,000 personnel and 72 fighter, ground-attack, and reconnaissance aircraft.

Marine Corps air wing: 15,200 Marines with 157 fighter, ground-attack, reconnaissance, and transport aircraft; 144 attack, transport, and reconnaissance helicopters; and command and control units.

Aircraft carrier battle group: one aircraft carrier with up to 95 aircraft escorted by 8–10 surface warships and supported by supply ships and submarines.

Air-transportable Army division: a division whose troops and equipment can be flown quickly to airfields near remote trouble spots.

Special warfare troops: elite forces specially trained and equipped to conduct counter-insurgency, counter-revolutionary, or counter-terrorist warfare, such as Green Beret and Navy SEAL teams.

Attack submarine: a submarine that destroys enemy surface ships and submarines to prevent attacks against U.S. or allied ships.

Missile submarine: a submarine designed to fire long-range missiles at strategic targets in enemy territory.

and break down other security arrangements with our allies. Let's face it, the La Rocque withdrawals would amount to unilateral disarmament abroad and a return to the discredited Fortress America strategy at home.

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NOT ENOUGH EGGS, AND ALL IN ONE BASKET

In his essay, Admiral La Rocque demonstrates literary gifts of a high order. He reduces complexities in technology, geopolitics, history, and war planning into a pleasing lucidity that should be easily comprehended by all readers as long as they have no knowledge about national strategy. For those who do have some knowledge of this grim topic the going is tough. "Everything is true but the facts," Malcolm Muggeridge was wont to say. But with the Admiral, nothing is true but an occasional fact.

La Rocque's reassuring vision of a small but impregnable submarine force is utterly fanciful. Soviet missile defenses are potent now and would be considerably more potent if all they had to defend against was a reduced volley of submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs). La Rocque's awareness of the vulnerability of land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) should make him an advocate of increased defensive measures, particularly SDI, rather than an advocate of placing all our missiles at sea. After all, history rarely comes to an abrupt stop; presently we shall have to defend not only against Soviet missiles but against the missiles of others as well.

SLBMs are, incidentally, not as deadly a deterrent as ICBMs. For one thing they are susceptible to advances in anti-submarine warfare. For another they are not as easily retargetable, and they are vastly more difficult to control from a central command post (communications with a vessel beneath the sea are less dependable than communications with a silo on land). Finally, SLBMs are easier to defend against. Since they are sequentially launched, it is difficult to mass the same kind of dense assaults that are possible with ICBMs.

The history of warfare abounds with gruesome tales of nations that were defeated after they placed their trust in a single weapon strategy against a resolute enemy suddenly in possession of a superior weapon. Sure, as Admiral La Rocque writes, our "technological lead should be maintained" in submarine and anti-submarine warfare. But what if it is not?

La Rocque is not only oblivious of the far-off past; he also seems oblivious of recent history. He writes as though the Soviets were preparing to fight a nuclear war in which everything would be decided within hours. But the Soviets are prepared to fight a protracted war that might never become nuclear. For the past twenty years, they have instituted changes in doctrine and force structure that give them many options. La Rocque's belief that the United States can place all its deterrence potential in a handful of submarines is a chimera.

But the most chimerical aspect of his argument is his apparent dislike of counterforce targeting. Rather than accept the current American doctrine of maintaining a large enough arsenal of warheads to threaten a wide range of Soviet military targets (and his projected totals for Soviet targets are preposterously low), he seems to favor targeting Soviet *civilian* populations with his small deterrent force. Compared with La Rocque's proposal, the Pentagon's policies are positively humanitarian.

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YES, BUT FIRST PRINCIPLES FIRST

Admiral La Rocque's alternative to Washington's four-decades-old strategy of global interventionism is provocative and generally constructive. He rejects the notion that America's crucial interests lie everywhere and delineates three spheres of security: conventional defense of the Western Hemisphere, defense of America's overseas allies that are incapable of defending themselves, and deterrence against a nuclear attack on the U.S. homeland. Finally, he proposes a leaner, less costly military to fulfill these obligations.

La Rocque's central assumption is correct: a general offensive by the Soviet Union is highly unlikely. Even limited Soviet expansion in peripheral areas would not fundamentally alter the current global balance or challenge vital U.S. security interests. Our Far Eastern and European allies, although *economically* important, have only modest *strategic* significance today. More-

over, as La Rocque observes, America's closest allies—Japan, South Korea, and the nations of Western Europe—are fully capable of creating their own formidable defense. Yet as long as America's financial commitment to these allies remains generous, they lack the incentive to absorb the cost of their own defense.

The only significant weakness in La Rocque's analysis is his inattention to the foreign policy implications resulting from any changes in force structure. Since American military units abroad are primarily a symbol of our *commitment* to defend certain regions, merely removing our troops—eliminating the tangible manifestations of our commitment—would be profoundly destabilizing. An aggressor might misinterpret U.S. withdrawal from a particular nation as a *de facto* recision of the promise to defend that country. To effect such a fundamental change, we must first re-examine our global commitments to determine which are essential. And where our presence is not essential, we should *abolish* the commitment and then we can withdraw our troops. In this way our allies will understand that they are responsible for their own defense. Redeploying troops and adjusting the size of our nuclear arsenal are important but decidedly secondary considerations.

Admiral La Rocque is right—it's time to reassess our Cold War policy and to realize that we could defend our territory and security interests with a smaller, less expensive military. But that reassessment requires that we scrutinize our underlying philosophy of defense before proceeding to the next logical step—a drastic reduction in our commitments to overseas allies.

THOMAS H. MOORER, *Admiral, U.S. Navy (Ret.), served as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, 1970–74. He is a senior adviser at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington.*

DOING LENIN'S BIDDING

The positions Admiral La Rocque advocates are exactly the same arguments for cutting our defense that the Soviets, through their misinformation program, have been injecting into the American media for years. Lenin insisted that it was unnecessary for the communists to publish a newspaper in the United States because no one would read it. Rather, he said, we must prevail upon the American media to write what we would write if we had a paper. *Harper's Magazine* is doing exactly that.

GWYNNE DYER *is a historian and a syndicated columnist. His seven-part documentary,* War, *was broadcast on PBS in 1985.*

SOOTHING THE HIGH PRIESTS OF WAR PLANNING

These proposals by Admiral La Rocque are based on extremely pessimistic assumptions about the coming decades: no overall improvement in international order, no greater degree of collaboration between the great powers, certainly no détente far-reaching enough so that Americans would begin to trust Soviet intentions. Of course, professional military men are trained to think this way—intentions may change, but military capabilities remain, so prepare your defenses on the basis of your potential enemies' arsenal.

Even with his conservative assumptions, La Rocque's prescriptions seem a touch lavish compared with the real level of threat to the United States from any quarter. The provision of a 500,000-strong combat force for the defense of the Western Hemisphere, including six tactical air wings, six carrier groups, and forty attack submarines, seems excessive insurance against a contingency that no one has seriously contemplated in this century.

The last country to consider landing a military force in the continental United States was Great Britain, in 1895, when the two countries came close to war over the long-forgotten Venezuelan crisis. Afterward, the British War Office studied what it could actually do to carry a war to the United States—the answer was virtually nothing.

Even at the height of Axis military success in 1942, neither Germany nor Japan drew up a contingency plan for invading the United States (Japanese landings in the Aleutian Islands were simply a diversionary tactic). And when the Soviets were considering how to respond to a possible U.S. invasion of Cuba during the October 1962 missile crisis, all their attention was focused on a nuclear confrontation: they never imagined that they would face the United States on the ground in the Caribbean.

In this century, nobody has contemplated the invasion of the Western Hemisphere, and the ineluctable realities of modern military logistics mean that they never will. As Admiral La Rocque correctly observes, "Neither the Soviet Union nor any other nation has the physical or logistical capability to move the 100,000 troops necessary to *begin* a full-scale attack over our beaches or through Canada or Mexico." So the provision of 500,000 troops to defend against this contingency seems to be overdoing it a bit.



is map depicts the number and location of U.S. military installations worldwide. The concentration of bases in Europe and the Pacific reflects nerica's strategy of "forward defense," which positions our military strength almost entirely on the Soviet Union's border.

La Rocque's nuclear position is, quite sensibly, "minimum deterrence"—i.e., nuclear weapons have no military purpose other than to prevent a nuclear attack on the homeland of their possessors. But we currently live under a bizarre and ramshackle policy, dating back to the 1950s, known as "extended deterrence," which argues for using the threat of nuclear weapons in all sorts of contexts beyond sheer national survival. When the United States was effectively the only nuclear power in the world, it might have been a credible policy. But for almost three decades now, it has been a strategic absurdity.

La Rocque is right to advocate adopting a posture of minimum deterrence as soon as possible. His conclusion that the United States requires only 1,000 nuclear warheads borne in our virtually invulnerable submarines to achieve that relatively safe state is, if anything, overly cautious.

Yet to cope with the fantasy of a scenario in which there would be an exchange of partial nuclear strikes on military targets by both sides, La Rocque recommends a total of 3,200 warheads. Perhaps he includes this suggestion to placate the partisans of the reigning nuclear orthodoxy, and yet 3,200 warheads would still be far better than the current total of 12,500 American nuclear warheads aimed at the Soviet Union. It might even take us below the threshold for a nuclear winter.

It is certainly high time that the United States moves away from a military posture founded on political assumptions and alliances now almost four decades old, on an absolute nuclear superiority that has not really existed for three decades, and on an economic superiority that has not obtained for at least two decades. The present American defense posture is not only silly, it is so detached from reality that it is lethally dangerous.

Admiral La Rocque Responds

The critiques of my proposed restructuring of U.S. defense strategy center on two basic disagreements. The first complaint is that the United States simply cannot reduce its commitments to defend its allies, particularly in Europe and South Korea. My critics insist that burdens

willingly, and wisely, assumed after World War II are still binding and necessary. But they uniformly ignore my central premise: those nations once weak and defenseless after the war are now strong and politically, economically, and militarily independent.

While challenging my proposals, my critics ignore these changes and implicitly reject the idea that there will be further change. Judging by their objections, one can only conclude that America must stand sentry at the borders of the Soviet Union forever. But I reject the idea that our military commitments are immutable. If our allies feel threatened, they must decide to assume a greater share of the defense burden, and that transition must begin soon.

The second complaint is that unilateral U.S. military reductions are somehow unthinkable, implying that we must seek either our allies' permission or Soviet cooperation to change the size and composition of our armed forces. But reductions are already in progress. My essay merely proposes a coherent plan for that inevitable realignment of our military forces. *Of course,* we should consult with our allies, and we should remain flexible as we make these changes. We should monitor the views and behavior of both our allies and the Soviet Union. If the USSR does not reduce its military forces in the future, we should take that into account. If the Soviet Union threatens or invades other countries, that too should affect America's military policy. But these observations notwithstanding, none of my critics challenge the substance of my proposal—the necessary withdrawal of American troops.

Ken Adelman and Gerard Smith consider my proposals "isolationist." But they are only isolationist if one believes that soldiers and weapons are America's *sole* means of promoting its interests around the world. Consider what a sad state of affairs it would be if America's image were bound exclusively to militarism! Fortunately, that is not the case. The United States is still a symbol of individual opportunity and human progress. We are also the world's leading economio and technological power. Our GNP is twice the Soviet Union's and the Soviets seek to learn from us. My central, vital point is that we need not rely primarily on military power to influence other nations, even our adversaries.

I note with some satisfaction (and curiosity) that no one criticized at length my proposal to reduce nuclear weapons drastically except Gwynne Dyer—and he thought the reductions did not go far enough!

I welcome Ted Carpenter's supportive comments but suggest that my definition of "what we must defend" includes what he calls a reexamination of our global commitments. The recommended redeployment of forces would be consistent with the new commitments. This process, of course, would be fully explained in advance to our allies.

Admiral Moorer's comment ignores what is most essential to our vital and enduring democratic process—the public debate about competing ideas. If we adopt his view, we would simply accept without question the decisions of those in power, a process that we routinely and justifiably criticize in authoritarian governments.

R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. and Ken Adelman each suggest that he has a "moral" nuclear policy to set against my "immoral" policy of targeting civilians in Soviet cities. While I do not believe that we can abolish nuclear weapons, neither do I believe that the use of nuclear weapons can be made moral or humane. No strategy can eliminate the tremendously *destructive* power of nuclear weapons. New missiles, new computers, new warheads, new targeting options, new defenses, new flexible responses, and all the paraphernalia of a modernized nuclear deterrent will not change the fact that nuclear warheads are weapons of "mass destruction." To suggest otherwise is to deceive.

Adelman should know better than to imply that simply because the Soviets spend a lot of money on anti-ballistic missile and air-defense research, their efforts will yield something effective. Department of Defense specialists have repeatedly testified before Congress about America's ability to penetrate Soviet defenses and devastate the Soviet Union.

Finally, my critics do not believe, as I do, that an adequate U.S. nuclear retaliatory force could be limited to strategic submarines. There are, of course, alternatives, such as a "small" nuclear force that might include single-warhead, mobile, land-based missiles. I am not a salesman for nuclear submarines. But I believe that we have the technical ability to preserve the invulnerability of submarines for as long as we can reasonably foresee. And when we negotiate future arms-control agreements, we should use those negotiations to preserve that invulnerability.

Not one of the remaining presidential candidates has advocated expanding our military. Their proposals focus on how to *cut* military spending safely. A major national debate—about what we should defend and what military forces are required to defend it—is at hand. Change will come. We can either anticipate and guide that change or we can become its victim. In the words of President Eisenhower, "The problem of defense is how far you can go without destroying from within what you are trying to defend from without." ■

AMERICA COMPETES

By Allan Gurganus

The National Fundament of the Arts—all too aware of its jeopardized fiscal standing—announces what may be its final competition.

At her recent news conference, Fundament director Dorothy McPhee repeatedly stressed the need, at this moment of world crisis and sharp cutbacks, for continuing artistic optimism among Americans.

The prominent west wall of a large Washington office building will be given over to the provocative design theme "America, where have you come from, where are you bound?" The space in question is windowless, and measures 555 by 310 feet (see attached diagram).

If you are a non-, semi-, or fully professional artist of American citizenship, and over eighteen years of age, you qualify to enter. Written proposals should accompany the drawn-to-scale renderings. Winner (one only) will be announced May 5 and the mural will be completed in time for a nationally televised July 4 unveiling by the First Lady.

Due to the number of expected participants, applications cannot be returned. We refuse responsibility for any entry's loss or damage. Ours is an Equal Opportunity competition. The judge's decision will be final.

◆

Dear Miss McPhee and other Fundament Folks,

Would you kindly mail the first mural packets to my Massachusetts studio instead of the Manhattan address I gave you before? I expect to be up here on our little farm for three luxurious months. I'm planning to paint in the mornings and spend evenings poring over the proposals. Being the final authority in all this—well, I *think* I'm game and capable. I do take it seriously and am eager to see the first responses. So is Lucy, my wife. She'll be here for a few more weeks and has agreed to help.

Today we cleared off two plank tables in the kitchen. Lucy carried back issues of magazines to a chicken coop we use for storage. I've dusted and polished both tabletops and so we stand braced, Miss McPhee. Bombard us with that first batch of American potential. I sign myself,

More enthusiast than judge,
Kermit Waley

Dearest Sirs (or Madames),

I had the distinct good fortune to serve on the Beautify America Committee a few years back. I've done a little research and, I believe, I am the only one from Mrs. Lyndon Johnson's select group still actively planting on the civic level.

What you've got is a long wall with a westerly facing. In Oct. 1916, my late mother and her head gardener planted forty boxwoods and lots of English ivy sprigs around our local branch post office. All forty shrubs still thrive, and every inch of the building's outer walls is now nicely ivied. Meanwhile, inside, murals done during the Thirties by three New Yorkers (painted twenty years *after* Mother planted) are now water-stained and flaking like some rash. They weren't so great to begin with. The farm children depicted have huge necks on them and are smelting iron (on a *farm*?) and are surveying with equipment that is absolutely inaccurate, even for back then. Each time I go to mail a letter, I come out more angry. Then, luckily, I see the English ivy plus those stately boxwoods—always so soothing. Time cannot wither nor

Allan Gurganus's novel Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All *will be published by Knopf next year.*

custom stale *their* infinite variety.

In the greater D.C. area, wisteria will do nicely for you as a wall climber. Its perfume would offer a lovely bonus to passing office workers.

Pyracantha can eventually be espaliered, and its orange autumnal berries provide a visual feast, then a literal one for migratory cedar waxwings forced to lay over en route to havens in the South.

Think in terms of perennials. Don't settle for fast-fading painting fads. When you and I are pushing up daisies, my suggestion will go right ahead without us. The miracle of photosynthesis remains as up-to-date as tomorrow's newspaper, and a whole lot more comforting. What better symbol of our national hope than a plant—well chosen, expertly maintained, grounded in native soil but straining upward, always upward.

Mrs. Frank A. Parrish
Astabula, NC zip 27801

Dear Judge Artist of National Distinction,

I've always thought one art carries right over into another and that really sensitive people can spot true quality in other similar type artistic persons. For this reason, I am sending not a mural but a children's book, one of my best, *Jenny the Wren's Vienna Misadventures*.

I also illustrated it. Some people have said my book's wren is sketched much more realistically than the Viennese buildings—but how many English-speaking kids care that much about Austrian architecture anyway? What they love is Jenny the Wren herself.

Jenny has sure been to lots of publishers lately. I'm still trying to get her into the right hands. Suggestions? Anyway, enjoy, enjoy. Here is *Jenny the Wren's Vienna Misadventures*. I am,

Interdisciplinarily,
Ms. Mirabelle Braith
Rte. 3, Blackfoot Hwy.
Billings, Montana

Dear Contest,

My Dad he did good drawings. He work out at Moss Furniture evenings and the Grave Yard shift Kenilworth Byproducts. He finished forty pictures of Eagles holding the branch in one hand and the arrows. He love that Eagle. Please send these back if they don't win it. My Dad died. He did Eagles on placemat menus from where our Momma worked waitressing.

Miss Martin, the teacher, she told my wife to enter this. Dad was 74 and never sick a day in his life. He was born at West Virginia but come out here when Momma need to for her breathing.

Rollo Krause
Phoenix, Arizona

Miss McPhee,

There was no return address on this bundle. Our posters said we wouldn't send back applications but this seems an exceptional case. Can you trace this Krause fellow, maybe through the teacher the poor guy mentions? Lucy studied every one of these menus, all yellowed and obviously used before the old man drew eagles on them. Somehow, when I agreed to do this judging, I expected . . . perhaps a higher degree of "professionalism," whatever *that* is. To tell the truth, it's hard to recall just what I expected. Reading some of these "essays" is a humbling experience. Many of the drawings are done in Crayola, Bic pens, even finger paints. One was sketched in homemade charcoal and had not been sprayed with fixative. By the time our mailman lugged it up the front stairs with two dozen others, nothing remained in the envelope but a smudged piece of cardboard and three pinches of crumbly black powder.

So many people want this commission so much. Lucy keeps telling me I'm far too tenderhearted to make this kind of decision. But she's the one who laid the eagle menus all over our kitchen counter and spent a whole rainy afternoon shaking her head and repeating, "Do you realize how *lucky* we are, Kermit?" Anyway, Miss McPhee, we're wading knee-deep through the heartbreakers, trudging onward in search of an undiscovered genius from Utah or some such place. Full speed ahead, I remain,

Yours,
Kermit

Committee dear!
Stand by, have cheer!
My every fifth-grade boy and girl
Would simply *love* to do that mural.
After a vote, we picked a theme,
A happy one, a cheering scheme.
We chose the subject of "Balloons!"
In poster paint, bright moon-doubloons,
We'll soon splash up a pretty grouping
To keep those bureaucrats from drooping.
Balloons of every size and color,
An interracial cure for dolor.
A paint contractor, my husband is.
He'll build our scaffolds. (*Such* a whiz!)
He says he'll do it all for cost.
Four floors is high, but no kid'll be lost!
He'll spray our mural with clear acrylic
After they're done, my class angelic.



hey're daily bused right past this spot,
gainst their will, like it or not,
o why not give them some say-so,
how this country's going to grow.
chosen, they will simply glow.
not, they'll think Democracy
nells oddly like Hypocrisy.
you guys shatter such high hopes,
hey'll call *all* judges corrupt dopes.
/hen fifth-grade ideals hit the skids
/e're talking about Dead End Kids.
's up to you, you Judge, you Pontius,
's up to you. It's not *my* conscience.

I hope selecting will prove merry,
I sign myself, Clarissa Cherry
C.A. Arthur Elementary
Washington 20009 DC
M.A. (with 18 hrs twd PhD)

o the Art Money Handout People:

Consider a documented fact—of the 101 set-
ers on the *Mayflower*, only eleven were mem-
ers of any church. You still think they came
ver here for religious freedom? Ha.

This kind of federal spending really irks me no end. And why do these expensive projects always get put up on the *East* coast? But if you intend to go through with this giveaway show, there's something I must say, loud and clear.

As an atheist, I now tell this committee not to hint that so-called divine inspiration had anything to do with our nation's founding. Any picture that even touches on the Godhead will bring cries of outrage from this taxpayer and others like myself. I will be watching this wall. If you people choose something like Pilgrims on their knees, or some ethnically mixed group all looking up while their hands are pressed together, I cannot be held responsible for what my organization might do. This should be said, this should be stressed. Forewarned, forearmed.

MacNulty
30 Foy St.
L.A.

Dear Dorothy
and her helpers at the Fundament,

A progress report: well, it's slow going at best. My wife left this afternoon. She returned to her new job at an art auction house in the city. She waited three years for this position and I'm glad

ustration by David Johnson

she's so happy with it, but I already miss her. Lucy tried her hand at the mural entries but soon got very morose. She began blaming the National Fundament for how sad these things are. So I took her by the hand and literally led her away from the growing mounds of evidence.

Now I'm alone just as the sun sets. Me, and what has suddenly become another real presence here, all those envelopes stacked along our kitchen wall. All the artistry gummed into all those packets, mostly manila brown. Some are white. One of today's came wrapped in red construction paper, bound with gold clips, like a gift. Our foyer is already jammed. The long-suffering postman daily stacks them higher, neatly as firewood. Maybe *I* should have become a postal clerk instead of this—this, whatever I am. My job, I recognize, is simply to choose one winner from the hundreds. Obviously, that's what competition is all about.

Could you please send me your phone number? Your home phone. That way I can reach you in the wee hours. This farmhouse always starts creaking just before dawn. I think I'm going to maybe need some encouragement.

Kermit

To Giveaway People:

Let's face it. The *Mayflower* was a hotbed of foment and atheism. The sooner we admit this to ourselves, the better off we'll be. Americans would sleep easier if they realized that our nation wasn't settled by saints. Who *were* our forefathers? Europe's overflow of malcontents, that's who. The excess nuts and cranks and failures. Riffraff who shot their bolt early on, drifters who were miserable elsewhere.

Stick that in your mural. Or else.

MacNulty
L.A.

Dear Miss McPhee,

Kermit says we met at that big embassy party last August in Washington. He tells me that you're attractive and conversant and that you graduated from Smith. So did my sister (Pepie Bainbridge McCloud, Class of '61, the choreographer). My memory for faces is notoriously bad but from all I've heard about you, and since you chose my husband as the one American painter to judge this mural business, I feel I can speak frankly.

Ten days ago, I left Kermit in our little 19th cent. farmhouse in the Berkshires. I now have a part-time job as a buyer, so when my official vacation was over, naturally I came back to N.Y. Now I wish I'd given up this whole idea and stayed in the country. I call him twice daily and he assures me that things are fine, but he sounds so vague and tired. Miss McPhee, nothing you told Kermit prepared him for the ordeal of judging. There should be at least three jurists.

When I left, packets were stacked on every available surface. The few I managed to flip through nearly broke my heart. I'm *still* depressed. Some ladies' craft guild from Ocala, Florida, wanted to macramé a "snood-type shawl" for the entire building. One man sent his dead father's pencil sketches, done on the backs of filthy Howard Johnson's menus. A fifteen-year-old girl mailed us all her writings, a steamer trunk full. She'd done "paraphrases of Emily Dickinson." The child had been through each Dickinson poem and reduced it to a pat moral lesson. For instance, poems about death (a quite large percentage) she often summarized: "You only come this way once, so while you're at it, grab for all the gusto you can get." Her accompanying note said, in demure handwriting, if she didn't win this, she guessed she'd just go out and drown herself.

What kind of superhuman can withstand this? Certainly not Kermit. You hired him as an aesthetic authority, not a human-relations counselor. Kermit, despite my years of coaching, has never really learned to say No. His own painting has not been going at all well lately. The last thing he needs is this extra burden of guilt about others' pitiful problems. For the first time since he was nineteen, since his Socialist days, Kermit has begun to stammer. Just as before, on words beginning with "M." He has also become dreadfully insomniac. I'd get up and find him downstairs, drinking milk, standing before the kitchen table heaped with amateurish drawings. His critical eye, as you—of all people—must know, is usually incredibly acute. In N.Y., gallery owners seek him out for advice. He can spot the slightest clumsiness or slickness. But when I was there with him, it frightened me to see how Kermit's discrimination was slipping. He'd bring in some totally trashy sketch of a wood duck viewed from three angles. Sub-calendar art, really. He'd say, Of course, it's rough, but what energy the thing has, a primitive purity all its own. I told him, Kermit, what on earth are you talking about? If one of your students had done it, you'd flunk the kid for sure, and here you're going to award *this* a national gold medal? He admitted I was probably right, but he shuffled out still studying the ducks, tilting his head as he does only when looking at something really first-rate.

Well, I've gone on too long. Miss McPhee, I'm sure you see my point. Kermit is simply the wrong man for this job. I *know* him. Essentially, he's a child; he has a child's simple faith that there is one right and honorable response to all

ituations. In what I often regard as a fairly slea-y world, Kermit is that oddity, a moral person. Or at least someone trying to be, which is rarity enough.

For nine long years, I've sheltered Kermit Waley. His fame is certainly deserved, and since he start, I've enjoyed it with him. He was sickly s an adolescent. His early political days—anding out leaflets on windy street corners, leeping in basements—nearly killed him. Ker-nit's dealer and all our friends give me credit for eeping him so productive. Now I find him em-racing this disaster. He doesn't know (and nust *never*) that I casually asked a congressman n my family to submit my husband's name for his job. I thought it might be fun for Kermit, omehow relaxing and good for his work. I as-umed that only other professionals would ap-ly; I didn't count on these strangers from the Midwest with their pathetic obsessions.

Please, Miss McPhee, be responsible. It's like ome disease you're mailing to our farm. I don't even know if my uncle's influence had any ef-ect; but however Kermit got nailed with this awful task, it's a mistake and it must cease.

Many other distinguished painters, equally eminent, really do need the money. They would be honored to take over, even this late. Please find someone with a little more distance on human misery, someone less emotional than my over-conscientious husband.

I thank you,
Lucy McCloud-Waley

Most Honorable Art Jurists:

Quilts are definitely where it's at in this big land of ours right now. I was knocked dead by the Whitney's quilt show some years back and have been a madman collector ever since. I threw over my job as an investment banker and just immersed myself in folk art. Questing for choice examples, I've made treks to Canada, Wales, and Iowa. Here, after months of loving work, is my design. It meshes and blends so many mellow American folk motifs: the star, eagle, flag, log cabin, etc. Alongside the wall in question, on the lot now used for parking, I would set up a huge circus tent (see Itemized Budget, enclosed). I'd fill this big top with sixty West Virginia mountain craftspersons. (These women now work for me—at decent wages—making quilts and one-of-a-kind slipcovers for my three N.Y. and two London shops.) Many of these gals have never left the mountains. Think of the human-interest-news-coverage angle. Talk about "Where have you come from, where are you bound?"!

I'd construct a huge quilting frame (three lowest bids enclosed). In our tent, the ladies would commence stitching as only they can. Their quilt will be made from Grade A, non-fading fabrics to offset weather and the ravages of aging. The finished product will be hoisted onto the wall, totally covering the westerly exposure. It will, you might say, give this bleak steely government building a security blanket of the homey kind long lost and, I think we'd all agree, pretty badly needed just now. During rain or snow, we'll draw the quilt up on a massive roller like a window shade, only enormous and more reliable. Ours will be the hugest such comforter-coverlet ever made by mankind. (The *Guinness Book of Records* doesn't even *list* quilts. That's how unprecedented my idea is.)

My seamstresses are a sight. Some wear sunbonnets (for real!) and their faces are eroded like you cannot believe. We're talking mega-Americana here. Small replicas of "The Official US Security Quilt" (like it?) will be sold as collectors' items. I've established contacts for major nationwide distribution in your finer stores. How am I sounding? A big fat percentage will get ploughed right back into the ailing National Fundament itself.

Given the current chill of international relations, what, I ask, could be more reassuring than a many-colored patchwork quilt, handcrafted by women so American it hurts, a quilt plenty big enough for one and all?

Eager,
Sid Green
Offices: New York,
London, Wheeling (W. Va.)

Dear Famous Artist-Judge,

Have you read *Jenny the Wren's Vienna Misadventures* yet? I sure hope so. In your opinion, what should I *do* with Jenny? She is quite eager for thousands of little readers. I've gone through so much with her. Sometimes I feel we're the same person. They won't let me read to the kids at the library here anymore. The lady said I was too prolific for my own good. But on the street three weeks ago, the littlest Ralston child asked me what Jenny the Wren was up to *now*? She asked which kids in what country Jenny was helping these days? A good sign—Sally Ralston asking about Jenny the Wren!

I certainly don't want to overuse your precious time. So, for your enjoyment, I've enclosed only three more of the real Jenny "classics": *Jenny the Wren, the Eskimo Twins, and the Yukon Dogsledding Disaster*; *Jenny the Wren Visits (And Learns to Like) the People's Republic of China*; *Jenny the Wren, the Santa Fe Dude Ranch, and the Morris Boys' Aunt's Missing Jewels*.

How about a little Jenny the Wren "feedback"? How do *you* think her character could be

enriched? Setting suggestions? I'm no prima donna and can take constructive criticism. Have you read *Jenny the Wren's Vienna Misadventures* yet?

As before, yours,
Mirabelle

Miss McPhee,

I sent that last letter registered mail. Your secretary signed for it. You've chosen to ignore my request and my repeated calls. Kermit answers his phone only occasionally now. He says the postman is still bringing applications, whole cartons full. My sister remembers you as captain of the lacrosse team at Smith and, frankly, she says you were "hard as nails, a very tough cookie, indeed."

Let's look at it this way, Miss McPhee, I'm the favorite niece of Carlton McCloud, vice chairman for the House Ways and Means Committee. If in four days you have not named another Judge for "America, Where Have You Come From, Where Are You Bound?" I think you'll find yourself abruptly unemployed. Uncle Carl knows nothing about Art but he is inordinately fond of Kermit.

I don't usually resort to this kind of string-pulling. I'm averse to it on principle. But I'm fighting here for my husband's safety. There is really nothing personal, Miss McPhee, in my wanting to see your head on a platter.

Concerned,
Lucy McCloud-Waley

You,

In addition—any steeple, any kids praying at bedtime while their parents look on, any cross or cross-shaped structure, the star of David, any and all angels. Allusions to the so-called Holy Eucharist, any group of singing persons holding what might be missals or hymnbooks. Anybody wearing miters, starched collars, rabbinical get-ups or choirlike garments. Anything even faintly touching on what I've mentioned. If I find this stuff up on that wall come July, stand by for retribution. We all know who picked.

MacNulty
L.A.

Dear Dorothy at the Fundament,

Did I tell you that our farmhouse was built in 1819? A first cousin of Herman Melville lived here. Supposedly, Melville himself cut the tin weather vane, a prickly mermaid. My wife's family gave us this place. Lucy has an independent income. Her great-grandfather McCloud made his money through cotton mills back before unions and child-labor laws. Lucy is very protective of me. She thinks I'm somewhat sick ly and unstable. Maybe I am. Would you con sider advancing the deadline so I won't get an more? I seem to be falling behind. The stack certainly do grow. The mailman now takes th packets straight to our chicken coop. I've tape copies of the contest rules over the kitchen sin and near our four-poster and alongside the toi let. I'm so glad it says I'm not responsible fo "any entry's loss or damage."

You told me that my being the judge would b kept strictly secret, Dorothy. You promised. I'v begun getting phone calls here. Only two of o best N.Y. friends have this unlisted numbe We've intentionally stayed somewhat alo from the villagers (Lucy's idea and probably good one). So it's always an event when th phone rings. Last night, I had three lon distance calls from some crazy man in Los A geles who's sure I'm going to put up anoth Sistine Ceiling. (If one were submitted, I'd le at the chance.) He growled about the Pop "nephews"—a whole fleet of Vatican callboys said I didn't want to know and hung up, but t phone started ringing again almost immedia ly. Some woman from Billings, Montana, versed the charges. I've always loved that nam Montana. Dakota, Montana: words so dry a beautiful. I accepted the charges. I don't kn why. She was calling from a bar. I could h Country and Western music in the backgrou and sometimes war whoops like in Wild W saloons. She whispered. She told me tha wren had good feelings about me. The juke was still blaring when, over and over, she st ed whistling bird imitations into the pay pho I hung up, then took the receiver off. It whi so I slid some socks over it, then wrapped i an army blanket and stuffed it into a desk dr er. I'm scared, Dorothy.

The mailman arrived again this morning. started giving him five or ten dollars a day. is a sleepy town and he's never worked so h He came in with three new boxes and s "Tippie Wilkins is my niece." I told him, right." I went in and found Tippie's applica right on top. Her idea concerns whales. Tip just thirteen. She sent me her school p Tippie says there are fewer whales every Extinction, I've found, is a favorite t among our younger contestants. I'm ke notes on trends in applicants' ages and ge phy. Our country is so vast. Regionalism never die, will it? My notes are around somewhere. How much longer do I ha judge? I'll level with you, Dorothy. My re tion as a painter is mostly based on one ra view, one show of seven paintings in 1969 been gliding on that ever since. I teach

ne but really live on Lucy's money. I haven't
d a large painting in four years. If this makes
u feel I'm unfit to judge a national competi-
n, I understand.
But please keep me a secret, Dorothy. Why
n't *you* call me? (Let it ring twice then hang
and call again.) You haven't written me
ce this judgment began. I've only seen your
ndwriting on the check you sent. Tell Lucy to
l the same way, in our code.
I didn't know there *were* so many Americans
er eighteen. Dorothy, send me an assistant.
s getting lonely up here.

K

rmit dear,

I'm sorry our splendid phone talk was cut off
t now. I'll repeat the details for good mea-
re. I arrive by Greyhound at Northampton,
ass., on April 2, at 2:30 P.M., your time, East-
n Time. I'm not sure how far from Northamp-
n your farm is, but during the drive we can get
en better acquainted. From the tone of your
l gentle voice, I feel I know you so well al-
dy. You've been too too kind. I wonder if you
en understand what a terrible thing isolation
Especially isolation in Montana.
This town made me its laughingstock when I
s just eleven. You know what people say
en I go by? "Look who's *loose*." They all say
at. I know it's hard for an established artist
ch as yourself to believe. How does it happen
at I, the one person for miles around who
ves Art, who aspires to create, should be their
orite victim? Now I'm over thirty and it still
es on. Every day another little slight or hu-
liation. A person can hardly shop. Luckily,
'll have time to talk things over, my new
end. Thanks to your encouragement I won't
er have to come back here again. Someday,
ey'll all regret these years they've taunted and
rt me. Oh well, see you very soon now,

All the love on earth, from us,
Mirabelle *and* Jenny the Wren

dge of It,

Still we wait for Daddy Eagles. Everyday at
e mailbox I don't find them yet. Miss Martin
e teacher says you all have plenty of time by
w to pick. If you loose the only Eagles he
etch down on placemats I get mighty upset.
y boys are big as I was then. They say to say
ey will come looking for the one that failed to
nd their grandads only Eagle drawings back
re. Like I said, my Dad he died. There will
ver be another Eagle drawing done at the
unter while he waited for Momma to finish up
r last customers. My boys get mean sometime.
They all have pickups and will really come to find the missing Eagles no matter how far. I cannot control my boys when they get the idea I been treated wrong or that my dead dad gets treated bad either. I just ask you to respect a persons property and also our feelings. It is my right to ask back what is really mine. Somebody dead drew those ones. There can be no new ones from someone who is dead. I should not of mailed the only ones of something. I just wanted somebody outside our family to say his Eagles had something extra. Everytime that mail truck leaves us nothing I feel that much more low and the boys they get way madder. Just please.

Rollo Krause
Phoenix Ariz.

Dorothy, Fundament,

Yesterday morning, I decided to answer the phone. I wanted Lucy to call so I had to put it back on the hook. I wanted you to call. Jenny the Wren reversed the charges, this time from Cleveland. I was smart and wouldn't accept. I could hear the train or bus departures being announced, and over the operator's voice, Jenny kept chirping at me. Then it was an atheist shouting something about graven images and firebombing the wall.

Around three, little Tippie got on the phone. She played me a whole record of whale voices. Tippie held the receiver near the speaker. Have you ever heard the whales singing, Dorothy? Have you ever heard anything so sad? It was like an echo of an echo of a human cry. The Russians and Japanese slaughter them for face cream. They shouldn't. Tippie told me step-by-step how they do it. She started to whimper. I hung up, then yanked the phone out of the wall. I hope everyone will understand.

All afternoon I've worked on my own application. I've decided to apply. My entry will incorporate all the worthiest aspects of those who have no chance at all. What *is* our country if not pitching in to help the less fortunate?

I went for a nice walk just now all over our land. My breath showed blue. It's chilly here now, and nice. There were berries on some trees yesterday but not now. I think the cedar waxwings ate them. The moon came out early, it was silver over our weather vane. I wandered home and crawled under a quilt my grandmother made me. It's done in shades of pink and is comforting. My mother studied scarf dancing and poise as a girl. She also took elocution lessons. Every time she got the least bit drunk, she'd say, with real expression what they'd taught her to:

There's so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us

That it doesn't behoove any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

Right?
K.

Miss McPhee,

I'm sending this to your former place of employment, hoping they will forward it. I wanted you to know what I found in Massachusetts. The phone went out of order and I rushed right up there. I want you to know what you're responsible for. I walked into an abandoned house. The place was absolutely filthy. I won't bother with details, but I saw that Kermit had lost control of his hygiene and faculties. All the applications were missing, every one. I'd had the good sense to bring someone from the village along, a handyman who'd done work for us. Mr. Bryce went into the bedroom first and came out with a strange expression. He said, "It should be covered up." A cardboard suitcase blocked the doorway. I stepped over this, and, there, curled up in our bed, was a tiny elderly woman asleep and naked. She wore only high heels and a feathered hat. When I woke her, she look around so startled she began whistling for help. She kept doing it, shrilly and in bird imitations that were absolutely credible and absolutely horrifying. Finally I convinced her I meant no harm. I asked where Kermit was. I begged her to use words. At last, from under the sheets, she whispered in English, "Today he's gone off to decide."

Mr. Bryce and I rushed out and wandered all over the farm calling Kermit's name. Bryce went down by the pond since I was too frightened to look there. I tramped around for an hour or more, still in my city heels, still holding my purse, screaming his name hysterically. Then at the edge of the woods, I saw our red wheelbarrow. A few drawings were in it, and beyond that, uphill, in a little clearing under the evergreens, Kermit had hidden himself among the applications. He'd piled all those packets neatly into four-foot stacks. The stacks stood like columns, and as a roof over these, he had placed a large stretched blank canvas. Draped across this was a patchwork quilt he'd inherited from a relative. I struggled up the hill in my ridiculous shoes. He seemed pleased to see me, he beckoned me into his little shack. I squatted on the spruce needles and crawled in. He needed a shave but otherwise looked all right. He looked wonderful, in fact. Very animated.

He'd torn one corner off each of the hundreds of drawings. These lay spread before him, like a puzzle. He was trying to fit all these colored shards together. I sat there, crouched beside him, watching. I could hear Bryce's voice echoing across the pond, calling Mr. Waley, Mr. Waley. Kermit told me quietly, "This is our winner, Lucy. What do you think?" He went on contentedly arranging the torn pieces. He was humming. I put my hand on his shoulder, so soothed to see him alive. The strangeness of this hut we were in, of his activity, didn't strike me till much later.

Bryce took the woman to a nearby bus station. I never found out who she was or how she came to be in our bed. I'm not at all sorry that you've lost your job, Miss McPhee. We sold the farm. We had to. For now, we're living at my uncle's retreat on Bimini. We sit in the sun a lot. Kermit is beginning to talk again. He hasn't gone near a paintbrush in over ten weeks. I've had to hide all the art books in the house, even books on decorating. When we venture out to dinner, I take detours to avoid even the hotels' postcard racks. Anything could set him off. He's beginning to make jokes again, though he still looks so fatigued. Just after it happened, he kept repeating, "We are one big unhappy family, and poor, aren't we, Lucy?" To appease him, I said, "I suppose we are, dear." He has been stunted as an artist and as a man by what this competition has shown him, Miss McPhee. I hope you are satisfied. Since all of this occurred, I have felt a great need to write down these details for you.

Lucy McCloud-Waley

◆

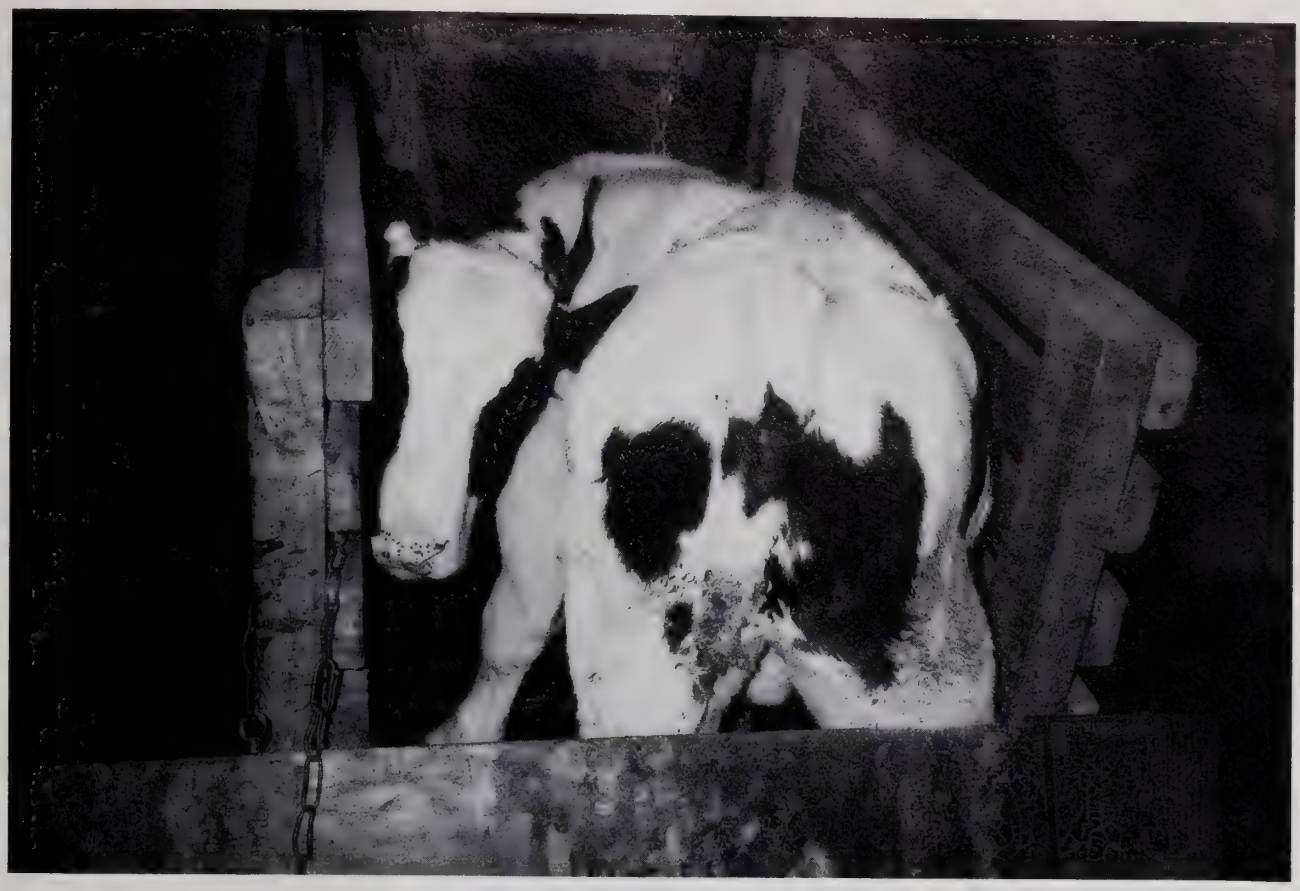
The National Fundament of the Arts regrets to announce the cancellation of its mural design competition. Appropriations formerly earmarked for the Arts and Humanities have been deemed more urgently needed in areas crucial to our national defense.

The newly appointed Fundament director, Randolph Gleason, formerly Senior Vice President of Boeing Aircraft, stated that, should rerouted funds ever be returned to the Fundament, future contests will probably offer themes far more specific, far less open-ended and inflammatory than that of this year's competition.

When asked if the mural competition was canceled because of lack of national interest, the new director commented that, on the contrary, if anything, there had been an excess of response. The entries, Gleason explained, tended to be "highly individualistic and single-issue oriented." Questioned about this, Gleason would not elaborate. He then pronounced the mural contest's official dismantling as well as the official withdrawal of its all-too-provocative competition question: "America, where have you come from, where are you bound?"

Applications cannot be returned. ■

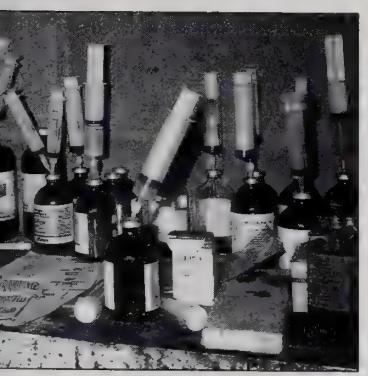
Q: Why can't this veal calf walk?



A: He has only two feet.

ctually, less than two feet. Twenty two inches to be act. His entire life is spent chained in a wooden box easuring only 22 inches wide and 56 inches long. The x is so small that the calf can't walk or even turn ound.

ost people think animal abuse is illegal. It isn't. In al factories, it's business as usual. "Milk-fed" veal is tained by making a calf anemic. The calf is *not* fed other's milk. He's fed an antibiotic laced formula that uses severe diarrhea. He must lie in his own excrement choking on the ammonia gases. He's chained in a rkened building with hundreds of other baby calves ffering the same fate. They are immobilized, sick, d anemic.



Toxic Veal

The reckless use of oxytetracycline, mold inhibiting chemicals, chloramphenicol, neomycin, penicillin, and other drugs is not just bad for calves. It is toxic to you.

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Antibiotics in veal and other factory farm products create virulent strains of bacteria that wreak havoc on human health. *Salmonella* poisoning is reaching epidemic proportions.

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THEY WHO THROW STONES

The boys of Breij

By Jon Lee Anderson

Breij is one of the smallest of the eight Palestinian refugee camps in the Gaza Strip—about 20,000 people, many of them here since 1948, when they lived in tents provided by the United Nations, and perhaps imagined they might soon return to their villages, villages now in the new state of Israel. But there was no return, and soon with the U.N.'s help the refugees in Breij began building the single-story walled compounds that remain the heart of the camp. Some of the buildings now have second and third stories of rickety cement block, constructed to house a next, then a next generation of refugees; and from the flat roofs rises an ambitious forest of TV antennaes, water towers, even solar panels—deceptive signs of development and permanence. Still, Breij (pronounced "Brāj"—it's an arabicization of Bridge, the name of the British military camp that stood here back in the days of the Mandate) is mostly low and dusty and poor. In the crazy quilt of alleys that run off the main lanes, there are open sewers, and all of the streets are simply dirt.

Poor and haunted: on one of my first walks through the camp, I was shown a weedy pile of rubble, a papyrus plant soaring up from it, cottony and biblical; the remains of the home of a PLO commando, dynamited by the Israelis, I was told. And there was the decrepit dump truck I saw in front of one humble home. With grass tufting from its flatbed, hay and dung and tethered goats grazing in its shade, it is both an open-air barn and one of the camp's most important and soulful monuments. The truck belonged to Yusuf, a young man now dead, whose parents still live in the house behind it.

"He was a great wrestler," I was told by one of the refugees. "They called him the champion of Palestine. Yusuf was so good, the Israelis wanted him to wrestle for them. But he was a nationalist; he refused. After that, one night, he was driving his truck and they stopped him and they killed him." And so the story remains, the truck too. For Breij, such ruins function as a statue might in a New England town square. And the stories are necessary myths. They mark time, and a continuing struggle.

The struggle has intensified now, of course. I could tell that just from the streets when I first drove into the camp late last winter. The dirt was cinder blackened, and everywhere were nails, stones, shards of glass, bullet casings, and tear-gas canisters. And at the ends of the two main streets of Breij, sand hills had been bulldozed into place in an attempt to seal off the village. The *intifadeh*, or, as we call it, the Palestinian uprising, began last December on a road not far from here, after a truck driven by an Israeli plowed into other cars and killed four Palestinians. The driver apparently lost control, but in Gaza many believed the crash was an act of vengeance; two days before, a Jewish merchant had been stabbed to death in Gaza City's Palestine Square. Arab youths took to the streets in camps adjacent to Gaza City, then throughout the Strip, then in the West Bank

Jon Lee Anderson is co-author of War Zones: Voices From the World's Killing Grounds, *published by Dodd, Mead.*

o—running, tossing insults and stones and metimes Molotov cocktails at Israeli soldiers, id in return getting chased, teargassed, beat-, and sometimes shot and killed. (As of this riting, 207 Palestinians have been killed since e uprising began.) By late winter the uprising id become part of the fabric of life in Breij: lit- boys played on the sand hills, women clam-red over them on their way to and from the arket, and Israeli soldiers stood on them to try figure out what was coming next, and from here.

I had come to Breij in the foggy cold last Feb-ary to learn what I could about the rock-rowing Arab boys, the new Palestinian army, e *shabab*, the "youth." And while the *shabab* ere active on the West Bank, where a journal-, especially an American, has more access, I anted to make contact with the *shabab* of aza. The West Bank's urbane, West-nized Palestinian activists are the orld's window onto the "Palestinian roblem." But in the months I had ent in Israel and the Occupied Terri-ries, I had come to think that scruffy aza, with its 600,000 cramped resi-ents—more than half of them refu-ees, most of them devoutly Muslim nd untraveled—is probably the truer alestinian face. Here, militant Islam as grown so fast in recent years that it ow competes with the Palestine Lib-ration Organization for loyalty—you n see the slender minarets of new osques everywhere. In Tel Aviv, here I stayed at first, driving into aza along the backroads each day and turning the same way in order to void the Israeli roadblocks and the one-throwing kids in Gaza City—in el Aviv, it is not the West Bank but aza that is most feared.

In meeting with members of the *shabab*, I did ot expect to suddenly understand the Arab-raeli conflict, or even to fully comprehend e rock-throwing boys. I wanted to know, if I uld, how this new street army worked: How ere they organized? Did they take orders? Or st wing it? I wanted to see how the Israeli sol-ers, many of them not much older than the *abab*, battled the boys. I wanted to glimpse hat kind of a war two peoples fight when they fight it mostly with stones and clubs and youths.

To meet the *shabab* of Breij, I would have to e cleared. I was driven one cool wet morning n mid-February to a schoolhouse at camp's dge, where the orange groves begin. A bearded an, wearing a cheaply made sheepskin coat, stood on the muddy road outside the schoolhouse. He smoked a cigarette, making the air around him spumy and thick in the cold. Smiling silently, showing me his ruined, nicotine-stained teeth, he led me inside.

On the walls of the kindergarten room where I was taken were children's scrawls and pictures of farm animals. Three women, their heads covered by *chadors*, hovered in other rooms, crocheting clothes for their babies. Now, as they would many times again, they ducked their heads shyly at me and offered to bring me a pot of hot, sweet mint tea or coffee spiced with cardamom in little white china cups covered with pink floral patterns. I thanked them and waited.

The bearded man, my contact, smoked as prisoners do—deeply, intimately, and constantly—and as it turned out, he'd spent five years in an Israeli prison before being released in 1985 as part of a swap for Israeli POWs held in Lebanon. I spoke little Arabic; there was usually someone on hand to translate. This time I had to figure it out for myself. I learned what he had been imprisoned for through pantomime. I made a hurling motion with my right arm, an explosion sound, and then pointed at him with my eyebrows raised in question. He nodded, grinning. A former PLO commando.



It is difficult to gauge with any exactitude what role the PLO plays in the street actions of the uprising. At first it seemed that the PLO was taken by surprise, that they had to play catch-up in the first weeks of demonstrations. But by the time I got to Gaza, the connections had been solidified, and a sketchy chain of command was in place. In Breij there was a local uprising committee that followed broad guidelines

I wanted to know how this street army worked: Did they take orders? Or just wing it?

hotograph by Anthony Suau / Black Star

They wanted to show me that what happened on the street was a matter of military strategy

suggested by the National Unified Command of the *intifadeh*. The local committee was underground; I was not supposed to know its members. I was told that it represented a number of Palestinian groups and factions, not only the PLO's powerful Al Fatah group but the more radical PFLP and DFLP factions, and also the Jihad Islami—militantly Islamic and especially strong in Gaza.

My contact would not put me on the street with the *shabab*. How were they to know whether or not I was an Israeli informer—or as it was always more simply put, "a Jew"? I would have to be checked out by members of the Al Fatah youth wing, Al Shabibeh. That first morning, they filed into the kindergarten together, nine of them—workers and students, older brothers of the rock-throwers. Each shook my hand and sat with me around a low, red kiddie table. They sized me up and talked about their role, and from what I could deduce, it seemed they were the go-betweens, operating in the space between the decision-makers and the street; some clearly had contact with the local organizing committee, and a few were probably members of it. At any rate, they did take credit for organizing the *shabab*. They said they were the ones who got the word out about demonstrations, using leaflets, graffiti, word of mouth. They could get me onto the streets of Breij during such an action if I turned out to be okay.

The one who did most of the talking that morning I'll call Nayef. He was twenty-two, fair and square-jawed, and had studied Western literature at Gaza's Islamic University until the uprising began and the university was closed down by the Israelis. "My job is to indoctrinate," Nayef said. "We can learn this in books."

Then, with help from the others, he drew me a map, a kind of battle plan. They wanted to show me that what happened on the street was not a matter of random acts but of military strategy. The plan they drew for me was precise; opposing stick figures were penned in as "people" and "soldiers," barricades were laid across key intersections, and on one main artery, "Jews come with jeep." I was shown where the boys burn tires to draw in the soldiers; where they place people; where rear-guard youths wait to attack after the decoy force is chased and dispersed; where the escape routes and fallback positions and sentinel system are situated. It amounted to a fairly sophisticated strategy for urban guerrilla warfare, without the usual weap-



Photograph by Peter Turnley / Black St

ns. This was how the *shabab*—high-school age oys, mostly—confronted the Israeli troops.

"The *shabab* taunt them," said Nayef. "Say to hem, 'If you're a man, come and kill me with our hands—throw your gun aside!' "

Afterward, looking the map over, I discovered slingshot etched in one corner—like the dragons and gods that medieval cartographers once drew on their maps.

For a couple of weeks, I would drive from Tel Aviv, meet at the schoolhouse with the young nen from Al Fatah, and get no further. It was ard to get to know these young men, but being round them, I came to understand that they id not speak as one—that there are many Palstinian struggles. One of the young men was a evout Muslim, and at noon he would rise from he table, prayer mat in hand, and walk to the orner of the room, there to unabashedly begin raying. Most of the others would ignore him, ut some would look at me, then look away as if mbarrassed.

Islam was always there, commanding allegiance in the lives of even the ostensibly secular. I showed up once to find all the Shabibeh nembers fasting on orders from the uprising's Command, preparing for three days of demonstrations to begin the following day. They had pent the previous day in the Breij cemetery, isiting the graves of "martyrs," and the day efore that at a mosque—there are three in reij—also by order of the Command, praying or help to fight their enemies.

"What is your prayer?" I asked Nayef.

"Our prayer is 'I have been ordered to wage ar until they testify that there is no God but llah,' " he replied. Seeing my surprise, he dded: "Look, our people here are Fatah, comunists, and Jihad Islami, but we are all Musms. We are Shabibeh Muslims."

But there were times when Nayef grew snapish about Islam.

"Adulterers should be stoned to death," one f the young men was saying one day. "Because is a very dangerous thing for society, if we ant to be a pure one. A man must know if his on is his own."

"I can ask my wife if it is my child!" retorted Nayef. "I don't need a mullah to tell me what to o!"

Nayef told me that although he might have to ut up with the fundamentalist Muslims for the ake of the uprising, he felt uncomfortable with hem. One reason was because his childhood weetheart and intended bride, away studying n the West Bank, had grown more religious nd then spurned him. She now wore a *chador* nd planned to follow the custom and marry her ousin.

Another complaint Nayef had was about runins with fundamentalist students on the Islamic University campus. "If you did things they didn't like they used to run around beating you with sticks," he said sourly. "They think they are right and everyone else is wrong."

It was at the end of February when I first saw the Breij *shabab* in action—a Friday, which being the Muslim holy day tended during my stay to be the day the biggest demonstrations took place, usually right after noon prayers. I was driving into Breij now sometimes from Tel Aviv, sometimes from elsewhere in Gaza where I'd spent the night. I would drive around or get out and walk and look for Nayef, and then he would take me around, meeting people and seeing things—and being seen, earning trust.

In the preceding days the Israeli soldiers had been going from house to house, searching and also beating people. The mood in town was tense and bitter. I drove into Breij, slowly, ever-so-slowly taking the intersections where the kids place tire-piercing nails in upright little rows like marching tin soldiers in the dirt. I drove until the *shabab* surrounded me, hostile and silent.

I asked them for Nayef, and there was no reply. It didn't take me long to realize that these kids didn't know me; nor did they care to recognize the Nayef I sought. Instead, they frowned, and eyed the Israeli license plate of my car. A bearded man in his mid-twenties with sharp eyes and long spindly legs in tight jeans broke through the crowd surrounding me and told me to get out.

After first interrogating me brusquely, he seemed satisfied by my explanations. He said to call him Sami. Sami said that he knew "the Nayef you want"; he was a friend of his. He ordered some boys to guard my car and then insisted I come with him.

At cross streets teenagers stood by burning automobile tires, columns of thick, black smoke rushing upward from the flames. They watched us go by and spoke quietly to each other. Occasionally one would call out to Sami, "*Sahafi?*" which means journalist, just to be sure of me.

Young *shabab,* maybe twelve or thirteen years old, came out into the road, walking backward in front of me and looking at me with clouded dark eyes, unsmiling, rocks in hand. They talked to me in Hebrew, hoping to trick me into replying in the language, and thus "prove" what they believed me to be, an Israeli spy. Eventually we ran into Nayef. Today, he promised, there would be a demonstration by the *shabab*, and I would see what things were really like then. The muezzin droned on and on into his microphone—a nasal melody that carried over

Islam was always there, commanding allegiance in the lives of even the ostensibly secular

It is believed that the effects of the latest tear gas are best countered with men's cologne

Breij—and Nayef and I stood and chatted. When the muezzin stopped, and noon prayers were over, more and more *shabab* began to appear on the street, loitering in groups. Soon the air was greasy and black with the burning rubber.

A group of *shabab* headed down the long street ending at one of the bulldozed sand hills. It was there that small boys of five and six suddenly started throwing rocks over the mound of sand. A group of green-uniformed Israeli soldiers wearing riot helmets with plastic visors, holding weapons, had begun to assemble on the other side.

Older boys joined the younger ones, moving back away from the soldiers now as more soldiers appeared—fanning out and dropping to firing positions here and there, taking aim. Then suddenly everybody was hurling rocks and screaming "*Allahu akbar!*" "God is great!" They yelled it hoarsely, fiercely. It seemed at first they yelled, like all boys, to hide their fear; then, as the tear gas came wafting in, their yelling grew even more intense, as if to vent their anger and the adrenal wildness of it all.

Then: a tear-gas rocket was tossed back. A youth in a red hood with eyeholes came running through all the shouting, rushing *shabab*, almost right up to the soldiers, and threw the rocket right back at them. Soldiers poured down now, running hard at us. The *shabab* took off, and I followed, running toward the alleys for cover, as a whole new phalanx of soldiers in a tight green pack came from the other direction—*fast*, down the street in a surprise squeeze.

I lost Nayef, and ran into the arms of a big guy who, suspicious of me, began twisting me to one side—but as he did, someone who knew me came running by and told him to stop. He didn't loosen his grasp on me, but tightened it, and handed me some cologne-soaked tissue—it is believed that the effects of the latest tear gas, a U.S. import, are best countered with men's cologne.

There was no way to know what was happening. All the boys running: Were they actually following a plan? It appeared they were. Women leaned out of doorways, looking beyond the backs of the running boys to tell them what was behind. They stood at blind corners and, with fingers pointing and in quick breathless shouts, warned the running boys where the soldiers were. I was still with the big guy who'd given me the cologned tissue, and now he handed me to someone else, younger, wiry, who took me by the arm, and we rushed down alleys until we reached his house. A pretty, young girl of seventeen or so wearing a gold head-scarf waited anxiously, holding the door open. As we rushed in past her, she darted out.

Inside, the small interior courtyard was clut tered with big jute bags of onions, and one c lemons. I sat down, winded, and was given lemon to suck on and hold to my nose an mouth—also for the tear gas. We sat, chewin lemons, breathing hard. And now outside i the alley and the streets beyond, there was tota silence. Everyone was hiding. How much tim had passed? Ten minutes? Five?

Then there was yelling again, just one voice In burst the girl with the gold scarf, angrily tell ing how the Israeli soldiers out in the street wer making boys remove the burning tires with thei bare hands. She rushed back out, and I followe a moment later. More yelling began—he voice. Coming around the alley's bend I saw her. She was shaking her fist and cursing a smal group of soldiers. One, tall and dark, was liftin his baton to strike her. A kind of dance followe as I stepped forward to prevent it and she stepped around me to yell at the soldiers more angrily than ever.

All the while the soldiers, their young faces dirty and exhausted, moved toward her. She kept up the invective. One stepped up and whapped her on the side of the head. Her scarf fluttered to the ground. Everyone looked at it. The squad leader, a small man with glasses, picked it up for her. "Here it is," he said politely to her. "Here is your scarf back."

But instead of accepting it, she slapped it out of his hand. His patience was gone. He went for her but was beaten to it by the big guy who had already gone after her once. He stepped back in and whacked her across the belly with his stick. She stumbled a little, backed away, and we ran off together down the alley. Back in the house, the girl told the story of her encounter, her nostrils flaring and voice edgy and shrill with excitement.

When I met up with Nayef again a couple of days later, he had already heard all about my episode with the girl and the soldiers, but he told me a different version of how the confrontation had begun.

"That girl!" laughed Nayef. "She threw her shoe out into the street at the soldiers, and ordered them to bring it to her. This made them very angry, you know?"

One drizzly morning the following week, I met Nayef at the schoolhouse. There, he introduced me to "Ahmed" and "Arafat," two *shabab*, both sixteen-year-old veterans of the street fights. They talked about the street battle of the previous week, but even more exciting to them was the prospect of an escalation. They told me the Command had specific plans for them—increased levels of violence if the current demonstrations had no effect. Soon they might not

ly be throwing
nes but stabbing Is-
li soldiers.
It is one thing to
ow stones," I said.
nother thing is
ves."
Arafat and Ahmed
n acted out how
y would stab an Is-
i soldier if they were
ed upon to do so.
afat crept behind
med, and getting
n in a half nelson,
nged his huge imagi-
y knife into his
nd's neck. Ahmed,
ose cheeks still had
softness of a child's,
mbled briefly in
ck death before Ara-
freed him, and both
ok their cramped
ts again at the little
le with the cups of
, smiling and looking
me as if to say "See,
can do it."
'Every Palestinian
ows how to kill a
," Nayef said. "No
ning is needed."



As our meeting broke up, Arafat handed me a *mugla*, a sling of turquoise cloth with a sharp ce of bony white Jerusalem stone in it. "It is a y stone," Arafat said with a glint in his eye as ngered the rock.

There were rocks everywhere in Breij: gravel l stones in the road, chips of cement block m the various construction sites (there was lding going on in every street, it seemed). re than once, when there was no other ac-n, the boys of Breij threw their rocks at me. I told by the older ones that this was a form of y for the youngest *shabab*—something I ld not quite appreciate. Where exactly, I ndered, does one draw the line between poli- and delinquency? Nayef and his friends med embarrassed by the younger boys' be-vior. "It is because of your hair and skin," one the older ones explained. "The young ones think you are Jewish. Any stranger they see, they call a Jew."

One Friday in early March, during U.S. retary of State George Shultz's visit to the least, Breij had a violent demonstration at new, main mosque, still in the last stages of struction. The violence lasted almost four hours, with lots of gunfire and craziness. Gaza was sealed off, but I was already inside because I had stayed overnight in Breij.

I was with Nasser, a friend of Nayef's—twenty-four, stocky, and militant. That morning, before the noon prayers had started, he and I had been walking around the camp. Suddenly, we were surprised by troops—Nasser was being sought for his participation in previous demonstrations—and ran and hid in a house where a woman beckoned us. Soon we left at a run as screams for help came from the mosque, as well as shots and the unearthly sound of Breij women beginning to ululate. Their mournful, high-pitched keening chilled my skin, and as we ran past, I saw the women immobile, not far from the mosque—like baying wolves, their heads upraised in unison.

Where exactly, I wondered, does one draw the line between politics and delinquency?

Reaching the street in front of the mosque, we ran headlong into a mob running in our direction. That was the last I saw of Nasser; he took off, and I was suddenly on my own in the midst of all this. I went on toward the mosque, where *shabab* were scrambling onto the roof as Israeli soldiers arrived. Inside a clinic opposite the mosque, men were hiding, eyes streaming from the tear gas; and a young man who had just been shot was carried in by a group of screaming boys. He was pale, so pale, and bleeding profusely. They tore his jeans off and the male nurse tried to staunch the blood. His name was Muhammad, twenty-three, shot in the femoral artery.

Outside, the soldiers were taking positions across the street up against the mosque. Rocks, bottles, a Molotov cocktail flew down from the mosque's roof. I could see the boys' heads and their hands when they threw things, but little else. The soldiers fired tear gas at *shabab* who taunted them from either end of the street, and fired bullets up at the mosque.

An ambulance came down the street and the soldiers forced the driver, a gray-haired man, to get out, making him stand with arms raised, out

tograph by Zeev Ackerman / Black Star

From the mosque, they taunted the soldiers to kill them, flinging down construction rods that were stacked there

in the open between the ambulance and the mosque. He was terrified, but then, trembling, he tore open his white ambulance driver's jacket and stepped forward, pointing at his heart and saying he didn't care. A rock hit him, hurled down from the roof of the mosque.

The ambulance driver was allowed to go. Muhammad was carried out of the clinic on a stretcher, head lolling, with a wailing woman alongside him; he was lifted carefully into the ambulance and it sped away.

The soldiers formed a flying squad and ran after some *shabab;* I followed them, taking a shortcut up an alley. There I was attacked by a crowd of women hurling stones, and was pulled away by a man who dragged me down the alley and around to the rear of the mosque where the *shabab*'s rear guard stood, milling around a stone pile.

No one knew me. The guy who had dragged me there demanded to know who I was. *Shabab* gathered behind him, stones in hands. Another man stopped and said he recognized me. The man holding me released his grip but kept me with him. That I was a journalist had nothing to do with it now.

Troops were coming up the alleys, trying to encircle these *shabab,* who were actually protecting the rear escape route for those up in the mosque. We scrambled back. A soldier appeared and dropped to one knee in a firing position, aiming straight at us; then a burst was fired up the curving alley at us, making a loud and terrible noise.

A man opened a door and motioned to me to come quickly. I went in and he slammed the door shut. He pointed up to the mosque. I followed him and we went over a wall, broke a window, climbed into the mosque and then up the stairs to the roof, where he left me on my own. About fifteen *shabab* ran back and forth around the dome to the edges of the flat roof, throwing things down.

Seeing me, they came and threatened me with their hands, waving rocks and pieces of metal, screaming into my face. They yelled at me in Hebrew. The soldiers shot up at them. The muezzin, throughout, was yelling into his microphone. It was all noise and chaos. As I crouched against the parapet to keep out of the range of fire, I realized the muezzin was yelling, over and over, "Jew! Jew!" Periodically the boys would come and threaten me; twice, they pulled me out into the open, pointing to crouching, huddled Israeli soldiers in the alleys below, who pointed their guns up at us. I had become a new kind of plaything.

I watched as one of the *shabab* got nicked with a bullet—it grazed his forehead. He was big, his face shadowed by a piece of blanket he wore over his head, and I saw his head pc back, his hand go up to his face, and the bloc pour down over his eyes. At that, the rest of th boys ripped open their shirts and, leaping to th edges of the mosque, taunted the soldiers to ki them, flinging down short lengths of metal co struction rods that were stacked there.

I ran down the stairwell of the mosque whil the *shabab* were screaming, throwin distracted.

Muhammad had died that day, in the ho pital, from blood loss. Later when I spoke wi members of his family, they said it was becau he had lain unattended for three hours in th clinic across from the mosque before his evacu tion by ambulance. It was because of Israe troop interference, they said.

This was untrue, I knew, because I had bee there; but the family was already in the proce of mythologizing his death. Muhammad death was undergoing the same kind of met morphosis that Yusuf the wrestler and his truc had undergone. He was becoming one mo piece of the collective history, dramatic an purposeful, that the Palestinians in Breij we writing for themselves. It was their way of tak ing charge of their own story, and thus the own past. And the stories were constantly r told: aware of the daily wear and tear that th uprising was taking on people, the Comman had created a running calendar that gave spe cial, even holy, significance to each day's dem onstration (Three Days of Rage, the Day Repentance for Collaborators, et cetera), an the ensuing deaths of young Palestinians. Eac demonstration, each rock hurled, each death deepened the history, gave the story more tex ture and weight.

In Breij, Muhammad's death had entered th realm of mythology within days of his killing. I was not enough that he had thrown stones an then been shot for it by a soldier in the army occupation. It was said that Muhammad die because an Israeli soldier had taken out his peni and waggled it at a group of Breij women, a mo tal offense. Muhammad had leapt down fro his perch on the clinic roof and plunged hi dagger into the offending soldier's neck; the another soldier had shot him. The myth ha become lurid, dramatic.

Muhammad's family wanted to know if, as journalist, I could get them a photo of their so after he was shot. Later, I asked Nayef why the would want such a photograph. I had seen Mu hammad: his arching back, his face draining his friends reaching toward him, touching hi urgently, their faces filled with horror.

"His family loved him very much," Naye said.

A WILL TO CULTURAL POWER

Deconstructing the de Man scandal

By Mark Edmundson

News of the Paul de Man scandal first reached me in London this past December in a letter from a friend and competitor—every assistant professor of English being in a professional race with every other—who teaches at a small college in Pennsylvania and who frequently publishes literary journalism. The envelope contained a clipping from the *New York Times* and a note congratulating me on being a graduate of the newly renamed Albert Speer University, which would soon be offering degrees in anti-Semitic studies. Or so my friend interpreted the news that de Man—who'd been a teacher of mine in grad school at Yale and was, until his death in 1983, the major proponent in America of literary deconstruction—had written essays for a pro-Nazi newspaper in Belgium during the war.

No deconstructor myself, I have for some time sustained an admiring interest in de Man and other practitioners of the art, to the extent of conveying their techniques to students in my yearly seminar in literary theory at the University of Virginia. After studying the work of de Man and Jacques Derrida (who seems to have come up with the term "deconstruction"), we use their approach to deconstruct a few paragraphs by Thomas Jefferson, the university's founder and the reigning Albemarle County authority on all matters from gardening to race relations, thereby "calling into question" (deconstructors love this phrase) his status as local demigod. Released, presumably, from reflex obedience to the Founder's word, the students move on to the next name on the syllabus.

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My fairly slim association with the deconstructive menace brought two more copies of the *Times* article through the mail slot in the next week, as well as one overwrought letter on the subject. Another friend, a full-time literary journalist, suggested that the gang of neoconservatives at the *Times*'s culture desk were probably whetting their blades. He didn't seem at all averse to watching another installment of the press's ritual abuse of literary theory. The feud between the academic critics and the journalists was about to flare up again. As it turns out, the debate over de Man's war record reveals some surprisingly large issues at stake in this feud, which is in fact a struggle for cultural authority.

My own initial reaction was confused. Nobody who has been subjected to a graduate education at Yale—where one of the chief lessons involves one's own spectacular nullity in comparison with the faculty, the undergrads, the departmental secretaries—can easily be made defensive about the place, or about the reputations of the chaired few, who draw large salaries and found modes of discourse. Yet in a few days' time I developed a (to me) persuasive story about how deconstruction actually demystifies totalitarian ideologies and how, arguably, de Man had devoted his intellectual life to redeeming . . . etc., etc. Press the button and you heard it.

Hitting the comparable button among the deconstructive elite, de Man's former colleagues and friends, brought forth some peculiar sounds indeed, and frequently no relevant noise at all. Although de Man's academic adversaries, some of whom preserve the clarity of their judgments on deconstructive theory by not bothering to

During the first weeks of the controversy, the deconstructors seemed mainly to be taking the Fifth

read any of it, were quick to denounce him in the press, his allies seemed inclined to draw in the wagons and hold out. Some of the deconstructors would not speak publicly on the subject, at least until they'd taken it up in academic conferences and come to some consensus. It was eventually revealed that, at a conference held in Alabama in October, Derrida and about twenty prominent deconstructors had reflected on the significance and potential repercussions of de Man's early articles without going public about their existence. In other words, a handful of distinguished scholars dedicated to promulgating "unsettling" and "subversive" truths had held on tightly to a rather important one; "damage control" was how one detractor characterized it. Some former associates of de Man did speak forthrightly to the press. One observed, "We are discussing the butchery of the Belgian Jewish community, down to the babies. To treat this as one more item about which to have a symposium is outrageous." Yet, surprisingly, this professor refused to be quoted by name. But perhaps the most peculiar response has come from the *Oxford Literary Review*. The *Review* is willing to reprint de Man's controversial articles (they'll be out in September), but only in French—despite the fact that one of the *Review*'s principal functions has been to make the work of French literary theorists available in translation.



The spectacle of persons who are put in a secure position in life so that they can speak their minds without fear of reprisal, who are supposed to keep the culture honest, going mute when they have what they presumably want most—the public's ear—is a dispiriting one. Writers associated with deconstruction did, in time, offer judicious accounts of the situation, but during the first weeks of the controversy the deconstructors seemed mainly to be taking the Fifth. Deconstructors did have some fairly difficult explaining ahead of them. But they were also silent because they were determined to avoid having their thoughts mediated by the cultural journalists. Given the way the critical establishment at the *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, and the *Washington Post*, among others, seems to feel about advanced literary theory, anyone from the deconstructors' camp who speaks to the press is likely to be portrayed as the collaborator's collaborator.

Evidence of journalistic hostility to literary theory isn't hard to find. One of the unspoken fears of everyone who gives a paper at the Modern Language Association Convention is that he or she will be one of the ones singled out for extended ridicule by a reporter on assignment from the *Nation* or the *New Republic*. Of course, one may be asking for it by participating in a panel discussion entitled "What Is a (Wo)Man Critic and What Does (S)He Want?" Still, the press's compulsion to print what is substantially the same debunking article every year suggests that editors may be administering more to their own anxieties than to the needs of their readers.

Then there was the *Washington Post*'s recent treatment of new developments in literary theory. Jonathan Yardley opted for frothing invective in the 1,200 or so words he gave the Style section on the frightening phenomenon of the return of social and historical concerns to the teaching of college English. At one point, Yardley surrendered all of his minimal composure and simply denounced the professors involved as a gang of "young fascists." Would his editors have let the epithet pass if it had been directed at a group of lawyers, physicians, athletes, or teamsters? Pol Pot gets more equitable press than Yardley gave the new historicists.

Proponents of literary theory feared a fresh round of this sort of obloquy with the advent of the de Man scandal, and it quickly came. The first blow arrived from David Lehman of *Newsweek*, in a piece entitled "Deconstructing de Man's Life." Lehman's article misconstrues deconstruction and misconstrues de Man, but the major injustice is one that owes to both Lehman and his editors. A photograph of de Man in the midst of the piece (not a wartime portrait, but the one on the jacket of *Allegories of Reading*, his 1979 book) is followed at the end by one, identical in size, of marching storm troopers beneath the caption "Anti-intellectuals: Nazis on the

Illustration by Victoria Kan

arch." The graphic presentation of Lehman's ory makes the claim that he himself never ite makes—for it is a claim that no one, no atter how free he might be with his interpreta-ns, could justify—that de Manian literary eory, when submitted to a *Newsweek*-style econstruction," reveals itself as a fascist eology.

But the journalists, for their part, have not en unprovoked. Literary theorists have taken v, if any, pains to make their work accessible the educated public. There's little contempo-y equivalent of the kind of pamphleteering at Freud or Marx, for example, did. Decon-uctors seem to be unwilling, for the most rt; to give up their exalted notions of their rk, their sense that it is sublimely difficult, far yond the general scope. (A strange idea, this e, considering that the people who the theo-ts seem to feel are irremediably ignorant were, many cases, their students only a few years o.) If there's a presiding taboo in academic iting today, it's against expressing oneself in cessible language. This reticence, naturally, is od for business; the aura of miracle and mys-y draws students to graduate school and gives ofessors some added social panache.

But not all of the invective and the perplex-g rhetoric that has come out in the de Man air derives from misunderstanding and mal-, though neither is in short supply. There is tually a genuine conflict here, one that in-lves the social authority and power of the pro-sors and the journalists. Journalists are in the ocess of consolidating and defending some re-ntly won positions within the culture. The glish professors, particularly the theorists, are ving to change their traditional roles, seeking more radical, adversarial stance in society, mething on the order of what French intellec-ls have achieved. These simultaneous power plays have put the groups into rather direct conflict.

To understand the full dimension of this nflict, one has to back up somewhat, to the ties and Sixties. Most of the journalists influ-tial today were themselves English majors in llege, where they were educated according to e prevailing doctrines of the New Criticism. he journalists, by and large, still adhere to ese teachings; many of today's English profes-rs, on the other hand, are now engaged in de-nstructing the beliefs and values that the New itics taught.

The New Critics saw literary works as uni-d, autonomous, and coherent structures. The ccessful poem, to a New Critic like Cleanth ooks, makes use of metaphor and irony to eate a variety of connotations, but these con-notations are always, in the last analysis, compatible with one another. Authentic poems exist as totalities, as "well-wrought urns" in Brooks's famous phrase. The poet exerts a shaping power over language, and this is possible because in the realm of art one can be completely free—from the quirks of one's own personality, from history, and from the pressures of everyday language. Even though the New Critics denied having any interest in authorial intention, they still conveyed a vision of the poets as deific makers and their poems as miniature worlds.

Now the New Critics were devoted teachers (part of their influence derived from writing superb textbooks), and subtly but consistently, they offered the sensibilities of the accomplished poets, evoked by their readings, as ideals to their students. The well-wrought student of the New Critics would have a developed sense of his own individuality and autonomy, but would also be able to tolerate a certain amount of ambiguity in life, for great poets were connoisseurs of ambiguity, so long as it did not disturb the stability of the poem's overall meaning. By the examples of New Critical saints such as Donne, Dryden, Pope, and T. S. Eliot, the young students educated by Brooks and Co. were to become more self-reliant, autonomous, ironic, and—this term was perhaps the crucial one—"mature."

Such qualities were, of course, fully in line with American cultural values in the post-war Fifties and Sixties. Indeed, the tenor of New Criticism—confident yet tolerant—was perfectly in keeping with Henry Luce's American Century. Without owning to it directly, many of the New Critics shared a strong sense of mission; if pressed they would agree with Matthew Arnold that, in a post-Christian culture, people would have to turn to literature to find stable values. Modestly but earnestly, the New Critics took on the task of imparting moral education to America's best and brightest, which included the generation of English professors who took over from the New Critics, as well as many of today's most influential journalists.

The journalists for the most part have kept alive these values, which contribute to the assumptions underlying our political and cultural journalism. When a writer in the *New York Times* Book Review discusses, say, Saul Bellow, one of our standing literary institutions, he assumes that Bellow is an autonomous shaper of words, someone who masters language and the form of the novel, whose grand descriptions of Chicago and environs are triumphs of mirroring representation. Bellow gets it right because he's a genius, operating in the perfectly free space of art. And this art is potentially redemptive: it has the power to transform the reader and to some

There is actually a genuine conflict here, one that involves the social authority of professors and journalists

The Times would have something to fear if the desconstructive view of language was broadly shared

degree the world. Of course, the cultural critic's Bellow is doing on the Olympian scale exactly what the political reporters at the paper aspire to be doing themselves: using language masterfully to get at the truth, seeing things as they are, writing to influence the world for the better.

Such grand and energizing assumptions about language and the self have been, for at least the past fifteen years, under attack by the younger generation of English professors, influenced by writers like de Man and Derrida. This generation—for whom Vietnam and Watergate were decisive cultural experiences—no longer feels or for that matter wants the kind of continuous relationship to American culture that the New Critics developed. ("I am a Marxist feminist deconstructor," one notorious post–New Critic used to begin her lectures.) To the deconstructive critic, language has a refractory life of its own, which no "master of words" can ever control or even successfully constrain. A deconstructive reading of a text will show how, both internally and in relation to other texts, it spawns associations that undermine the text's own apparent designs. "Meaning" to the deconstructors is infinitely expanding, without beginning or closure, a proliferation beyond anyone's conscious control. One result of this form of reading is to place in doubt the myth of the author as a shaping deity. To the deconstructor the author appears to be more a relay point for language than its sovereign authority. And if it is impossible to be completely free and in command in the "ideal" realm of art, then how can one claim autonomy in the much more congested and uncertain space of daily experience?

The deconstructors' target is the hubris of those "authors" and "authorities" who think that they can exert complete control over language and, by extension, over experience. (In a similar way, Marx's target was the hubris of bourgeois prosperity and Freud's the hubris of the "civilized" belief that we had overcome our instincts.) For the deconstructors, an excessive faith in the powers of the reasoning mind has become the prevailing superstition. Behind their subversive brand of criticism lies a strong suspicion of authority, and of every person and institution that pretends to offer the Truth in its ultimate form. Deconstruction is an assault on the kinds of claims to absolute knowledge that many members of the younger generation of critics perceived as being associated with the powers that attempted to pass off Vietnam and other political deceptions on a naive public.

Now the events surrounding Vietnam and Watergate were also crucial for the journalistic profession, but in a much different way. For some time before the major stories of the Sixties and Seventies broke, the press had been undergoing a metamorphosis. Soon after President Kennedy's election, the major newspapers began to draw for the first time on Ivy League graduates to work as reporters. These young men, often with literary educations administered by the vicars of the New Criticism, did not conceive of themselves as simply hard-laboring wordsmiths. They were artists of the real, members of the same social class as the politicians, celebrities, and impresarios about whom they wrote. They were eager to change the status of journalism, to make it an accredited profession with its own rituals, hierarchies, and rich remunerations. And events abetted their plans.

The coverage of the Vietnam War and Watergate conferred an unprecedented authority upon the journalists: having shown the government to be consistently mendacious, the press was able to present itself to the American public as the most reliable source of truth. It could thus finally lay claim to a status it had sought for some time, that of being an independent institution that stood above factions and saw things with genuine detachment. In other countries, and previously in America, the press had been unapologetically sectarian. Now, for the first time, the American press could present itself as a disinterested authority and could persuade a large segment of the public to accept its claim.

But it is precisely this sort of "disinterested authority" that the deconstructors, with their sense of the indeterminacy of every utterance, are out to challenge. Their methods attack the implicit claims to objectivity—embodied in the daily papers' omniscient third-person voice—that the press relies on to sustain its authority and prestige. In the *Times* article that broke the de Man story, for instance, deconstruction is described as a way of thinking that "views language as a slippery and inherently false medium that always reflects the biases of its users." If this passage is inconsistent with the subtle complexity of de Man's and Derrida's work, it is still not altogether inaccurate. For deconstruction constitutes a strong polemic against the possibility of a neutral or transparent language that gives perfect access to the world. Walter Cronkite's sign-off, "And that's the way it is," flaunted precisely the sort of hubris that deconstruction was conceived to combat. And surely the *Times* would have something to fear for its own future if the deconstructive view of language was broadly shared. For the language of the newspaper lays claim to a truth that is nearly transcendental and studiously hides its biases.

Even so, it often seems that the press is over-

ting to the literary theorists. Is it possible an obscure anti-philosophy of language es- ed by an academic clerisy of modest size d unsettle lordly institutions like *Newsweek* the *New York Times*? Surely it couldn't have ne time of Watergate, but recent events put the press on the defensive. The Gary episode contributed to a growing sense the press is perhaps too powerful, a belief has made it a safe target for politicians. In urrent defensive posture, the press may be ually susceptible to the doubts that decon- tion can summon. For deconstruction does or endorse a number of unsettling possibili- about the press: that the requirements of prehensiveness, finality, and assurance in genre of newswriting determine the shape of story more than the "facts" do (that is, jour- sts are in a sense "written by" their conven- s); that the taboo against irony in reporting ents journalists from acknowledging the ndaries of their knowledge and perceptions; journalistic authority is based on generally ed but rather vulnerable myths about the er to achieve disinterest; that the press in has interests that tend to align it with the blishment it is supposed to be challenging; journalists are makers of myth and not the ors of the first draft of a universal history. h implications, naturally, contribute to the s's overarching fear that its recently won er may be disproportionate to its abilities achievements, and that its current prestige ves from nothing so much as being the only tender left standing after its competitors for ority—the government, religion, and the essional communities—have fallen as a re- of self-inflicted wounds.

he press, on the other hand, represents a or challenge to the deconstructors. Journal- can lay claim to real achievements over the two or three decades in curbing arbitrary cutive power. These achievements were won g old-fashionedly humanistic standards of ing and reporting, in full conformity with values of New Criticism. "Advanced" liter- critics, with their "radical" strategies of ling, can point to no comparable victories. ir students still make their job applications irst Boston and Kidder Peabody, and the ple who clean their offices and mow the col- lawns have probably benefited not at all the manifold textual subversions going on ywhere around them. Young deconstructive cs like to think of themselves as embattled versives, yet they have garnered a reputation being the slickest, most ambitious people in field. And the cultural press has taken no e delight in pointing out the rather conge- relationships that frequently obtain be- tween the iconoclastic deconstructors and the traditional, elite schools in which they tend to thrive.

But perhaps the fear that buzzes most closely around every literary theorist is that he or she is a sort of self-deluding druid, absurdly deploying sequences of magic words that are both unilluminating and ineffectual. It's this fear that the journalists at their most aggressive can awaken. Thus the taboo among English professors against writing plainly, sounding like a journalist, and so proving that all the arcane terminology is superfluous. But the inhibitions are mutually enforced: a young *Times* writer who uses the term "logocentrism" without first applying a few swift rhetorical kicks to it is taking a step on the professional road back to the *El Paso Star*.

The winners in all this, I suppose, are those standing powers that find inertia to be in their best interests, because a fusion of journalistic urgency and acumen with academic speculation could probably still produce a potent cultural criticism. The press, for its part, would have to stop playing to the public's wish to assign it omniscience. (It could then begin arbitrating among various contending "God-terms"—to borrow a phrase from Kenneth Burke—rather than attempting to be one itself.) The result would be a press that was more an interweaving of voices and perspectives, ironic and self-scrutinizing, and less the homogenized and homogenizing Mixmaster it frequently is now. The deconstructors, for their part, would have to surrender their commitment to exclusively negative criticism, their romance of alienation. Currently they seem to fear that every positive or "constructive" intervention in current debates smacks of attempted "mastery," and this belief keeps them aloof and perhaps impotent. But a merger of theory and journalism is unlikely, in part because deconstruction thrives on being able to dismantle the truth-claims of institutions such as the establishment press, while the press garners some of its authority by insulating its readers from radical doubt. The two groups in a certain sense need each other. They feed one another lines.

Still, think of what happened when a radical New York journalist came upon the work of Ralph Waldo Emerson, first prophet of the obscure and ethereal New England contrivance, Transcendentalism. "I was simmering," Walt Whitman later said. "Emerson brought me to a boil." The journalist went on to write what is probably the greatest volume of American poetry, *Leaves of Grass*. The story remains luminous, though it is not easy to imagine the journalistic Whitman of our own time who could unlock the poetry of deconstruction. ■

To produce potent cultural criticism, the deconstructors would first have to end their romance of alienation

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MAN AND HIS WATCH

A story for our time

By Veronica Geng

quire's *promotional advertising... ll lead off with a picture of a an... [in] a sports shirt open to expose hairy chest upon which nestle nine gold ains with pendants.... The... copy . sets the tone for the campaign to fol- v: "It may surprise you to learn how v men have the taste or the means to quire the finer things in life. In fact, ver than 1 percent of American men ent $1,000 or more on a watch in the st year."*

—"Advertising" column,
New York Times, *April 11, 1988*

Jack Magnuson braced his big ncher's hands on the glass display se and looked down at the rows of istwatches. Not that looking meant was set on buying. He could tell m the slant of sunlight on the Mo- pump across the street that it was actly one-thirty—time to mosey on me, sit down at the old burled-wal- t desk in his study, and phone his mmodities broker in Chicago, here it was two-thirty, as any damn ol could figure out.

The store manager, Alvin Seltz, stood behind the counter in attentive patience, for Jack Magnuson was the most prominent man in town and a favored customer at Walgreen's,



which took pride in its tradition of supplying the Magnuson Ranch with the finest in dishrags, rubbing alcohol, and other sundries. From above the open neck of Jack's plaid flannel shirt, a chest hair drifted down onto the glass countertop. Alvin courteously leaned over and blew it off.

Jack was thinking that he already had Great-Grandaddy's gold pocket watch. Of course, Jack hadn't spent his own money on that; it was a reflection of somebody else's taste and means. Great-Grandaddy had bought it, so the story went, from a peddler on the Chisholm Trail for five dollars. Thirty-five cents if you discounted for inflation. The watch had some sentimental value—it had saved Grandaddy's life when a Comanche axe glanced off it, and Daddy had worn it as ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Still, the resale value wasn't but a couple of hundred dollars.

And now this morning on the telex from New York City, Jack Magnuson's investment counselor had asked him out of the blue whether he'd spent a thousand dollars or more on a watch in the past year. So Jack had got to wondering why he never had, and what it would be like if he did, and whether it was the kind of thing a man ought to do.

He tried to remember watches he'd seen on men he respected—men in a position to know and appreciate the best that life could offer. There was Judge Burleigh, a connoisseur of rare bourbons and fine-looking female civil-liberties lawyers. But the Judge had

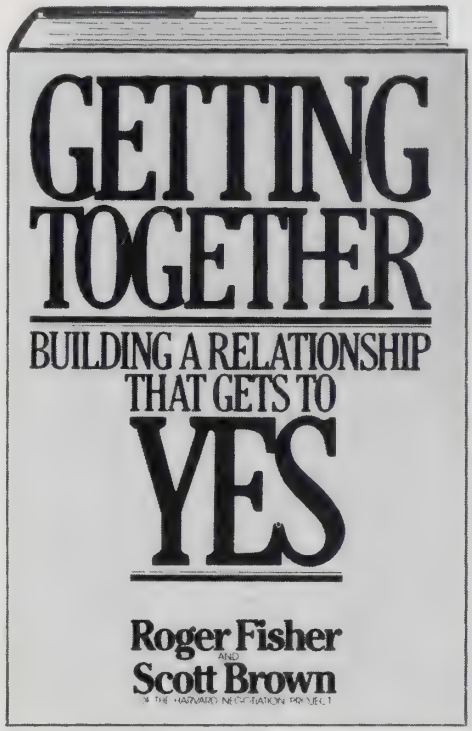
ronica Geng's second collection of fiction, ve Trouble Is My Business, will be pub- ed this fall by Harper & Row.

stration by Barry Blitt

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—ANN LANDERS



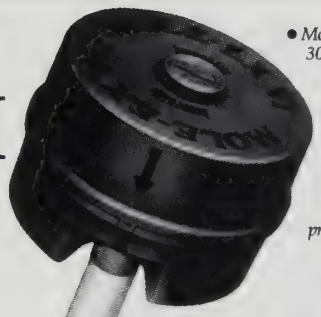
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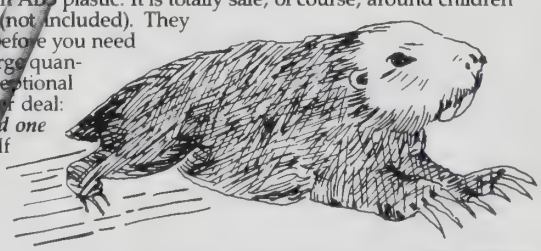
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been in Washington during the New Deal, and still favored the Brain Trust fashion for a dime-store stopwatch worn around the neck on a length of yarn.

Alvin cleared his throat and said, "Any particular one catch your eye, Jack?"

"Well, now, Alvin, I don't know. They all look right nice." He thought of Jody Windermere, trustee of the Grange Hall Art Museum. Considering the impeccable cut and sheer luxuriousness of the string tie Jody had on at the champagne reception for the exhibit of all those fine-looking Minoan pendants, he surely had the wherewithal for the perfect watch. But Jody traveled a lot on museum business, and had picked up the continental curators' style of just carrying an alarm clock in a briefcase.

Alvin was looking awfully eager to oblige, so Jack said, "What is the price range on these?"

"These here are forty dollars." Jack's face fell, and Alvin added, "These other ones go on down to ten. You can get yourself a pretty good watch for ten dollars, and I wouldn't try to tell you different."

Jack Magnuson knew he could call one of his old girlfriends in Paris and have her send somebody over to that Cartier place, but instinctively he rebelled against the notion that a man couldn't spend a grand on a watch in his own hometown, if he happened to feel like it. Jack wondered if it would count to buy twenty-five forty-dollar watches. He guessed that Coach Whitehead, his hero from his days at Trinity College, Cambridge, would have said that was cheating. Anyway, the Coach had been famous for just drawing the numbers from one to twelve on his wrist with a fountain pen and then telling time by the way the angles of his wrist hairs reacted to momentary changes in atmospheric pressure.

But what about getting a hundred ten-dollar watches? Maybe that would be eccentric enough to qualify as a costly personal statement. Like the time that little operator at Drexel Burnham Lambert had tried to get him to take over Walgreen's and liquidate its assets, and just to spite that sucker he'd gone out and bought him-

14,000 head of prize longhorns for
pure pleasure of seeing the prairie
burnish their tawny flanks to the
e sheen of a premium motorcar's
tom enamel. A hundred watches,
ugh—Alvin would think he'd
ne loco. And no way to claim they
re presents for the ranch hands; it
common knowledge that all
k's men had taken up the new
nick disposable watches, grateful
t nowadays a man could spend a
g hard day out on the range, mend-
fences till the barbed wire took on
hand-honed keenness and lus-
us patina of the finest set of import-
kabob-skewers, and then ride
me, wash off the dust, put a pot of
fee on to perk, and throw away his
ch.

As Jack stood there trying to think
different excuse for buying a hun-
d watches without getting a repu-
on around town as a wastrel frit-
ng away the family fortune on
essories, old Yancy Beeb came into
store for a dozen of the Anchor
cking pilsner glasses on sale. If
re was anybody in this neck of the
ods who qualified as a genuine ce-
rity, it was Yancy, a renowned
de who had once taken Ernest
mingway on a snipefishing trip.
k noticed that Yancy didn't have
a watch, so he went over and said
vdy, and one way and another he
ally worked Yancy around to the
ject of watches.

"Used to wear one," said Yancy.
hat was years back. And then Papa
d me—this was around the time of
snipefishing trip, you know, and
was real mad at me—he told me it
s decadent to wear a watch. He said
t Coop—that was Gary Cooper,
know—Coop said any real man
ld tell the time of day just by
ecking the amount of wear on his
ot heels. Well, in spite of the fact
t it was Papa talking, that just
nded like plain common sense. So
ied it. Never worn a watch since."

ack speculated as to how Yancy
ght be having some fun with him.
t to humor the old man, he lifted
e foot and bent over to study the
el of his boot, which gave off a fine
ma like the subtlest master blend
calfskin-bound first editions, wet
negal tweeds, pre-war Havana Per-

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Once again, strife and trouble have erupted in Israel and in the territories administered by Israel. And many thoughtful people believe that these problems could be laid to rest, that tranquility could be restored if the "Palestinians" had their own country. That homeland would be Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza strip. Its capital would be Jerusalem or, at the very least, its "Arab sector."

What are the facts?

■ First of all, some definitions are in order. The Arabs living in "Palestine" — which is Jordan, Israel and the areas administered by Israel — like to refer to themselves as "Palestinians", and to the Jews living there as "Jews". But all inhabitants of Palestine obviously are Palestinians — either Arab or Jewish Palestinians. By only referring to themselves, but not to the Jews, as "Palestinians", the Arabs attempt to convey legitimacy on themselves and illegitimacy on the Jews, despite the uninterrupted presence of Jews in all parts of Palestine since Biblical times.

■ In 1948, the Palestinian state of Jordan, in an act of naked agression, invaded the just-born state of Israel. It managed to occupy Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem. For the next 19 years, and until 1967 when the territory came under Israeli administration after the Six-Day War, Judea/Samaria was part of the Kingdom of Jordan. During that entire time, nothing was ever heard of "Palestinian" peoplehood. The thought of creating a second "Palestinian" state in the "West Bank", in addition to the Palestinian state of Jordan, did not occur to anyone — certainly not to the "Palestinians", not to any of the 22 Arab countries, and not to the rest of the world.

■ By the relentless drumbeat of Arab propaganda, the impression has taken hold that the "Palestinians" in Judea/Samaria are a distinct and unique people. But that just isn't so. The concept of separate "Palestinian" peoplehood is a new one. It did not exist before 1967. The reality is that the so-called "Palestinians" in this area are exactly the same people — undifferentiated in dialect, dress, social customs or anything else — from the Palestinian Arabs in Jordan. A second Palestinian peoplehood is a myth. It was created for the purpose of laying claim to Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") in the first instance, and for its use as a launching pad for the destruction of Israel proper thereafter.

■ With the help of President Carter, Menachem Begin of Israel and Anwar Sadat of Egypt signed the Camp David Accords. In line with these Accords, Israel returned the entire Sinai Peninsula — including the valuable oil fields it had developed, two of the world's most advanced military bases, and several cities — to Egypt, in exchange for peace. And in the Camp David Accords it was agreed that the inhabitants of Judea/Samaria and the Gaza Strip would get autonomy and that during a five-year period, the final status of the territories would be negotiated. But that process never got started. Why not? To the Arabs, the Camp David Agreement is unacceptable, because it implies recognition of Israel. The Egyptians were drummed out of the Arab League, and most Arab countries broke relations with them, for having committed the unpardonable sin of making peace with Israel. For good measure, Anwar Sadat was assassinated by his own countrymen — a destiny shared with any other Arab who has dared to advocate recognition of or peace with Israel.

■ The real and never changing purpose of the Arabs is not the attainment of "the rights of the Palestinian people", autonomy in the administered territories, or even a state of their own in what is now called the "West Bank". The real purpose has never changed. It is the dismantling and the destruction of the state of Israel. To the Arabs, having a state of "infidels" on what they consider "sacred Arab soil" is a religious crime. Because of that, the Kurds, the Druze, the Copts, the Armenians, the Maronites and other minorities have all been brutally repressed and periodically massacred by the Moslem Arabs. But the Arabs' greatest hatred is directed toward the Jews. The wished-for establishment of a "Palestinian" state on the "West Bank" would be the first step toward the "final solution" desired by the Arabs. The PLO has never deviated, never wavered from that. The destruction of Israel, its "secularization" or its Lebanonization, are the unswerving core dogma of the PLO.

The "Palestinians" are not a distinct people. They are simply Arabs. They chafe under Israeli administration, however benevolent it may be. Scores of ethnic groups live under such conditions, many of them — in contrast to the Arabs under Israeli administration — under political duress, discrimination against them, and with their religion, language and identity suppressed. But the Palestinian Arabs do have a homeland. It's Jordan. Jordan is by far the largest part of Palestine. The Arabs living there are overwhelmingly Palestinians. The ultimate resolution of the problems of the Palestinian Arabs of the "West Bank" — a resolution that satisfies the irreducible security requirements of Israel and the national aspirations of the Palestinian Arabs — can only come about by direct negotiations. Under pressure of the PLO and of Arab rejectionists, the Palestinian Arabs have so far refused to participate in any such negotiations. Israel has been ready for them for over twenty years.

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Category: Person

1. I was born in India under the name of Eric Blair.
2. I volunteered in the Spanish Civil War.
3. I was a Socialist and fervent anti-Communist.
4. You probably wouldn't like my Big Brother.
5. "Whoever controls the present, controls the past."
6. I talked about liberty and equality through the mouths of animals.

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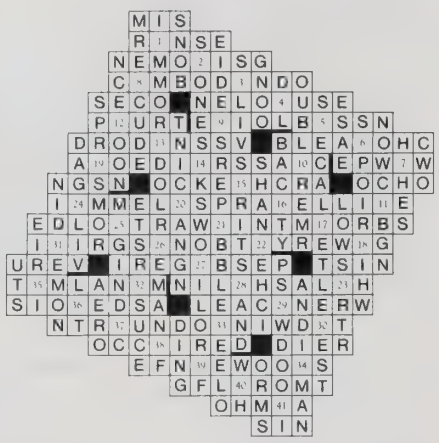
ANSWERS TO SAMPLES: GEORGE ORWELL, CURTAINS

Category: Thing

1. You'll find me just hanging around.
2. Cats are my only natural enemy.
3. Pull me aside for enlightenment.
4. I easily get hooked.
5. I'm often drawn, and not just by artists.
6. Spare the rod, and I'm floored.

Don Stewart
Red Wing, MN

SOLUTION TO THE JUNE PUZZLE



NOTES FOR "EIGHT TO THE BAR"

The unclued entries are music makers: TROMBONE, BASS VIOL, CALLIOPE, MELODEON, PSALTERY, VIRGINAL, MANDOLIN, and WOODWIND. 1. MISNOMER, hidden; 2. N-OBO(DI)ES; 3. S(IDE)...-L)ONG; 4. DOU (B...)L (anagram)-O-ON; 5. SUBLE (anagram)-AS-E; 6. S(NOW-P)EAS; 7. ...C...-HOW, doubled; 8. C...-OMMENCE (anagram); 9. VILENESS, "Weillness"; 10. CAB-L-ECAR (reversal); 11. B-RIOCH(E)S (anagram); 12. PRO(D...)UCES, anagram; 13. INTRUDE (anagram)-D...; 14. SNI(C)KERS, anagram; 15. S-HARPERS; 16. ME-R-CHANT; 17. MEL-LOWER; 18. B(ROWS)-ING; 19. GADROONS, anagram; 20. WAR-LOCKS; 21. BOWS-PRIT (anagram); 22. T-INT(Y)PES (anagram); 23. WHISTLER, two meanings; 24. M...-OLD-IN-G-S; 25. G-RO(M)METS (anagram); 26. STRANG(I...)ER; 27. NO-BBL-IN-G; 28. BLEACHES, hidden; 29. SAND-...W-ICH; 30. T(REND)IER; 31. L-IVER(IE)D (anagram); 32. AME(R)INDS (anagram); 33. OLEANDER, hidden; 34. MOODIEST, anagram; 35. MOISTURE, anagram; 36. M(ONTRE)A-L, anagram of tenor; 37. S(U-C)CORED; 38. INFEC(tious)-(so)UND; 39. FLEE-RING; 40. WORMHOLES, anagram; 41. ROMANIS (anagram)-M.

SOLUTION TO JUNE DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 66). WILFRID SHEED: THE GOOD WORD. The ethnic revival . . . has . . . more good juice to it than astrology. If you . . . have a lousy temper, it's good to know it's an Irish temper. And you can walk . . . taller if that rotten disposition is Slavic soul. It certainly beats "You know how sensitive we Scorpios are."

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 67, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by June 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the August issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 65 are David L. Spittle, Hilo, Hawaii; Wanda Reese, Big Spring, Texas; and Albert C. Damm, Sun Prairie, Wisconsin.

fecto Perfecto stubs, overpriced designer cologne, and burning plastic collectibles. The tiny scratches and abrasions on the heel formed a pattern he'd never noticed before—a pattern unique to that moment, which was two o'clock, three in Chicago, closing time on Wall Street, and sunset on Madison Avenue. ■

July Index Sources

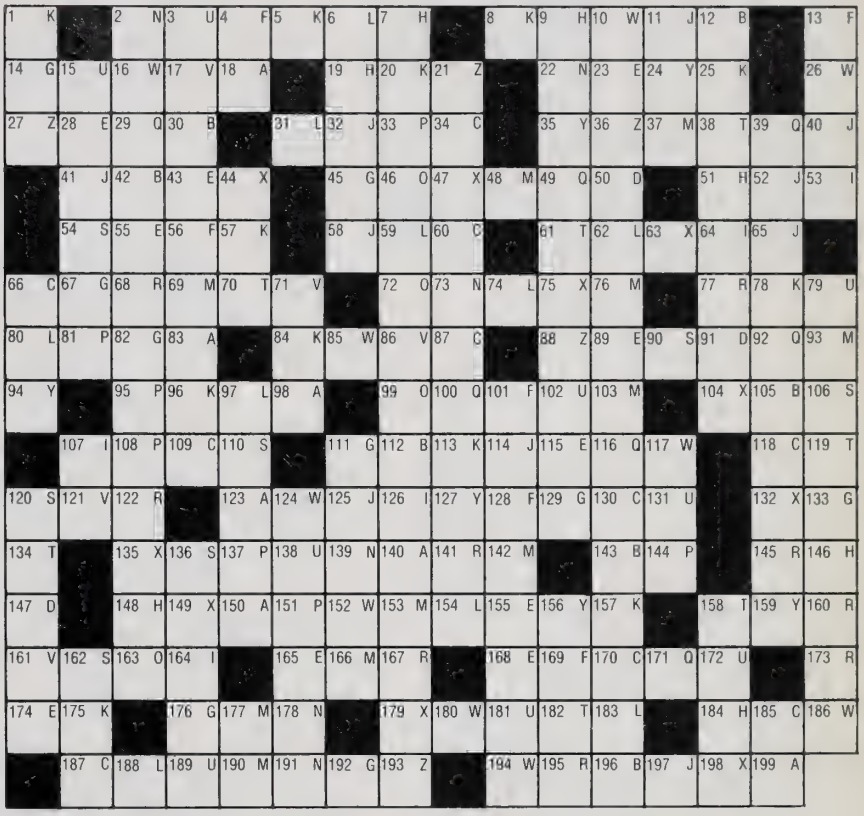
1,2 Arms Control and Disarmamen Agency (Washington); **3** House Economic Stabilization Subcommittee; **4** Center for Defense Information (Washington); **5** Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (Washington) **6** West Bank Data Base Project (Jerusalem); **7,8** Williamsburg Charte Foundation (Washington); **9** Hearst Corporation (New York City); **10** McFeely Wackerle Jett (Chicago) **11** United Automobile Workers (Detroit); **12** U.S. Department of Labor Bureau of Labor Statistics; **13,14** U.S. Department of Commerce, Bureau of Economic Analysis/*Harper's* Research; **15** Bureau of Economic Analysis; **16** U.S. Border Patro (McAllen, Tex.); **17** DVM/VPI Insurance Group (Santa Ana, Calif.) **18** Raincheque (Tarrytown, N.Y.) **19** National Science Foundation (Washington); **20** Northland Service (Juneau, Alaska); **21,22** Coca-Cola Company (Atlanta); **23** Clyde Haberman, *New York Times* (Tokyo) **24,25** United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (Rome); **26** Population Reference Bureau (Washington); **27,28** Jacqueline Jackson Kikuchi, Rhode Island Rape Crisis Center (Providence, R.I.); **29,30,31** United Nations World Health Organization (Geneva); **32** Environmental Protection Agency (Niagara Falls, N.Y.); **33** Environmental Protection Agency (Washington); **34** International Bottled Water Association (Alexandria, Va.); **35** Vermont Department of Fish and Wildlife (Waterbury, Vt.); **36** Arthur Foods, Dodger Stadium (Los Angeles); **37** David Kelley, Project Harmony (Montpelier, Vt.); **38** *Sovetskaya Rossiya* (Moscow)/Ann Cooper, National Public Radio (Moscow); **39** Johnny Parson (Cartersburg, W. Va.).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 67

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.



CLUES

A. Wrongdoing — 123 140 199 83 150 / 98 18

B. Astonishing — 30 143 42 196 112 105 12

C. Edgar, in Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* — 109 170 66 60 130 187 118 87 / 185 34

D. Baffle; irritate; understand — 50 147 91

E. Alluring — 115 155 168 28 174 43 165 89 / 55 23

F. Mob — 169 128 13 4 101 56

G. Arousing affection — 82 176 111 14 67 192 129 133 / 45

H. Berated, chided (2 wds.) — 19 146 9 7 51 148 184

I. Signified — 107 164 64 126 53

J. In a relaxed, confidential state — 125 40 41 52 114 58 32 11 / 197 65

K. Welsh character actor (1897–1969; *How Green Was My Valley, The Spiral Staircase,* etc.; full name) — 57 20 157 113 78 84 5 96 / 1 8 25 175

L. High and dry; abandoned (3 wds.) — 74 154 183 31 6 80 97 62 / 188 59

M. Large oboe (2 wds.) — 153 190 142 69 48 103 76 166 / 177 37 93

N. "———that flits at close of eve" (2 wds; Blake, "Auguries of Innocence") — 22 73 191 139 2 178

O. Thin coat of paint, metal, etc. — 72 46 163 99

P. Censure, calumny, disgrace — 108 95 81 33 151 137 144

Q. Right away; very quickly (3 wds.) — 171 116 92 39 100 49 29

R. Shipbuilding center of NE England — 141 122 173 160 195 77 145 68 / 167

S. Wearing, tiresome, dull — 136 110 106 120 54 162 90

T. Impeded — 119 38 158 61 182 70 134

U. Ornament, adorn — 189 3 138 79 172 102 181 131 / 15

V. Spruce, trim — 17 161 121 86 71

W. Passionate or fluent utterance — 124 152 117 26 10 180 186 16 / 85 194

X. Wild hogs of the Southern U.S. — 198 132 47 63 149 179 104 75 / 44 135

Y. Prate, gossip — 94 24 127 35 156 159

Z. Intoxicating, exhilarating — 36 21 27 88 193

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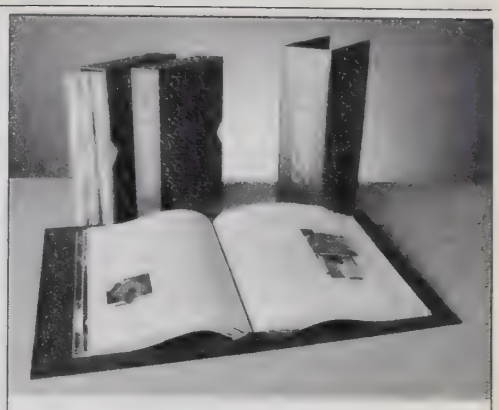
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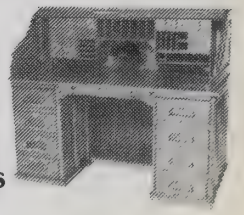
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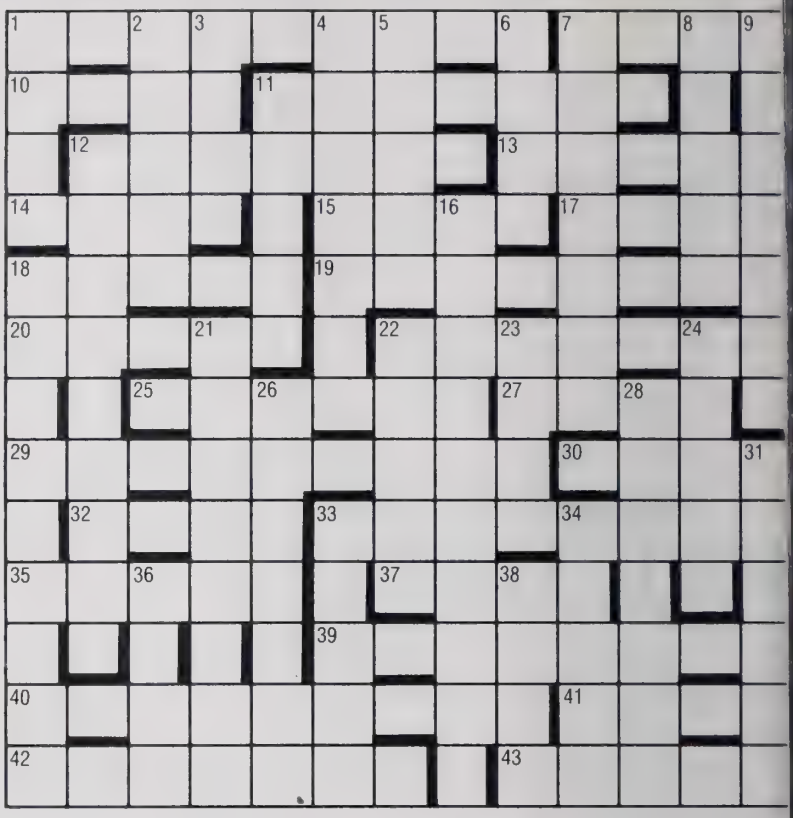
PUZZLE

One by One in Change (6)

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Eighteen clues are followed by two numbers in parentheses. These clues consist of the cryptic indications only (anagram, second meaning, etc.), without a definition. The answers to these clues (lengths indicated by the first number) serve as the definitions for the actual entries (second number). All eighteen answers could be grouped under the title, also cryptically indicated; those entering the competition must fill in the title in the spaces provided below the diagram. (It might be useful to have a 1A to figure this out.)

Clue answers include a variant spelling (22A), a common foreign word, and a compound noun (18D) not found in many dictionaries. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 76.





Across

1. No oil is sent back without Iran's initiation (4/9)
7. Congress's work turned vulgar (7/4)
10. Stewed hare—it's very big in South America (4)
11. Lacking restraint, old Whig rambles (7, *hyphenated*)
12. Succumb if *O Calcutta!* provides you with double vision? (7)
13. Paul I's cooking dish (5)
14. He's sophisticated and convincing with company leadership (4)
15. Smack in the center of Kansas is . . . (4)
17. . . .the dawning of a poet. That sounds keen (4)
18. Make a sign over B-minus (5)
19. Obviously not outgoing on entering! (8)
20. Most celebrity shows chosen the wrong way (5)
22. Long tennis serve holds a perfect score in abeyance (7)
25. Two acts (4/6)
27. A list of Catholic offices to decorate with gold first (4)
29. Half a week (4/9)
30. For the British, it's stable to think out loud (4)
32. A railroad in ruin (6/4)
33. Durable fabric (4/8)
35. Cast is said to give pain (5)
37. Kind pet cavorting around yard (4)
39. Framing of latticework (4/8)
40. About Ireland, in turmoil without English (8/9)
41. Risked (in Vegas) going topless. . .it's very cold (4)
42. Put down iron again (7)
43. Peg's embracing George (6/5)

Down

1. Center line (4/4)
2. Check energy of French ruler (5)
3. Cluck, not having left two eggs (6/4)
4. Upsetting or uplifting Catholic God (7)
5. Once more makes a profit (5)
6. Turn up drinks on the sly (4)
7. False user of stamps? (7/7)
8. Hear Latin number without appreciation of music (5)
9. Appalled over housing (4/7)
11. Republican whip put outside (5/5)
12. Gore is disturbed about this country (6/9)
16. I twisted neck after church (7/10, *hyphenated*)
18. We'd better switch heads for troubled sleeper? (9, *hyphenated*)
21. Some crop ruined by settler? (8)
22. Allowed, even if soldier leaves! (5)
23. Ran with bullfighter? Not half! (4)
24. In the capacity of one liter (5/5)
26. Through concealing intense desire, she's gotten a lot of experience (7)
28. Traffic head hauled up and run down (7)
31. Determine what's important about wife (5/6)
33. Prescribes eating a bit of unsaturated fats (5)
34. Photograph of old cathouse piano, in part (5)
36. File "Snake" under "River" (4)
38. Intimate head of police is shrimp's mouthpiece? (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "One by One in Change (6)," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the September issue. Winners of the May puzzle, "Quadrilateral," are Jane Galbraith, Redwood City, California; Gladys Meek, Pocatello, Idaho; and Orman Bennett, Fresno, California.



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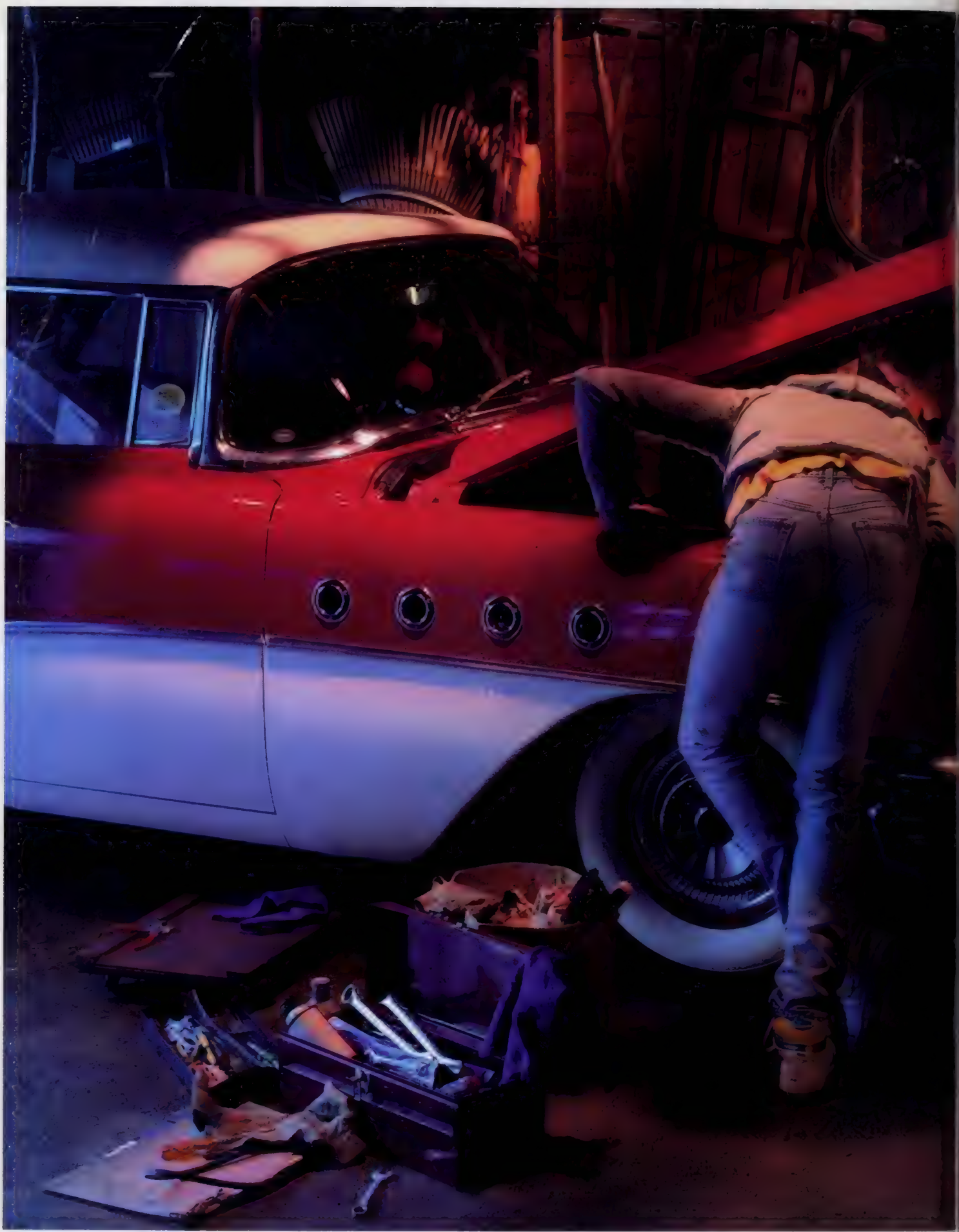
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Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Please send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (614) 383-3141, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. *Harper's Magazine* does not publish unsolicited poetry.

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LETTERS

Race, Power, and Steele

Shelby Steele's tiresome tract ["I'm Black, You're White, Who's Innocent?" June] is essentially an argument against affirmative action. It is a plea for "color blindness," which in turn is a euphemism for the attempt to destroy the civil rights protections won at great cost over recent years.

The fact that he writes for *Commentary* should have been a clue for readers confused by his assigning to Bill Cosby the role of "bargainer" for black Americans. Steele sees it as a victory that Cosby's Huxtable family doesn't discuss affirmative action at the dinner table. My own black middle-class family didn't talk about it much either, at least not when white company was invited to watch us eat, nor can I recall Rob and Laura Petrie arguing about unemployment or Ozzie and Harriet discussing their family's role in keeping their neighborhood white for Ricky and David.

Steele believes that there is no longer any racial prejudice in America. If blacks are subjected to discrimination it is only on a personal, one-to-one basis—except that Steele himself has never met a racist. Recent news accounts of attacks by whites against blacks are "over-celebrated," Steele says, even if they are "what many" (though not our *Commentary* stalwart) "are now calling a resurgence of white racism"—that rare phenomenon Steele has never encountered, even when identified for him by white twelve year old.

Like Ronald Reagan, Steele be lieves that race conditions would im prove if black people would only mak an "effort." What that effort shoul be, Steele never says. For Steele an Reagan, the word "color-blind" doe not render all racial categories a uni form and value-free gray; it is instead deceptive word used to justify remov ing government as a partisan in black white power conflicts.

Justice John Harlan used the wor "color-blind" in his 1896 dissent fro the *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* decision i which the Supreme Court upheld Louisiana law requiring segregated rail road cars; William Rehnquist quote Harlan eighty-four years later to di sent from a Court ruling requiring m nority set-aides. For Harlan, colo blindness forbade the state from cr ating invidious racial categories; fo Rehnquist (and Reagan and Steele color blindness means racial neutra ity—as if we live in a world whe wishing makes prejudice go away. It the new code word. Steele's piec could have been written by "Bul Connor or George Wallace thir years ago, if they'd had Steele's educ tion, position, and advantage.

The achievement of Reagan's goa —destroying the 1965 Voting Righ Act, granting tax exemptions to se regated schools, vetoing the Civ Rights Restoration Act of 1988, gu ting the Civil Rights Commissio making the federal judiciary an exclu sive preserve for right-wing white mer substituting advertisement and recrui ment for verifiable compliance wit equal-opportunity laws, halting th slow pace of school integration—wi

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

eturn us to the "innocent" era when lacks were voteless and helpless.

For the future, Steele's "bargain-rs," like the superbly qualified Hux-ibles and gifted Jackie Robinsons, ay continue to succeed, but society as never judged "us" (including you, Mr. Steele) by "them."

lian Bond
tlanta, Ga.

Making his way though the politi-al, social, and psychoneurotic laby-nth of black-white relations in this ountry, Shelby Steele has construct-d a seemingly logical argument re-lete with neat categories and defini-ons. But his categories, definitions, nd explanations contain only ele-ents of truth, and only partially co-ent observations about the sources f conflict between the two races.

Preoccupation with color and class the twentieth century has, unfortu-ately, hampered the progress of all roups. In the introduction to his 903 collection of essays, *The Souls of Black Folk*, W.E.B. DuBois wrote: "The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line."

In the same period, the poet Paul Laurence Dunbar penned the poignant verse "We Wear the Mask":

> Why should the world be overwise,
> In counting all our tears and signs?
> Nay, let them only see us, while
> We wear the mask.

Just as the iconographic figure of justice is portrayed with a blindfold, so has the face of the black man been depicted with various masks; but the blindfold hiding the eyes of justice is a metaphor for fairness, not ignorance. Steele believes the problem between blacks and whites is one of innocence and guilt; I believe it is one of knowledge and ignorance of history.

Let us not forget that of all the groups to have landed on these shores, black people were the only ones to arrive in chains. Many thousands, jammed "spoon fashion" in the dank holds of ships, perished. Others leaped into shark-infested waters and sang of freedom as they died rather than become enslaved. One cannot erase history, just as one cannot erase in a moment the searing pain branded upon the soul of a people.

In Steele's framework, black Americans have handled white America's "presumption of innocence in two ways: they have bargained with it or they have challenged it." Through bargaining, black Americans grant "white society its innocence in exchange for entry into the mainstream"; through challenging, black Americans hold "that innocence hostage until their demand for entry . . . [is] met."

The task at hand is not to achieve power over another group but to achieve equity, justice, and fraternity. Racial injustice remains the bone in the throat of American democracy, and until racism is overcome, Americans—black and white—will never be free from fear and hatred. If you take away the liberty of one, you take away the liberty of all.

One hundred thirty-nine years ago,

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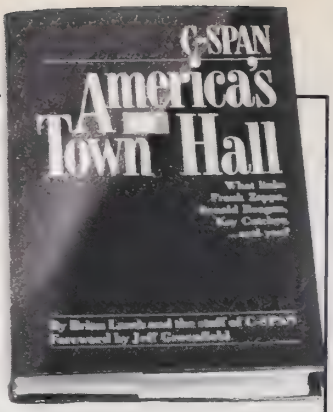
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Frederick Douglass wrote: "If there no struggle, there is no progre Those who profess to favor freedo and yet deprecate agitation, are m who want crops without plowing the ground, they want rain witho thunder and lightning. They want t ocean without the awful roar of many waters. This struggle may be moral one; or it may be a physical or or it may be both moral and physic but it must be a struggle."

So it was in 1849, and so it remai in 1988. Presumptions of innocen and entitlement aside, every gro struggles to find its place in the gra scheme of things. We do what we a compelled by our time and by our c cumstances to do.

I have not yet given up on t American idea and the America possibility.

James E. Cheek
President, Howard University
Washington, D.C.

Shelby Steele's essay saddened m When are we blacks going to get c with the business of raising our sel esteem without white people's a proval?

Venia M. Martin
Pacifica, Calif.

Shelby Steele adopts an absurd p sition when he says he is "strained t defend racial quotas and any affirm tive action that supersedes merit." A it will take is one generation of blac Americans benefiting from wel implemented affirmative action pr grams for them to capably play "on on-one" in the marketplace with the white fellow Americans.

George Purvin
Sea Cliff, N.Y.

With the analytic precision of a ju rist and the broad intellectual visio of an academic, Steele frames th problem of America's racial powe struggle by exposing the empty rhet oric and analysis that have character ized the discussion so far.

I hope that the thinking that wil be born of Steele's analysis will b challenged, sharpened, and rechal

nged. It is only through this process—as opposed to the emotional ntings of blamers and apologists—at the social and political discourse race will yield beneficial results.

ter R. Kohn
iladelphia, Pa.

Shelby Steele states that "from this int on, the [black] race's advancent will come from the efforts of its dividuals." Yet it is just this call for dividual initiative that has led to uch of the problem. The growing sparity between blacks and whites d also among blacks is in part due to r obsession with individual initiave. While some blacks have moved to the middle class, many more ve been left behind in a growing verty class.

While I agree that blacks should ke responsibility for their position d not see themselves solely as vicms, advancement lies not in individls acting alone but rather, as Hannah rendt put it, acting in concert. Individual and collective action are not diametrically opposed; in fact, each depends upon the other. Collective action often inspires the individuals involved to further action. Sit-ins, marches, and even Jesse Jackson's campaign depend upon and enhance the richness of the individual's life. The paradox of the current situation is that by disparaging collective action we weaken the very source of our individual strength.

Stephen Coleman
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Hold On, Mr. Donaldson!

It's all very nice that Sam Donaldson has disclosed the contents of one of Ronald Reagan's private daily schedules [Readings, "The President's Script," May]. Unfortunately, at this late date, the only appropriate response is for us to nod our heads knowingly and smirk. We needed this in 1980 when it was news.

It has only been during this past year that the mainstream media has openly reported the President's stupidity. This is not new news. Admit it, media meisters, you blew it! The Reagan honeymoon was too long by seven years.

HOLD ON, Mr. Donaldson! What did you know and when did you know it?

Dave Sorrell
Owen Sound, Ontario

Chicory, Canada Thistle, and Curled Dock

I was puzzled by the cover photograph of the April issue. At first glance, I assumed that Larry Kanfer's photo from *Prairiescapes* was selected to complement Frederick Turner's article, "A Field Guide to the Synthetic Landscape," which praised the efforts of prairie restoration enthusiasts.

But a closer look at the photo reveals that three non-native plant species dominate: chicory, Canada thistle, and curled dock. These species offer beauty along roadsides and

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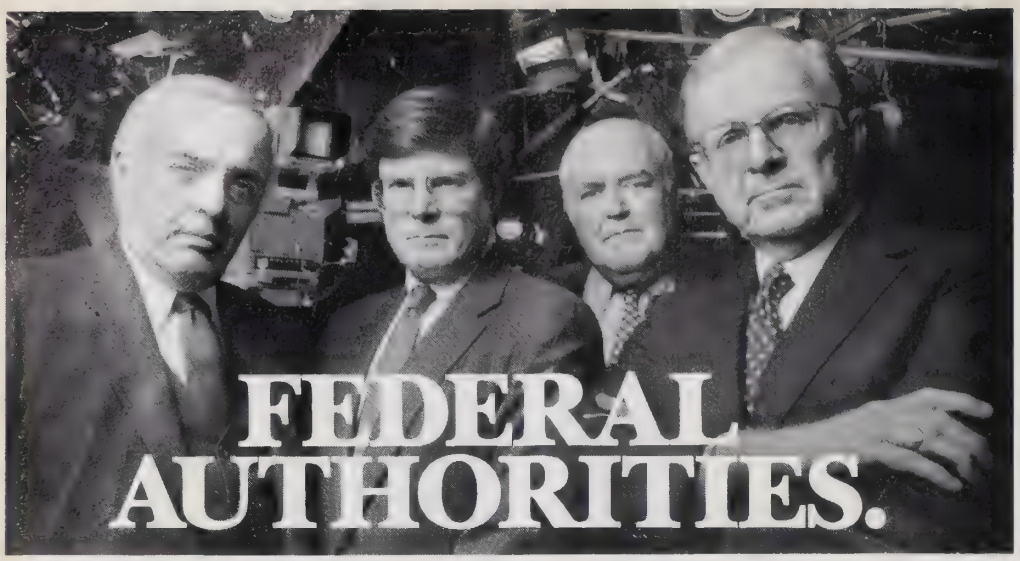
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in fields, but restoration ecologists fact, work hard to eliminate th from their prairies.

Gigi La Budde
Spring Green, Wis.

Trio, Trilogy, Tragedy

I enjoy Christopher Hitche contributions to *Harper's Magaz* his writing is witty and erudite. I therefore with some trepidation th question his theatrical acumen. In June Annotation ["The Toy C on"], he wants us to "recall that most famous Greek tragedy is a t ogy." I believe he means Sophoc *Oedipus Rex*. Although modern tors often publish *Oedipus Rex* w *Oedipus at Colonus* and *Antigone* the "Oedipus Cycle" or "The Thel Plays," the three works do not con tute a trilogy. They were written, of sequence, over many years were not intended to be performed gether. The most famous Greek t ogy is the *Oresteia* of Aeschyl which is not as good as *Oedipus*, which does belong on the reading of the Western Culture course. I h Hitchens would agree.

Jeff Laite
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Christopher Hitchens replies:

Having had a canonical educat myself, I am certainly ignorant, not so ignorant that I don't know difference between a trilogy anc trio. It was a requirement of Gr drama that playwrights produce pl in threes. There were usually co mon themes—in the case of Euri des' *Paris, Palomides*, and *The Tro Women*, where we possess only fr ments of the first two, the theme Troy. In the case of the Oedipus cle, Laite is correct about the la span of time that separated their p formance but presumably would deny the common theme. My ref ence was, of course, to *Agamemn The Libation Bearers*, and *The Eum ides* of Aeschylus. None of the abo including Laite's admirable let makes anything but nonsense of Stanford stipulation "At least Greek tragedy."

NOTEBOOK

The sage of Saddle River

By Lewis H. Lapham

e is a glorious cycle of song
medley of extemporania
id love is a thing that can never go
wrong
id I am Marie of Rumania.

—Dorothy Parker

In August of 1974, fourteen years o this month, President Richard M. ixon quit the White House in disace, generally perceived by the naonal media as a crooked politician so oroughly paranoid and corrupt that ything he said could be construed as ie. This summer he appears before e American public in the role of ler statesman and sage, generally rceived—by the same national mea—as a wise diplomatist remarkable r his telling of geo-political truths. ius the thief becomes the oracle, d the hanged man changes into the ng of wands. The metamorphosis is nderful to behold, but without eaning to slight Nixon's attainents as an actor (especially his gift r the pious gesture and the unctuous rase), I suspect that his rescue from livion can be largely attributed to e media's delight in fairy tales.

Certainly it was a task accomished against difficult odds. Even in e best of times, Nixon's perforances in the national political ther tend to totter precariously toward e comic and grotesque. Look at him ly slightly askew or in an unfamiliar ht, and it is frighteningly easy to istake him for an inspired vaudeville own parodying King Henry VIII ile traipsing around the stage deaiming stately gibberish. Very little idence in the record of his presidensupports the pretension to statesanship. A close reading of the texts ggests that he could be relied upon break any promise, deny any conction, betray any ally or nominal friend for the sake of a selfish advantage. Nor was he thought to be particularly intelligent. The commentaries that he scrawled on state papers, late at night and in an unsteady hand, tended to lack refinement—"The man is a goddamn fool," or, more emphatic, "Bomb them." Henry Kissinger used to make fun of Nixon's insufferable egotism and "meatball mind." To his more sardonic confederates Kissinger would read aloud from the president's memoranda, laughing at the pomposity of the language in which Nixon dressed up the banality of his thought.

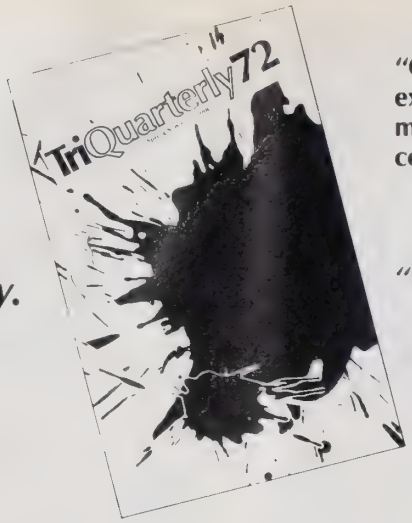
It's true that as president Nixon pursued the opening to China, which, given the circumstances, was a feat of diplomacy comparable to conceding the existence of the Pacific Ocean. It's also true that most of the time he knew whose telephones to tap. But on the larger questions of character and history, Nixon was almost always wrong. He believed, devoutly, in the chimera of the "domino theory," and he thought the United States could win the Vietnam War if only it dropped another twelve tons of explosives on another four peasants. He was wrong about the effects of the bombing and invasion of Cambodia—the North Vietnamese "sanctuaries" that he meant to destroy didn't exist—and he didn't understand the economic consequences likely to follow the separation of the American dollar from the gold standard. Consistently ignoring intelligence reports that didn't confirm his own theories and suspicions, he was wrong about Allende and the Shah of Iran, wrong about the Arabian oil cartel and the nature of the communist conspiracy. He was even wrong about the character of the American people, misjudging their response to his complicity in the Watergate burglaries.

But in the enchanted never-never land of the big-time media, the historical memory counts for as little as last year's debutante. The makers of the presiding myths shape their images in the eternal present in which the crippled boy wins the lottery, the chorus girl studies ancient Greek, and the lessons of experience never contradict the miracle of paradise regained. All good Americans remain free to invent for themselves whatever character draws a crowd or pays the rent. Convicted drug salesmen do their time in jail and two years later, having met God in Cell Block E, join the editorial board of *National Review*.

Self-important as well as credulous, the more prominent figures in the national media never tire of admiring their own significance, and if Nixon learned one new trick during the years of his exile it was the one about paying court to the ladies and gentlemen of the Fourth Estate. When he shifted his theater of operations from San Clemente to Saddle River, New Jersey, he began giving small dinners for those few journalists (the happy, precious few) to whom he would say that only they—alone among all the world's scriveners—understood the true meaning of the twentieth century. The journalists, of course, accepted the praise from Caesar with the dignity befitting their rank and station. All too easily I can imagine the appalling solemnity of the conversation, and after dinner I'm afraid that somebody was sent to fetch the maps.

The hymn of adulation began rising in the media in early 1987 and reached a crescendo in the spring of this year with the publication of Nixon's latest memoir, *1999: Victory Without War*. The leading newspapers welcomed the book with flattering reviews ("dramatic . . . timely," *New York Times*; "Nixon, He's Still the

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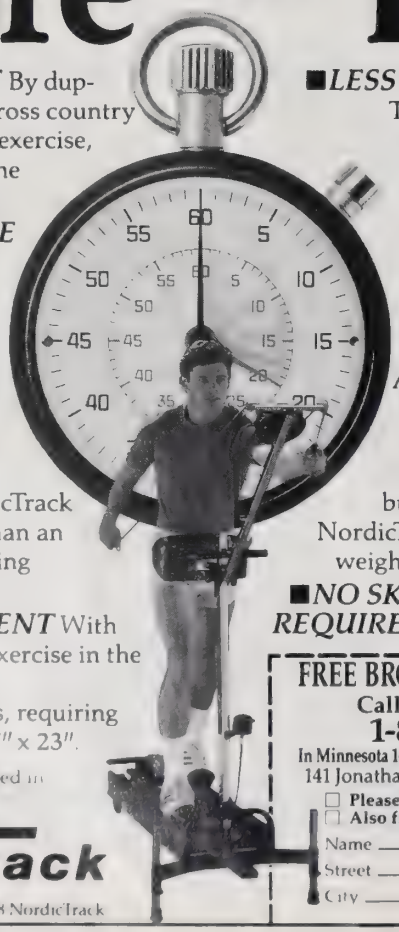
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One," *Washington Post;* etc.), and
author graciously consented to app
on both the *Today Show* and Meet
Press (for the first time in twe
years) for an exchange of views at
highest levels of sublime cliché. D
ing the month of April, Nixon de
ered speeches (all variants on chap
in his book) to hushed audien
crowded into ballrooms in Dal
Chicago, Orange County, and
troit. The reporter sent by the Ch
go Tribune praised him for his "kin
world view." By the beginning
May the book had arrived on
best-seller lists, and the nation's s
dicated columnists ("supremely re
istic," Jeane Kirkpatrick; "power
. . . illuminating," Brian Croz
etc., etc.) were glad to report th
Nixon had returned from the years
his penance wearing the ermine rob
of a statesman.

The encomia struck me as so p
posterous that I thought it only fair
read the book. It was conceivable
not likely, but conceivable—th
Nixon had put aside the practice
calculated lying that had informed
his utterance for fifty years, that y
Virginia, there was a Santa Cla
that the chorus girl really did re
Greek, and that Nixon had written
honest book. The hope of a mira
expired on page 4 and I cannot und
stand how anybody could describe t
treatise as anything other than sanc
monious drivel. The writing is po
the reasoning specious or trite, the a
thor's voice as sententious as that o
latter-day Polonius.

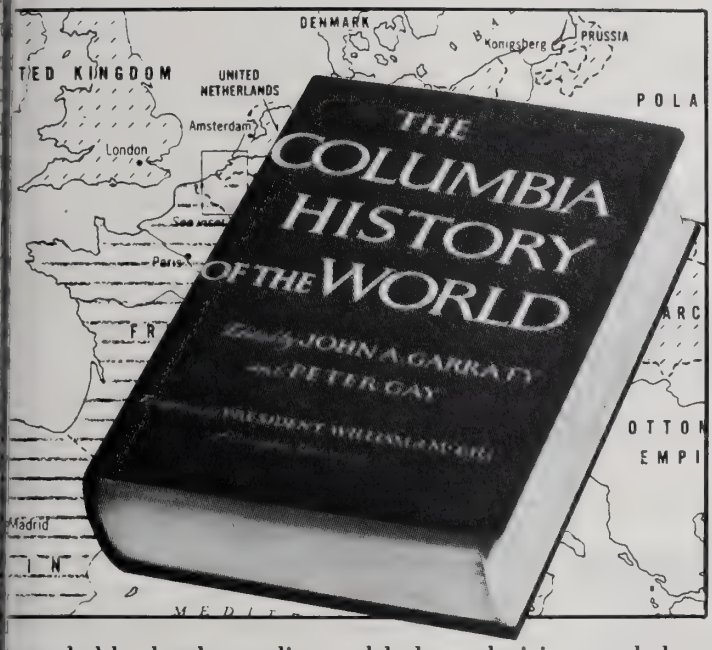
A single paragraph on page
serves to illustrate both the tone a
method of the prose. At line 20, N
on says, "But perfect peace—a wo
without conflict—is an illusion.
has never existed and will never e
ist." At line 22, he slightly varies t
sentiment—"Real peace is not
end to conflict but a means to livi
with conflict"—and then, at line 3
he joins both commonplaces in
harmony worthy of Andrew Llo
Webber: "Perfect peace assumes t
end of conflict. Real peace is a mea
of living with unending conflict."

The repetitions continue throug
out the book's 321 pages, and so do
the belaboring of the obvious. A
eight-year-old girls, of course, kn

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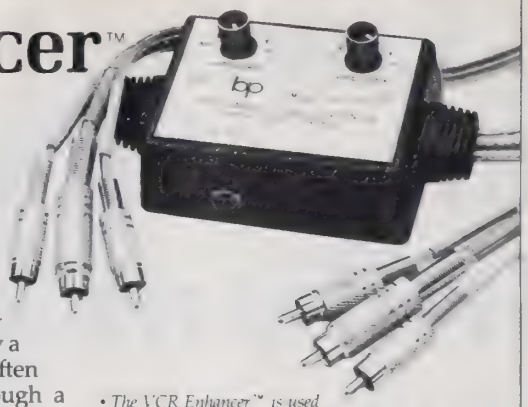
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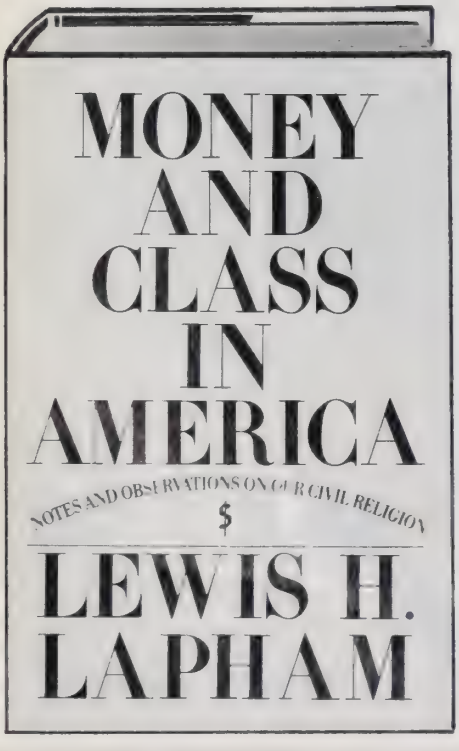
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that "perfect peace is an illusion so do most eight-year-old boys and fair percentage of the world's bette informed dogs. But to Nixon, ve pleased with himself in his wizar hat, the discovery is big news. He g on to tell his readers that the Russia cannot be trusted, and that war isn' game of Parcheesi.

The argument of the book can reduced to a few standard notio about the primacy of the Americ national security state and the h crusade of the Cold War. Nixon w comes the "titanic struggle" betwe the U.S. and the USSR—good f developing youthful character, go for military spending—and he is ve distressed by what he calls the ne "isolationist strain" in the America character. Neo-isolationists he d fines as people who don't want "step up" to the country's "global r sponsibilities," who don't think th it is America's business, now and fo ever, to play "a central internation role" and lead the world to freedom After about thirty pages of this sort rhetoric, it becomes clear that wh he means by the new "isolationi strain" is the impulse toward goo sense and common decency. Nixo wishes to preserve the game of natio in which people like himself get t dress up in delusions of grandeur, an he expects the American people t pay for his amusement with their tax es and the blood of their children.

Throughout the book Nixon inte rupts his explanation of curren events to offer uplifting remarks abou the American ideal of liberty pitte against the Soviet vices of tyrann and fear. The little homilies are espe cially repulsive in the mouth of a ma who, during his entire term of offic showed nothing but contempt for th American republic and every princi ple for which it stands. His first act o becoming president was to set up th National Security Council with th authority to conduct foreign policy preferably in secret and without refer ence to either the Congress or th Constitution. Whenever possible h substituted palace intrigues for candi debate. He used the CIA to subver foreign politicians and taught the Ai Force to falsify the records of the se cret bombing of Cambodia. His ha

d of free speech was apparent in his ery gesture and expression, and I pect that he felt truly at ease only en he found himself in the compa- of his own toadying courtiers or in presence of military despots like rcos and the Shah of Iran. Con- nted with an obstacle to his will, he ariably exhibited the autocrat's in- ct to coerce, break in, lie, and press. I think it probable that he vied the Soviets their freedom of alitarian maneuver.

Possibly because I happened to be ding Nixon's book in conjunction h the news dispatches about Presi- nt Reagan's journey to Moscow, I s struck by how little Nixon seems have learned since he was a young ngressman snuffling out proofs of mmunist conspiracy for the House n-American Activities Committee. early the world has changed a good al in the last forty years, but in Nix- 's mind it is still 1948. He doesn't m to have noticed that the nine- enth-century conceit of grandly en- neered wars and alliances has be- me irrelevant to a world in which nation can guarantee the stability its currency or defend its borders ainst the drug trade or acid rain. or does he wish to consider the pos- ility that the Cold War might be er and that the questions now being sed in the Soviet press, about Lenin well as Stalin, might be asked in od faith. Like tolerance and com- ssion, good faith is a neo-isolation- trait implying crimes against the tional security state.

Because Nixon insists that all the d myths remain comfortably intact, s book confirms the media's child- e belief in the world outside of ne. In the enchanted garden of a ver-ending talk show, Nixon sits ross a table from an ancient Soviet neral with whom he has been ex- anging documents for forty years. nly by constantly threatening one other with nuclear destruction nd thereby, not incidentally, all the her inhabitants of the globe) can ey maintain the facade of their nnipotence. It is a facade that the tending journalists have come to ink is real, and if a stagehand took way the set, they wouldn't know here to look or what to say. ■

You deserve a factual look at . . .

The "Troubles" in Israel

Should Israel withdraw from the "West Bank" and Gaza?

For more than six months now, the "troubles" in Israel have been daily front page features and daily fare on the evening television news. Many thoughtful people may have come to the conclusion that peace could come to this troubled part of the world if the Israelis were to withdraw from Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and from Gaza and if they turned these areas over to the Arabs.

What are the facts?

■ It is a fundamental error to believe that the "occupied territories" are at the root of the problem in Palestine. When the British resigned the Palestine mandate in 1948, the United Nations offered a partition plan to the Jews and Arabs living in the area. The Arabs rejected that partition plan out of hand. The Jews accepted partition into a gerrymandered crazy-quilt and even accepted the internationalization of Jerusalem. This diminished and indefensible territory was to be the dreamed-of Jewish homeland and the haven for the pitiful remnants of Nazi Holocaust survivors.

■ But the Arabs would not allow this to happen. It called for "jihad" — holy war. Five Arab armies attacked the Jewish state at the very moment of its birth. They were defeated, but they managed to occupy and to stay in control of the "West Bank", of Gaza, and of the eastern part of Jerusalem. The Arabs were the occupiers: the Jordanians in the "West Bank" and the Egyptians in Gaza.

■ The goal of the terror group known as the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) was obviously not to "liberate" Judea/Samaria and Gaza, which were under Arab control, but to "wipe Israel off the map and to send the Jews back to Poland, where they belong". These goals and sentiments are embedded in the PLO Covenant. The PLO continues to oppose any policy that does not include the destruction of Israel or calls for the establishment of a "secular state" in Palestine instead of Israel. One would expect that to be on the model of Lebanon. It's not an attractive prospect for the Jews of Israel, or for its Arab citizens, for that matter.

■ In 1967, following the victorious Six-Day War, another war that had been imposed on Israel by the Arabs, Israel assumed the administration of Judea/Samaria and Gaza, and united the liberated city of Jerusalem as the nation's capital. Israel's intent, declared and repeated over and over, was to return most of these territories to Arab control, as part of a comprehensive peace treaty. But in the Arab League Khartoum conference, immediately following the war, the Arabs pronounced their "three unalterable no's": no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel. The purpose of the Arabs to "wipe Israel off the map" was re-asserted.

■ People in the United States believe that conflict between nations can be resolved or at least be kept from exploding. Even the cold war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. takes place in a context of relative civility. But the enmity of the Arabs against Israel is of a different nature altogether. For the last 40 years, the Arabs have committed themselves almost single-mindedly to the destruction of Israel — by war, by terror, and now by mob violence, sending their women and teen-age children to throw Molotov cocktails at Israeli soldiers.

■ There is yearning for peace in Israel, a deep desire to be done with the wars that have been pressed on it without surcease since the very day of its birth. And Israel has proven that it is ready to make territorial concessions for peace. That's what happened with Egypt, to which Israel returned the vast Sinai Peninsula — over 90% of the territory taken by Israel in the Six-Day War — in exchange for recognition and peace. But much greater guarantees with responsible and immediately involved governments would be required to induce Israel to cede any territories in Gaza and Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). Because without the "West Bank", Israel would be militarily indefensible. It would be only nine miles wide at its "waist". All of its major population centers, its industries, its military installations would be within easy mortar range of enemies on the "West Bank". Before Israel could make any further territorial concessions at all, it would have to have ironclad guarantees. And for that to happen, the Arabs must rethink the role of Israel in the Middle East and their relationship to it.

The root of the "problem" is not Israel's administration of the territories. The root is the Arabs' unalterable desire to destroy Israel. No country should be asked to commit national suicide in order to appease world public opinion. Israel is surrounded by implacable enemies. Does anybody really expect the Israelis to turn over the strategically crucial "West Bank" to those who are sworn to destroy it? No solution of the territorial dispute of the "West Bank" and Gaza is possible until the Arab nations give full recognition and acceptance to Israel and are genuinely willing to make peace and to establish full normalization of relations.

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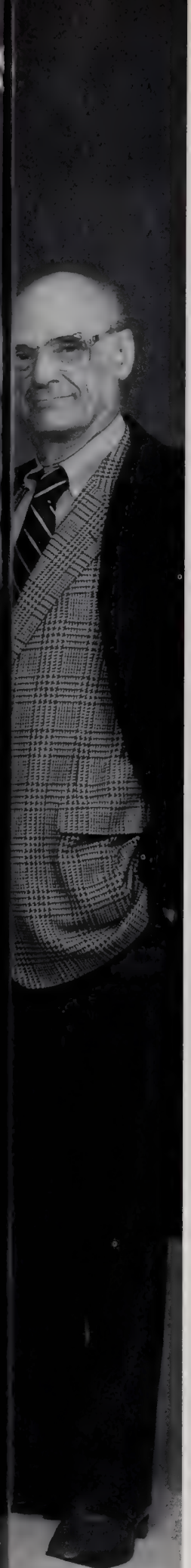
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"Still–in a way–nobody sees a flower–really–
it is so small–we haven't time–
and to see takes time, like to have a friend takes time."
—Georgia O'Keeffe



Red Poppy, 1927 *Oil on canvas 7" × 9", Private collection, Geneva*

Photography by Malcolm Varon

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HARPER'S INDEX

Number of the last 10 elections that were won by the nominee who gave the most optimistic convention speech : 9

Funds budgeted by the Republican National Committee for negative research on Michael Dukakis : $500,000

Funds budgeted by the Democratic National Committee for negative research on George Bush : $250,000

Percentage of Aquarians who are Democrats : 47

Percentage of Librans who are : 32

Amount a co-chairman of the Bush campaign's finance committee contributed to the Dukakis campaign : $1,000

Total funds raised by American Jewish groups last year : $2,500,000,000

Amount Israel has spent since December on defense forces in the West Bank and Gaza Strip : $300,000,000

Price of an Al-Asr Prayer Watch, which indicates the direction of Mecca and five daily Muslim prayer times : $95

Number of the 23 daily newspapers in New York City that are published in English : 10

Number of *New York Times* articles since 1984 that have mentioned Nicaragua's *La Prensa* : 263 (see page 56)

Portion of the land in Nicaragua that is owned by the government : 1/8

Portion of the land in the United States that is owned by the government : 1/3

Acres of crossword puzzles Americans fill in each day : 54

Number of Kiwanis Club meetings that take place each weekday : 1,300

Percentage of Americans who live within 50 miles of the place where they grew up : 54

Number of twelve-fingered Amish dwarfs in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania : 39

Percentage of adults who say that, even if they could, they would not change anything about their appearance : 4

Number of times George Bush called Ted Koppel "Dan" during his June appearance on *Nightline* : 3

Percentage of Americans who say they saw Dan Rather's January interview of George Bush live on TV : 29

Percentage who actually did : 13

Average number of minutes a viewer spends watching a TV program before changing the channel : 3.7

Percentage of their lives Americans spend outdoors : 2

Percentage change, since last year, in the number of yellow-pages listings for tanning salons : +55

For solar-energy equipment wholesalers : –48

Percentage of the solar energy captured on land by photosynthesis that is consumed by humans and livestock : 3

Number of weed species that have developed a resistance to herbicides since 1968 : 70

Number of people worldwide who die each year as a result of pesticide poisoning : 14,000

Rank of "crashing or dying" among the reasons people say they fear flying : 4

Chances that an adult will die after a fall from six stories : 9 in 10

Chances that a cat will : 1 in 10

Chances that a New York City traffic officer was assaulted on the job in 1987 : 1 in 5

Pairs of red socks owned by Morton Downey Jr. : 124

By Garrison Keillor : 17

Amount the U.S. Air Force will spend this year on imported-goatskin flight jackets : $5,193,000

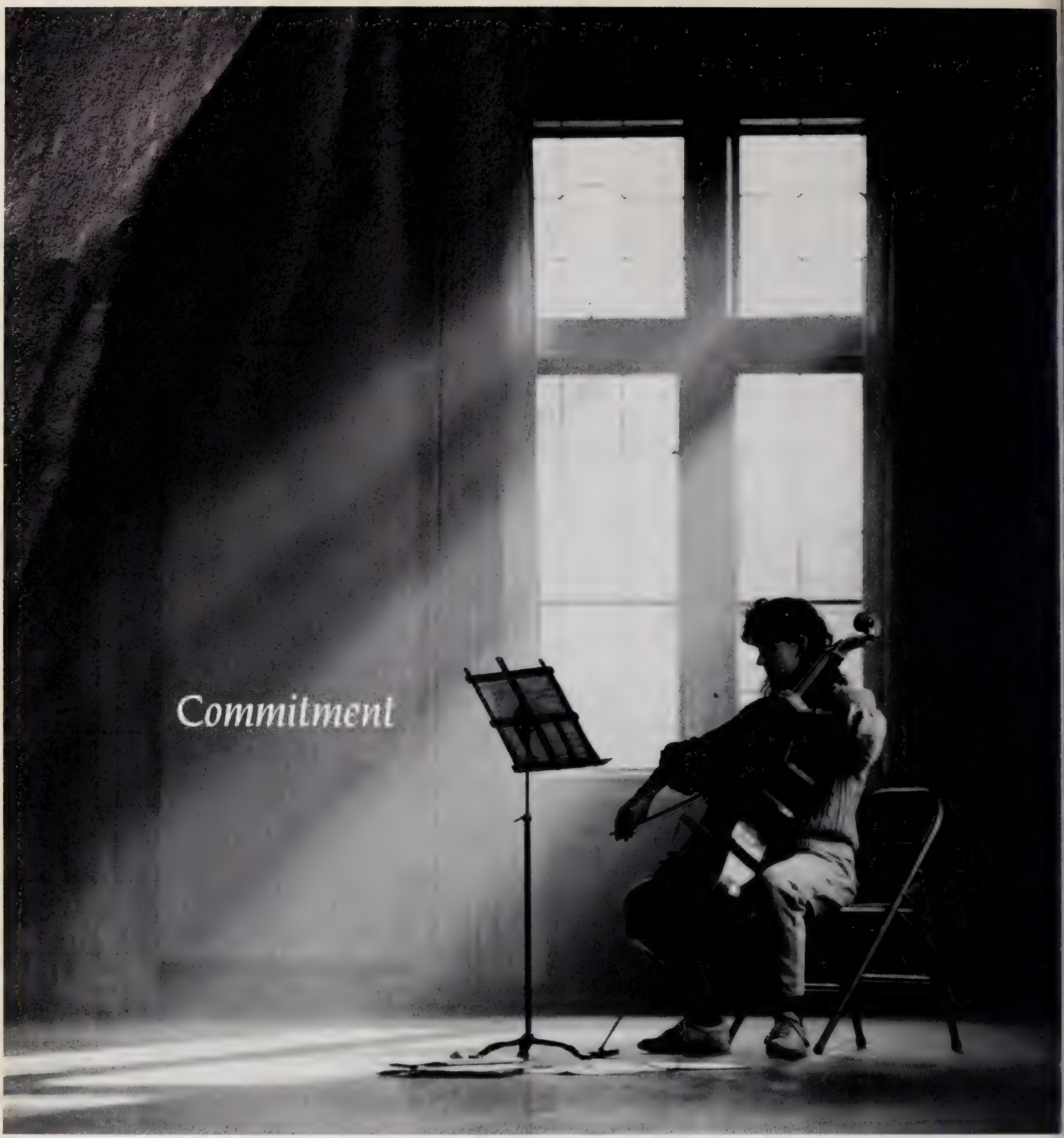
Amount spent this year on Chinese yak hair for British Army helmets : $300

Cost of renting a giant panda from the Chinese government, per day : $1,500

Price of dyeing a dog pink at the Village Dawg Shoppe in Rockville Centre, New York (with shampoo and cut) : $87

Of a purple mohawk : $37

Figures cited are the latest available as of June 1988. Sources are listed on page 76.
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READINGS

[Essay]

LOVE'S PROGRESS

From "Lodged in the Heart and Memory," by Michael Ignatieff, in the April 15–21 London Times Literary Supplement. *Ignatieff's most recent book is* The Russian Album.

Romantic love is eternally alive: as the self's most urgent quest, as the grail of our hopes of happiness, as the untarnished source of the tragic, the exalted, the extreme, and the beautiful in modern life. The late twentieth-century Western world is the first to open itself up to the promise of love as the focus of universal aspirations. Romance has become a mass industry and a focus of mass desire. Hence, perhaps, the extremity of our discontent. We may no longer believe in justice or democracy, because these imply an actor called "society" whose identity is continually fragmented. But we do believe in that actor called "the self" and in its right to love. Love describes what may be this civilization's only remaining utopia and, in its inevitable disappointment, its unstanchable wound.

It was once conventional to think of nineteenth-century Romanticism as a reaction against the atomism of eighteenth-century individualism. Romantic marriage has always celebrated itself as a haven against the heartless world of the acquisitive society, and sexual passion has always been praised as a moment of escape from the prison of the self. It is thus easy to think of Romanticism and modern market individualism as antithetical projects. But it is more interesting to think of Romanticism as a crucial phase in the Western elaboration of the sovereignty of the desiring self against family convention, and to think of love as the cure a market society prescribes for the wounds it itself inflicts.

We are now a couple of centuries from the first bright fervor of the Romantic vision: late twentieth-century romanticism is a more knowing and more desperate dream. The modern suspicion of romantic love begins with the sense that love is a discursive artifact with no more connection to real life than a faded sitcom or a Harlequin Romance. Indeed, we keep asking ourselves the pop song's immortal question: Who *did* write the book of love? Who *is* responsible for these plots—boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy finds girl again—that hold us fast? For these lines—I love you, I can't live without you—that we whisper despite ourselves?

Every modern age rediscovers love, and does so by rising up against conventions that seem to come between the self and its sensations. Surrealism's dialogue with psychoanalysis was the most influential of these insurgent discourses in the twentieth century, an attempt to loosen desire from the pinions of lifeless convention. In *Mad Love,* André Breton writes, "It is the whole modern conception of love which should be reexamined, such as is commonly but transparently expressed in phrases like 'love at first sight' and 'honeymoon.' All this shoddy terminology is on top of that tainted with the most reactionary irony." Breton protests that like everything else, love has been taken prisoner by discourse, that it has become a dead artifact of an overwritten, over-interpreted culture.

If all the provocations have been tried, what,

therefore, remains usable in our dusty museum of romance? Is there nothing left other than a weariness with romance's hackneyed lines and clichéd denouements, a general conviction that there are few things more ridiculous than being a fool for love? If, as Irving Singer argues in his wise and magisterial three volumes, *The Nature of Love*, philosophies of love are either "idealist" or "realist," veterans of the sexual revolution now think of themselves as realists. In the era of sexual freedom, romantic discourse has acquired an ironic shiver and the honest lover whispers the word "love" as little as possible—especially when a debased language of romance booms out from every car radio, every clothes shop, every disco.

Yet without the ideal enunciated by romance—a stable, continuously evolving, passionate relationship—life is too many TV dinners alone, too many one-night stands. The phrase "casual sex" is unerring in its naming of what it is not. Sex is an anxious business, that is part of its pleasure. While many people enjoy the anonymity of "casual sex," most want confessional intimacy, and they are only likely to get it with those they trust, with those from whom love might be forthcoming.

While the one-night stands of the sexual revolution have probably increased our longing for the intimacy of love, sexual experimentation has taught us that many different kinds of persons seem to meet our fundamental needs. Hence the ideal of the soul mate, the one perfect partner, now seems "romantic" in the derisive sense of the word. If after careening from one body to another we finally land on our feet, in love, certain that it is forever, we can remain haunted by the possibility that someone else—a mysterious Other not yet encountered—might yet answer all our remaining prayers. We know from our sexual adventuring that when our wandering ends, it is not fate or destiny, as the romantic myth would have it, which has guided us to the loved one, but contingency, luck, and time.

Love is that elusive knowledge Roland Barthes called "the impossible science of the individual." The lover's regard is a kind of hushed attention to the minute: to the way hair is pushed off a face, the pores of the skin, the timbre of a voice, all the tiny crevices in which particularity is lodged. Lovers know what social scientists sometimes fail to understand: everyone is an individual before and after he or she is a member of a race, a class, or a profession, and that these differences, so tiny that they can only be seen in the minute mutual scrutiny of a bedroom, are the source of the identity that is primary for a person. The intense individualism of modern desire is tied to a project of escape from the determination of family past. "I am NOT your mother!" "I am NOT your father!" are the most heartfelt of individualism's modern cries. In love we want to banish father and mother as fully as we can, if only to banish the Oedipal taboos that linger and bleach away desire.

If love is a desperate business these days, it is because our individualism has become a desperate business—we want an individuality never attempted before as a mass cultural phenomenon: everyone a unique individual and everyone loved for the uniqueness of his personality. We want to write our own script and our own plot. And we cannot.

First, because love is itself discursive: we are the heirs of romantic traditions which move us, despite ourselves. It hurts our narcissism, our conviction that we should be the artists of our own lives, to discover that most of us are not the playwrights of our scripts but only adequate players of old parts. If the parts are good, and the romantic ones often are, then we should behave toward the discursive past of love as a good director behaves toward a good play—updating it so that modern audiences are not alienated by anachronism, but remaining faithful to the spirit of the text. Indeed, in the face of the incessant blather, silliness, and confusion of modern commercialized discourse—the radios blaring away about love and sex, and hopelessly confusing the two—it becomes an essential activity of the intelligence to safeguard the meaning of the romantic tradition (the integrity of love poetry, for example) so that our children can still grow up hearing the dream speaking from its source, as in Shakespeare's Sonnet 31, with its sublimely wise vision of a love based not on flight from the shades of the past but on finding a home for the past in the loves of the present:

> Thou art the grave where buried love doth live
> Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone
> Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
> That due of many now is thine alone.
> Their images I loved I view in thee
> And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

As Shakespeare tells us, we cannot escape the lingering shades of the bedroom. None of our individualities is radical, historyless. We are all incorrigibly sons and daughters as well as lovers; we are often sons and daughters *when* we are lovers. These shadow roles haunt those seemingly private moments of radical individuality. Freud was surely right that we can only be free of these shades by seeing them clearly in the comic and ironic light of understanding.

The romantic utopia, child of individualism, is always threatened by the rapacious progress





Panda Bears *and* Down the Midway, *from a series of photographs of county fairs by Jeff Brouws that appeared last spring in the Santa Barbara Arts Festival Exhibition at the Contemporary Arts Forum.*

of individualism itself. What is threatened is love's long association with human continuity and permanence, love as a shared experience of time past, and as a joint commitment to time future. Even the experience of falling in love is retrospective, a coming to terms with feelings that were at the time more tumultuous than self-aware. As Proust said, all paradise is recollected paradise; this means that love is lodged not so much in the heart as in memory.

Between the Pill era and the AIDS era, it was possible to indulge in a very agreeable fantasy that was as much about time as it was about sex: i.e., that tonight, between us, there is no past, no future, only us, our bodies together. This fantasy of timeless—that is, consequence-less—sex had once existed only in brothels, where money changed hands precisely to eradicate the temporal relationship that is bound to ensue when partners enter into intimacy. With AIDS, the fear of death cannot ever be banished from sex again, and with fear of death comes awareness of time, of consequences, of the ineluctable way we are bound to the unknown pasts of those we sleep with and to their mortal futures.

In the marriage ceremony, that moment when falling in love is replaced by the arduous drama of staying in love, the words "for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part" set love in the temporal context in which it achieves its meaning. As time begins to elapse, one begins to love the other because they have shared the same experience, the same moments of duration. Selves may not intertwine but lives do, and shared memory becomes as much of a bond as the bond of the flesh. One might say shared memory is not love itself but a consequence of being in love; but in what people commonly say about long-lasting love, it is the attitudes toward time implied in words such as constancy and fidelity that recur.

Family love *is* a dynastic awareness of time, a belonging shared by a chain of generations. It seems a diminution of love for our children to say we love them for their attributes, for their particularity: we love them because they are our children—we love them because we collaborate together to root each other in a dimension of time longer than our own lives.

Our families are not the only site of our commitment to continuity. There is also of course friendship, the great social invention of the individualist society, the other site of our battle against the impermanence of life. Friendship is valuable precisely because it is so precarious: one well-timed joke can establish it, and one cutting remark can end it. Because of the brittle contingency of friendship, we distinguish between old friends and new ones; and when we say we love the old ones best, we do not necessarily mean they know us best, but simply that they have stayed the course, through all the various separations and uprootings. With old friends there is often nothing left to say. All the topics have been tried; you have come up against the incorrigible in each other. You are left with time itself, sitting in silence, reeling it in together.



From the Baltimore Evening Sun.

[Newspaper Article]

PANAMA: WHAT THE STARS FORETELL

From "Why Does Reagan Want Noriega to Quit in August?" by Chicho Donato, in the May 16 issue of Crítica, *a Panama City daily paper. The article refers to the proposed deal between Panamanian General Manuel Noriega and the Reagan administration, which would have required Noriega to step down in August in exchange for dropping the drug and racketeering charges against him.* Crítica *is controlled by the Panamanian government's military-intelligence branch. Translated by Karen Hoffman.*

President Ronald Reagan's desire for Noriega to leave office in August is motivated by astrology, which Reagan follows fervently, according to Donald Regan, a former member of the President's cabinet.

Reagan consulted his astrologer, who advised him that during the month of August the stars would favor any important action. However, that strategy could boomerang since Noriega, like Reagan, is an Aquarius.

Reagan's astrologer confirmed that, according to numerology (the ancient science of numbers that assigns a numerical value to each letter of a person's name to determine that person's "secret personality"), Manuel Antonio Noriega is a number seven and Ronald Reagan is a number two.

Noriega's number is the symbol for tranquillity of spirit. Sevens know that the secret of life is rooted in Truth. They hardly ever get angry and seldom act hastily or lose their cool.

Ronald Reagan, on the other hand, is a two. Twos generate much deceit and hypocrisy. They are able to feign emotion even when they feel total indifference. They say misleading things; they make offers and promise much, but never fulfill their promises; they tend to be vain and foppish liars.

Another factor influencing Ronald Reagan is that 1911, the year of his birth, is in complete descent. As an Aquarius in such bad standing with the stars, he is magnanimous indeed to offer his complete assistance to George Bush as a candidate for the presidency of the United States.

The outlook for the month of August is so bad for both Ronald Reagan and George Bush that everything they try to do will be detrimental to them.

We consulted a Panamanian astrologer, who informed us that during the month of August the combination of Reagan and Bush will cause a profound recoil in every aspect. On top of that, there will be a partial eclipse on August 27. All of these things together will cause serious problems.

[Letter]

MEESE: AN INSIDER'S VIEW

From a letter received on April 8 by Oregon's Senator Bob Packwood.

Dear Senator Packwood,

I read with some dismay your comments in the issue of *USA Today* dated March 31. Referring to the shenanigans of the attorney general, you were quoted as saying: "That is the standard for a bank robber and should not be the standard for high public office."

Sir, I happen to be a registered Republican in Washington County, Oregon. I also happen to be an inveterate robber of certain Oregon financial institutions.

I want you to know that I take personal umbrage at your comments. I do not appreciate being categorized with Ed Meese, the "crown prince of sleaze" in the Reagan administration. This is an affront to any self-respecting bank robber. We, too, have certain standards, and I can assure you that the activities of Ed Meese are far below our standards.

Your apology is assumed and appreciated. With best wishes, I remain,

Respectfully yours,
Raymond E. James
#35259-136 (I-3)
United States Penitentiary
Lewisburg, Pa.

[Advisory]

AND HAVE A WONDERFUL TRIP

From "Security Tips for the Vacation Traveler," a leaflet distributed by the American embassy in Lisbon.

Don't publicize travel plans.
Let someone that can be trusted know your schedule.
Don't use baggage tags which indicate company name or logo.
Exercise personal discipline at all times.
Don't establish routine patterns in daily activities.
Keep a low profile; be discreet.
Patronize only reputable hotels and restaurants.
Don't accept a hotel room which is located on the first floor.

[Advisory]

HOT SPOTS

From the most recent advisory on unsafe travel destinations issued by the State Department. The list was published in the April 24 issue of Roll Call, *the Capitol Hill weekly, under the headline "Junket Alert."*

Afghanistan: scattered fighting
Angola: danger in the countryside
Cambodia: travel restrictions
Chad: hazardous conditions
Chile: state of emergency
China: hepatitis in Shanghai
Colombia: internal security problems
Cuba: U.S. Treasury restriction
El Salvador: exercise extreme caution
Ethiopia: scattered guerrilla fighting
Gaza: local unrest
Guatemala: security problems
Honduras: danger in border areas
Iran: at war with Iraq
Iraq: at war with Iran
Kuwait: security concerns
Lebanon: U.S. passports invalid
Libya: U.S. passports invalid
Malaysia: death penalty for drug use
Mozambique: danger outside of cities
Namibia: guerrilla activity
Nicaragua: border area unrest
North Korea: no diplomatic relations
Pakistan: travel in tribal areas restricted
Panama: unsettled conditions in capital
Peru: state of emergency
Philippines: fighting in some cities
Somalia: civil unrest
South Africa: state of emergency
Soviet Union: rioting in Azerbaijan and Armenia
Sri Lanka: unsettled security situation
Sudan: unsettled conditions
Suriname: visit only if necessary
Syria: no guarantee of security
Tanzania: exercise caution
Thailand: hazards in drug areas
Turkey: avoid southeastern regions
Uganda: travel in northern areas unsafe
Vietnam: travel restrictions in effect
Zambia: exercise caution
Zimbabwe: uncertain security

Keep hotel-room door bolted at all times.
Before opening your hotel-room door, identify the visitor.
Assume conversations in your hotel room are being monitored.
Avoid hotel paging.
Walk only those streets where other pedestrian traffic is present.
Avoid civil disturbances.
Avoid areas known to be tourist traps.
Don't ride in taxicabs which are not identified as such.
Pick taxicabs at random, preferably from well-known hotels.
Use vehicles common to the country visited.
Avoid traveling in remote areas. If possible, travel in a group.
Lock car doors and don't leave windows open more than a half inch.
Be sensitive to the possibility of surveillance.
Know how to contact police and report suspicious incidents.
Refuse to meet with strangers at unknown or remote locations.

HAVE A SAFE AND PLEASANT VACATION

[Study]

WHERE WERE YOU AUGUST 8, 1985?

From "Where Were You August 8, 1985?" a study by Robert I. Reynolds and Harold Takooshian, in the January 1988 issue of the Bulletin of the Psychonomic Society. *The authors are professors of psychology at Fordham University in New York City. On August 8, 1985, Robert McFarlane and Admiral John Poindexter briefed President Reagan on a proposal to sell arms to Iran through Israel. After the arms shipments were disclosed in the press, Reagan claimed to have no recollection of the meeting.*

In February 1987, in the midst of the Iran-*contra* debate, President Ronald Reagan challenged reporters at a press conference: "Everybody who can remember what they were doing on August 8, 1985, raise your hand." In March 1987, the authors posed this question to thirty-five students at Fordham University. All of the thirty-five subjects were able to reconstruct, at least in a general way, what they were doing that day.

The subjects received a sheet with the question "Where was I on August 8, 1985?" printed on top. They were given a temporal landmark—that the target date was "the second Thursday of August two summers ago." Three-fourths of a page was provided for their responses. At the bottom of the page were spaces to indicate (1) their confidence in their recall (0–100 percent), (2) their attitude toward President Reagan, and (3) whether they had a means of verifying their recollection. The subjects had five minutes to respond.

Each response was categorized by the researchers as either general or specific. General recollections place the individual in a particular setting and describe in a general way the activities of the day (e.g., "I was vacationing in Bermuda with my husband and another couple."). Responses were considered specific if they gave some detailed information that distinguished August 8, 1985, from any other day in that individual's life (e.g., "Traveled back to Wapakoneta, Ohio, from a visit to Niagara Falls, Ontario. Left a Best Western in Erie, Pennsylvania, drove through Cleveland, Ohio, to my sister's in Fiffin, Ohio. Took my niece to a movie; had pizza at my sister's pizza shop; stayed there the night.").

One hundred percent of the students had a general recollection of where they had been and what they had been doing there. By comparison, 54 percent recalled specific details that distinguished that day.

Confidence ratings for accuracy of recall were high: the mean was 80 percent. For some unknown reason, the subjects who had a favorable impression of President Reagan were also more confident in the accuracy of their recollections.

Most people initially believe that the task of reconstructing an episode from a specific day in their lives is difficult, if not impossible. Within five minutes, however, all the subjects provided at least a general recollection of where they had been and what they had been doing; most subjects also had specific recall of some details of that day.

How do subjects achieve memories that a few minutes earlier they thought were impossible? The use of temporal landmarks may offer an explanation. For a number of subjects, the second week in August was the beginning or end of their vacations. For two subjects, August 8 was the date of a final exam. One subject had expected August 7 to be the end of the world.

To what extent can these findings be extrapolated to real-life situations, in which investigators ask witnesses to recount specific events long past? There are a number of differences for the reader to consider between the situation facing research respondents and the one facing real-life witnesses, in this case President Reagan: (1) *Aided recall.* One can expect the President to have and use some written record to substantiate his unaided recall. (2) *Latency.* There is a time span of more than five minutes

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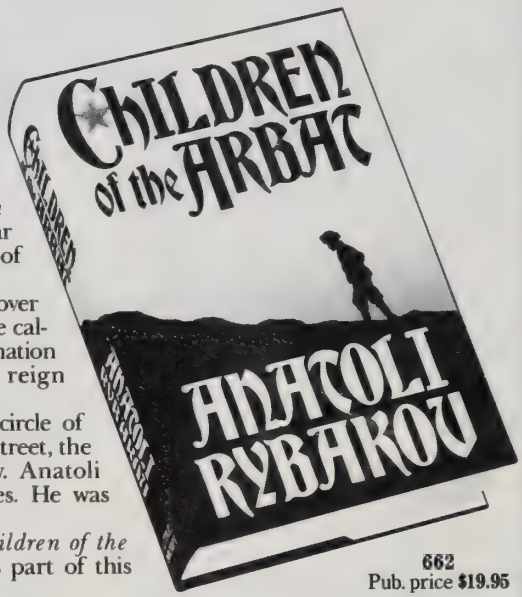
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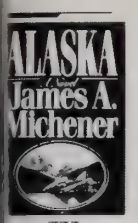
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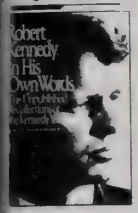
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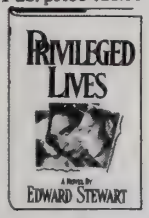
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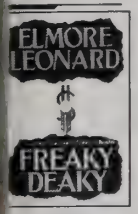
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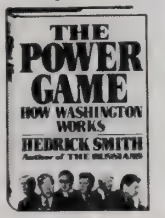
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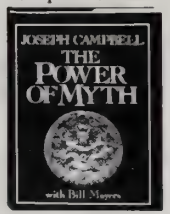
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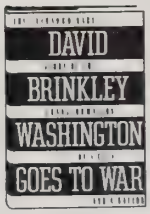
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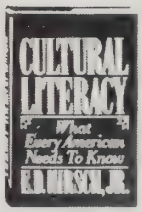
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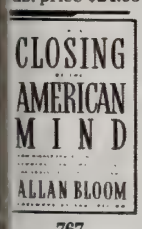
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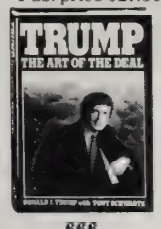
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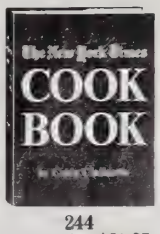
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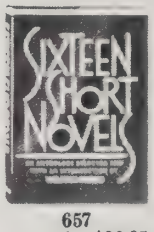
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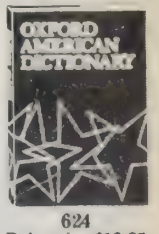
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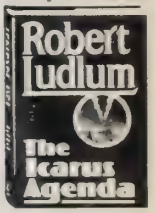
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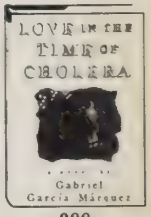
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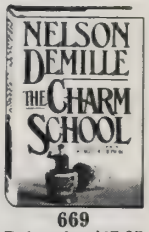
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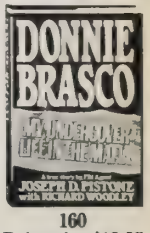
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to be a burden or a source of guilt, but rather was intended as a special gift that enhances our involvement with the world, one another, and God.

Christians who have developed an understanding of the full range and types of love and have a clear sense of values and decision-making skills will not fear their sexual nature. They have the capacity to make responsible, meaningful decisions and to act accordingly.

The Episcopal Church is a sacramental church. Anglicans claim a union of physical experience and inward grace both in the sacraments of the Church and in our daily lives.

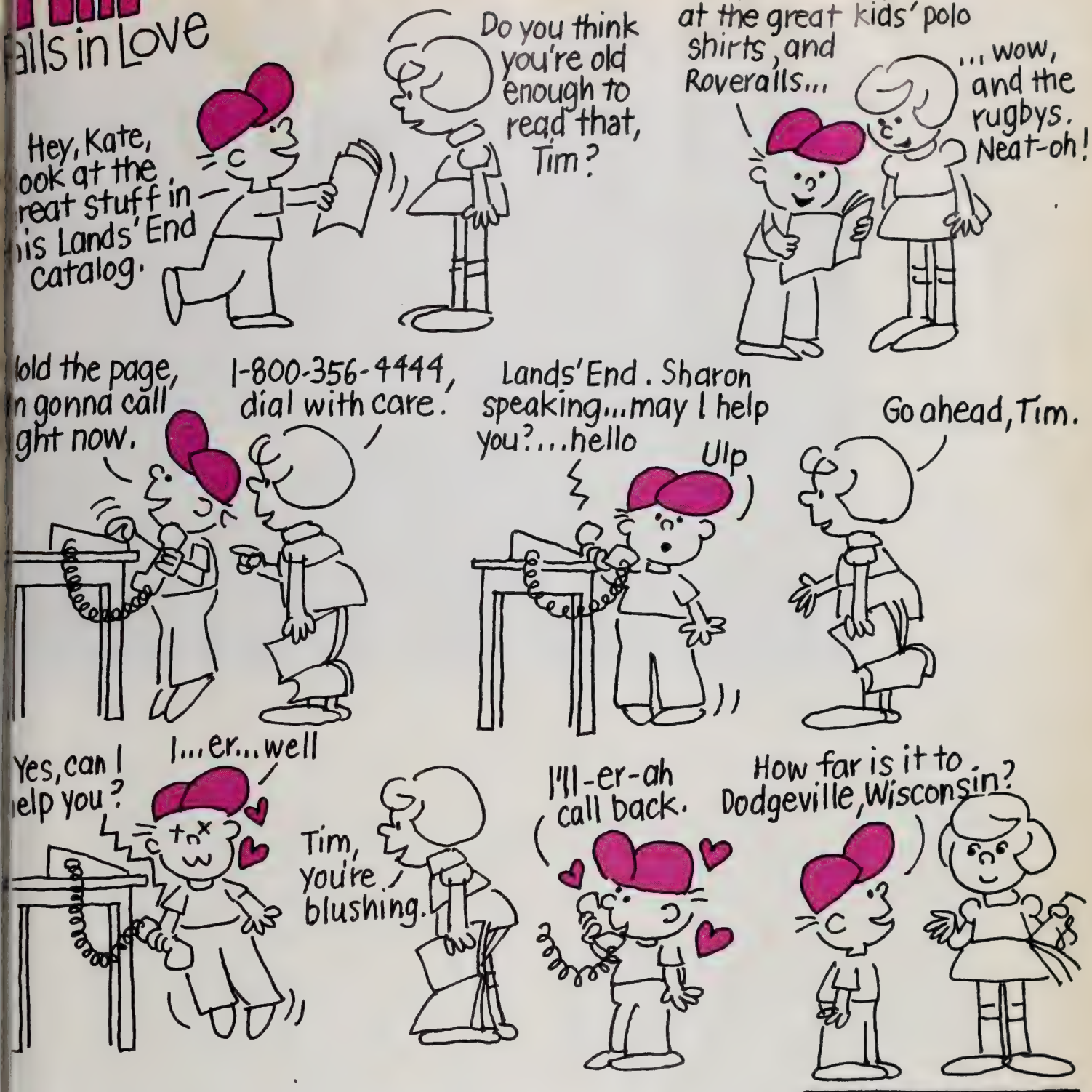
Human society, apart from God, also has its sacraments. These conflict with God-given sacraments including sexuality. Examples of secular sacraments are obsession with power and money, immediate gratification, and self-focused behavior. These sacraments leave us with isolation, disillusionment and cynicism, and alienation.

Because we see characteristics in God that our society identifies as "feminine" as well as those deemed "masculine," it is important to acknowledge the "androgyny" of God. We speak of God's loving-kindness, of tender and nurturing qualities. We hear Isaiah describe God as being like a woman in childbirth, who suffers through the creativity of birth while anticipating the promise that she knows to be present in her child. . . . We also need to understand how our own experiences as sexual beings inevitably affect how we interpret our experience of God. And we need to know that the qualities that we value most in ourselves are indeed grounded in *our* sexuality. Our sexuality is intended by God for celebration and pleasure, as well as for sacrament and mutual caring.

Our hope as Christians, who are at every moment sexual beings, lies in our knowledge that God created our sexuality and saw that it was good. Our hope as Christians lies in our knowledge that Christ has redeemed us and that we are a new creation in him. As Christians, we claim that our sexuality is redeemed with just as much power and just as much effect as is any other aspect of our humanity. We assert that our sexuality is clothed with a new freedom in Christ, a freedom that we are still in the process of understanding and defining.

We regard Holy Matrimony as a sacrament, forgetting that the general acceptance of that teaching only began in the thirteenth century with Thomas Aquinas. Because circumstances have arisen in Western society that may call for

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Marine, Jeanne, Alexandra, Gaelle, and Alexandra; Montalivet, France, *by Jock Sturges. From a portfolio of h photographs in the summer issue of* ZYZZYVA, *the San Francisco quarterly.*

cause at that time I thought I was on top of the world: a practicing psychologist, very effective, very smart, very unattached, beginning to be very well-off financially, and living in an absolutely beautiful part of the world.

I could tell he was aware that something was wrong in my life, something even I wasn't aware of, and that he was trying to help me. All this passed between us instantaneously. I am amazed at the presence of mind I showed at such an odd moment. Often with new clients I begin by saying, "What can I help you with?" But as I looked into Elvis's big, kind face, I asked, "What can you help me with?"

He began to talk with me, to communicate. He said, "Are you satisfied with your life, Missy?" That question seemed to go to the very center of me, and I said, "You're a better psychologist than I am, and you've never been to school." As soon as I made that remark I felt embarrassed and ashamed of myself, as though I had been condescending. But he smiled, and instead of being awkward, he was completely warm and in tune. He said, "I've been to the *best* school." And from the way he said it, I knew immediately he was right. After all, he had *died*, for heaven's sake! What was I doing feeling so smart just because there was a piece of paper on my wall? I suddenly realized that I was in a realm where my Ph.D. was no longer a very good credential. In the past when someone was in that chair, I was the Ph.D. and could use that as a way to hide, to keep from facing myself.

I said to him, "Am I satisfied with my life? Oh, me! You know something about me that I don't know, that I'm not facing, don't you?" And he kept silent and still, and looked into my face, so kindly.

I began to cry, from deep within myself, and he understood immediately and he said, "Hilda, you must open up your perspective on what you are doing with your life." Then we conversed for a while. Much of it was very personal, stuff that I'm not yet comfortable sharing with anyone else. And by the time it was over, I understood that there is much more to the mind and the human spirit than I had previously allowed, and that if I was going to be a full human being and be helpful to others, I had to realize this and let it affect me fully. I instinctively bowed my head and put my hands together, as in prayer. When I looked up again, he was gone. And I have never seen him again. Once in a while, I play his records, and listen.

[Poem]

SHERBET

By Cornelius Eady. From Boom Boom Boom, *a collection of his poems published by State Street Press last spring. Eady's poem "Victims of the Latest Dance Craze" appeared in the October 1986* Harper's Magazine.

The problem here is that
This isn't pretty, the
Sort of thing which

Can be easily dealt with
With words. After
All it's

A horror story to sit,
A black man with
A white wife in

The middle of a hot,
Sunday afternoon at
The Jefferson Hotel in

Richmond, VA and wait
Like a criminal for service
From a young, white waitress

Who has decided that
This looks like something
She doesn't want

To be a part of. What poetry
Could describe the
Perfect angle of

This woman's back as
She walks, just so,
Mapping the room off

Like the end of a
Border dispute, which
Metaphor could turn

The room more perfectly
Into a group of
Islands? And when

The manager finally
Arrives, what language
Do I use

To translate the nervous
Eye motions, the yawning
Afternoon silence, the

Prayer beneath
His simple inquiries,
The sherbet which

He then brings to the table personally
Just to be certain
The doubt

Stays on our side
Of the fence. What do
We call the rich,

Sweet taste of
Frozen oranges in
This context? What do

We call a weight that
Doesn't fingerprint,
Won't shift

And can't explode?

[Essay]

SONG AND SUFFERING

From the introduction to The Government of the Tongue, *a collection of essays by Seamus Heaney, to be published next month by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Heaney lives in Dublin. An earlier version of this essay appeared last year in* Shenandoah.

In 1972, in Belfast, I had an arrangement one evening to meet my friend, the singer David Hammond. We were to assemble in a recording studio in order to put together a tape of songs and poems for a mutual friend in Michigan. The tape was to commemorate a party that the man from Michigan had attended some months before, an occasion when tunes and staves had been uttered with great conviction.

In the event, we did not actually make the tape. On our way to the studio, a number of explosions occurred in the city and the air filled with sirens. There was news of casualties. A certain half-directed fury was evident behind the ministrations of the loyalist BBC security guards who checked us into the studio. There was no sense of what to anticipate. And still that implacable disconsolate wailing of the ambulances continued.

It was music against which the music of the guitar that David unpacked made little impression. So little, indeed, that the very notion of beginning to sing at that moment when others were beginning to suffer seemed like an offense against their suffering. He could not raise his voice at that cast-down moment. He packed the guitar again and we both drove off into the destroyed evening.

I begin with this story because it dramatizes a tension to which all artists are susceptible, like the children of temperamentally opposed parents. The child in this case is the poet, and the parents are called Art and Life. Both Art and Life have had a hand in the formation of any poet, and both are to be loved, honored, and

obeyed. Yet both are often perceived to be in conflict, and that conflict is constantly and sympathetically suffered by the poet. He or she begins to feel that a choice between the two, a once-and-for-all option, would simplify things. Deep down, of course, there is the sure awareness that no such simple solution or dissolution is possible, but the waking mind desires constantly some clarified allegiance, without complication or ambivalence.

Perhaps the words Art and Life sound a little distant, so let us put it more melodramatically and call them Song and Suffering. What David Hammond and I were experiencing, at a most immediate and obvious level, was a feeling that song constituted a betrayal of suffering. To go back even further to an archetypal if cartoonish version of the same situation: if we had played and sung and said poems, we would have been following the example of the singer and player Nero, who notoriously fiddled while Rome burned. Nero's action has ever since been held up as an example of human irresponsibility, if not callousness. Nobody has a good word to say for Nero. And nobody, it would seem, could blame Hammond and myself for clamming up in earshot of the sirens: to have sung and said the poems under those conditions would have been a culpable indulgence.

Or would it? Why should the joyful affirmation of music and poetry ever constitute an affront to life? One answer is, of course, that there can be a complacency and an insulation from reality in some song and some art, and this in itself constitutes the affront. This perception was notoriously thrust upon those poets who experienced the gap between reality and rhetoric in the trenches of Flanders during the First World War, and it is from this moment in our century that radiant and unperturbed certitudes about the consonance between the true and the beautiful become suspect. The *locus classicus* for all this is in the life and poetry of Wilfred Owen, the young English poet who died at the front in 1918. Ever since Edmund Blunden published his edition of the poems and his memoir of Owen in 1931, this brave and tender poet has haunted the back of the literary mind as a kind of challenge. What did Horace mean when he wrote the lines *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*? It is sweet and right to die for your fatherland. What, Owen asks, savagely, does the twentieth-century poet mean who repeats this kind of consoling and mystifying rhetoric at a safe distance from the front, where the actual dying takes place? Owen's poems were meant to outrage rather than console. They were written out of the shock of the deception incurred by conventional artistic expression—in particular, the expression of the notion that dying for your country is beautiful. Owen affirmed that his poems would have nothing to do with this complacent, acceptable version of the beautiful which he contemptuously calls "Poetry." "True poets," Owen writes, "must be truthful."

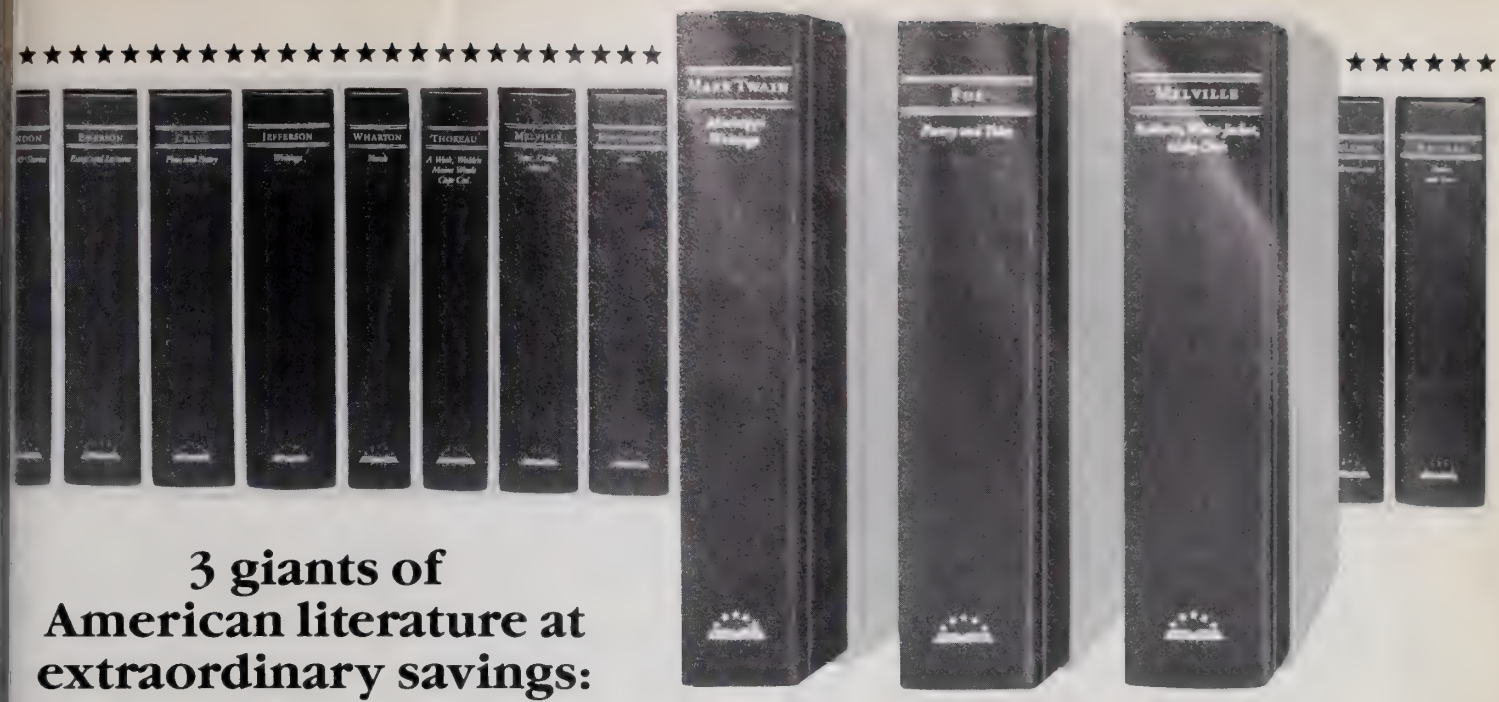
And what exactly this truthfulness demands can be seen in the violent assault he makes upon the genteel citadel of English pastoral verse in lines like these:

> If in some smothering dreams you too could pace
> Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
> And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
> His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
> If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
> Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
> Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
> Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,–
> My friend, you could not tell with such high zest
> To children ardent for some desperate glory,
> The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
> Pro patria mori.

By sharing the risk of death with the other soldiers, Owen so stood by what he wrote that he seemed almost to obliterate the line between art and life: what he might call his sanctity is a field of force which deflects anything as privileged as literary criticism. His poems have the potency of human testimony, of martyr's relics, so that any intrusion of the aesthetic can feel like impropriety. They so opt for truth that the beauty consideration is made to seem irrelevant.

Revering him so, as a figure of courage, somebody whose moral substance makes the rest of us feel like moral shadows, it seems like an impertinence when we begin to do what I occasionally did while lecturing on Owen twenty years ago—to make pejorative critical remarks about the excessively vehement adjectives and nouns in the lines of Owen's that I have quoted. Is he not being a bit overinsistent? A bit explicit? Here, again, was that crucial encounter between art and life. And here, again, the artistic consideration, the need to call for verbal restraint, felt prissy and trivial when you considered what lay behind the words. Nevertheless, I was not only concerned that the socio-political testimony of poets be apprehended by the students; I was also concerned with what was artistically good as well as what was generally true. However hangdog I might feel about such intrusions, I also felt that it was right to raise questions. Yet there was obviously an immense disparity between the nit-picking criticism I was making and the heavy price, in terms of emotional and physical suffering, the poet had paid in order to bring it into being.

Wilfred Owen, and others like him in the trenches of Flanders, is among the first of a type of poet who increasingly features in the annals of twentieth-century literature, and who looms



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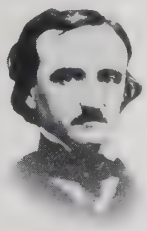
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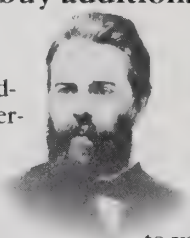
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as a kind of shadowy judging figure above every poet who has written subsequently—a figure we have come to call the "poet of witness."

Among such poets, we find the impulse to elevate truth above beauty, to rebuke the sovereign claims that art would make for itself, caricatured in the figure of Nero. In them, we find examples of that embarrassment, symbolized by David Hammond's refusal to sing, which the poet may find as he exercises his free gift in the presence of the unfree and the hurt. When I say free gift, I mean that lyric poetry, however responsible, always has an element of the untrammeled about it. There is a certain jubilation and truancy at the heart of an inspiration. There is a sensation of liberation and abundance which is the antithesis of every hampered and deprived condition. And it is for this reason that, psychologically, the lyric poet feels the need for justification in a world that is notably hampered and deprived.

This embarrassment of the poet because of the artfulness of his art is nowhere more apparent than in the post-war poetry of Eastern Europe, in particular the poetry of Poland. If Wilfred Owen, in the relatively innocent hand-to-hand conditions of the trenches, could feel that poetry was an offense—"above all I am not concerned with Poetry"—how much more offensive it was bound to seem to those Polish survivors of Nazi horror and Holocaust and Soviet cynicism. In the words of Zbigniew Herbert, the task of the poet now was "to salvage out of the catastrophe of history at least two words, without which all poetry is an empty play of meanings and appearances, namely: justice and truth." It is no wonder then to find Zbigniew Herbert writing a lyric whose ostensible function is to abjure the quality of lyricism altogether. The poem is called, simply, "A Knocker":

There are those who grow
gardens in their heads
paths lead from their hair
to sunny and white cities

it's easy for them to write
they close their eyes
immediately schools of images
stream down from their foreheads

my imagination
is a piece of board
my sole instrument
is a wooden stick.

I strike the board
it answers me
yes—yes
no—no

for others the green bell of a tree
the blue bell of water
I have a knocker
from unprotected gardens

I thump on the board
and it prompts me
with the moralist's dry poem
yes—yes
no—no

Herbert's poem appears to be standing up for the down-to-earthness of life against the flighty, carried-away fantasies of art. And yet Herbert is content enough to allow art its rights provided it knows its limitations. "Go in peace," his poem says. "Enjoy poetry as long as you don't use it to escape reality." It gives absolution to poet and audience alike, provided that true penitence, namely an abjuration of poetry as self-indulgent ornament, has occurred. I am inclined to think that if Herbert had been in the studio with us in 1972, he would have encouraged us to stay and make the tape.

Did we not see that song and poetry added to the volume of good in the world? he might have asked. Could we not remember the example of Mandelstam, singing in the Stalinist night, affirming the essential humanism of the act of poetry itself against the inhuman tyranny which would have had him write odes not just to Stalin but to hydroelectric dams?

Unlike Owen, who had a messianic and socially redemptive message to impart, Mandelstam had no immediate social aim. Utterance itself was self-justifying and creative, like nature. Mandelstam implied that it was the poet's responsibility to allow poems to form in lan-



"Don't worry, he won't get far without any kidneys"

From Punch, *the British weekly.*

guage inside him, the way crystals form in a chemical solution. He was the vessel of language. Mandelstam wanted to give himself over to his creative processes without the interference of his own self-censorship or the imposition of Soviet orthodoxy. For him, obedience to poetic impulse was obedience to conscience; lyric action constituted radical witness. Even though in the meantime we have become highly conscious of the conditioning nature of language itself, the way it speaks as much as it is spoken by us, the essential point remains: Mandelstam's witness to the necessity of what he called "breathing freely," even at the price of his death; to the art of poetry as an unharnessed, non-didactic, inspired human act.

So if Owen sponsors an art which seems to rebuke beauty in favor of truth, Mandelstam, at an equally high price, sponsors all over again the Keatsian proposition that beauty *is* truth, truth beauty. He is a burning reminder of the way in which not only the words "truth" and "justice" may be salvaged from the catastrophe of history, but the word "beauty" also: a reminder that humanity is served by the purely poetic fidelity of the poet to all words in their pristine being, in "the steadfastness of their speech articulation." Mandelstam died because he could not suppress his urge to sing in his own way. He stands for the efficacy of song itself, an emblem of the poet as potent sound wave; and when one thinks of the note of the soprano which cracks glass, one has yet another image of the way purely artistic utterance can put a crack into the officially molded shape of truth in a totalitarian society.

A couple of years after the night in Belfast when David Hammond and I did not make the tape, we all assembled again in David's house near Gweebarra in West Donegal. It was a night in a country kitchen, on the edge of the sea, full of high spirits and high voices raised in song, in free exultant celebration. It was a restitution, a moment as crystalline as the salt mines of Carrickfergus had been in my childhood imagination, and it restored me to a faith in that original imagination, a faith in poetry and song, a faith that the cruel facts of life in Belfast had momentarily shattered. So, to commemorate that evening, and to ratify the poet's choice as the choice of song, I'll finish with the last stanzas of a poem I later wrote, entitled "The Singer's House."

People here used to believe
that drowned souls lived in the seals.
At spring tides they might change shape.
They loved their music and swam in for a singer

who might stand at the end of summer
in the mouth of a whitewashed turf-shed,
his shoulder to the jamb, his song
a rowboat far out in the evening.

When I came here first you were always singing,
a hint of the clip of the pick
in your winnowing climb and attack.
Raise it again, man. We still believe what we hear.

[Story]

SMALL-HANDS CHEN

By Wang Zengqi. From Fiction, *Volume 8, Nos. 2 and 3, a journal published by City College in New York City. Zengqi, who was born in 1920, writes short stories and librettos; he lives in Beijing. Translated from the Chinese by Howard Goldblatt.*

In the old days there were never very many obstetricians where I come from. Most of the people hired midwives when it was time to have their babies, and each family used the same midwife every time one of their babies was due. The "little gentlemen" and "little ladies" born to Eldest Mistress, Second Eldest Mistress, Third Eldest Mistress, and however many others there were in the family would all have been delivered by the same midwife. Certainly it would never do to have a stranger in the house at a time like this. The regular midwife knew her families so well—including which of the old maidservants could be counted on to assist her—that there was no need to go looking for a special "waist-holder." Not only that, most of the people had a superstitious belief that everything would be fine as long as their "lucky" midwife was in attendance. Since these midwives offered up prayers to the Matriarch of Sons and burned incense every day, what respectable family would ever think of asking a male doctor to deliver one of their babies?

The real doctors in our region were all men—except for the daughter of Pock-Faced Li, that is. Having taken over for her father, she was the only woman doctor in town. But she was a specialist in internal medicine, not someone trained to deliver babies, and besides, she was an old maid. Certainly no self-respecting male who planned on going into medicine would ever become an obstetrician. The men all shunned it as a disgraceful calling with no future. That isn't to say there were no exceptions. Small-Hands Chen, as a matter of fact, was a renowned male obstetrician.

Small-Hands Chen's reputation rested on the fact that his hands were so small—smaller than those of a woman, not to mention softer and more delicate. Specializing in difficult deliveries, he was particularly adept at sideways

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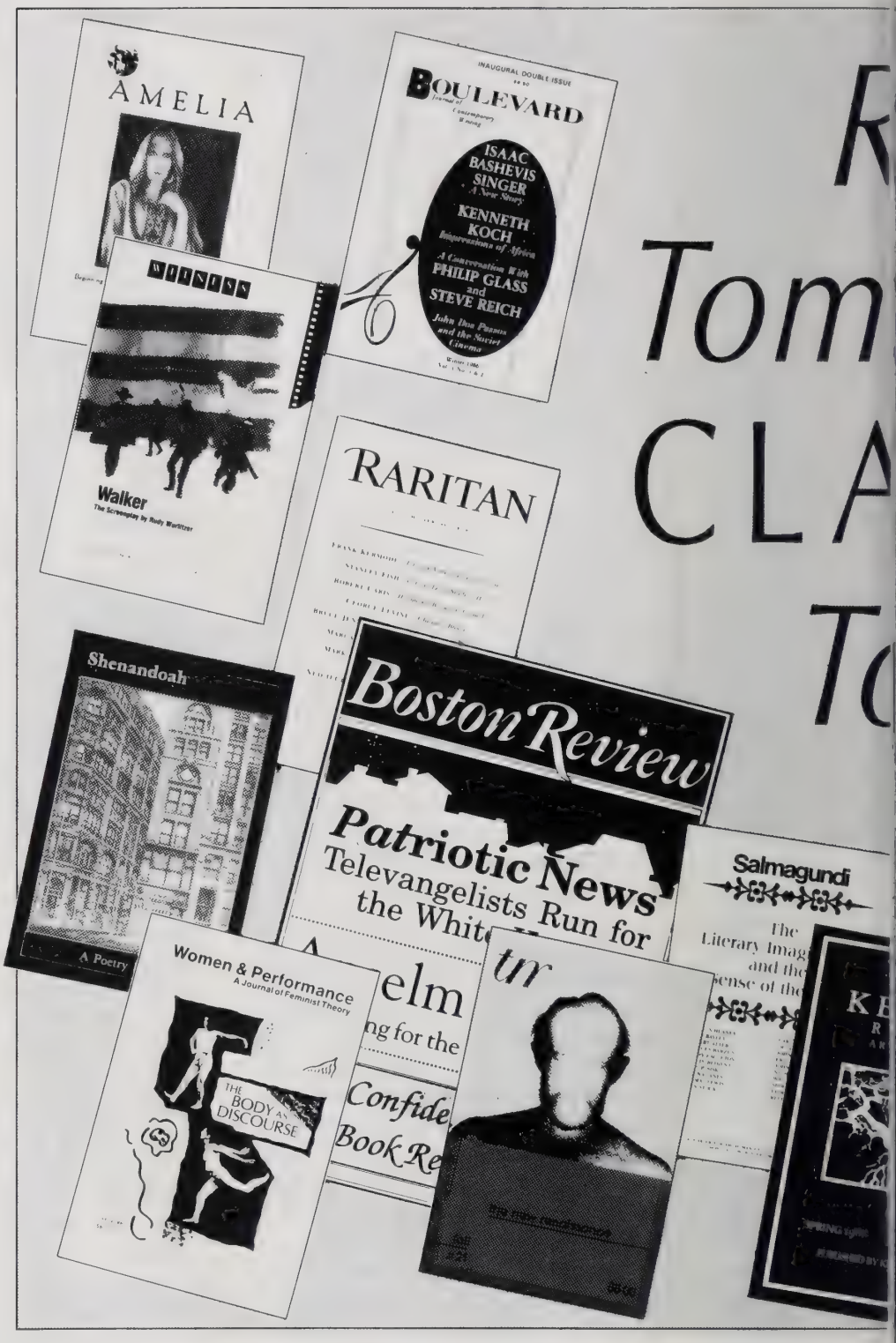
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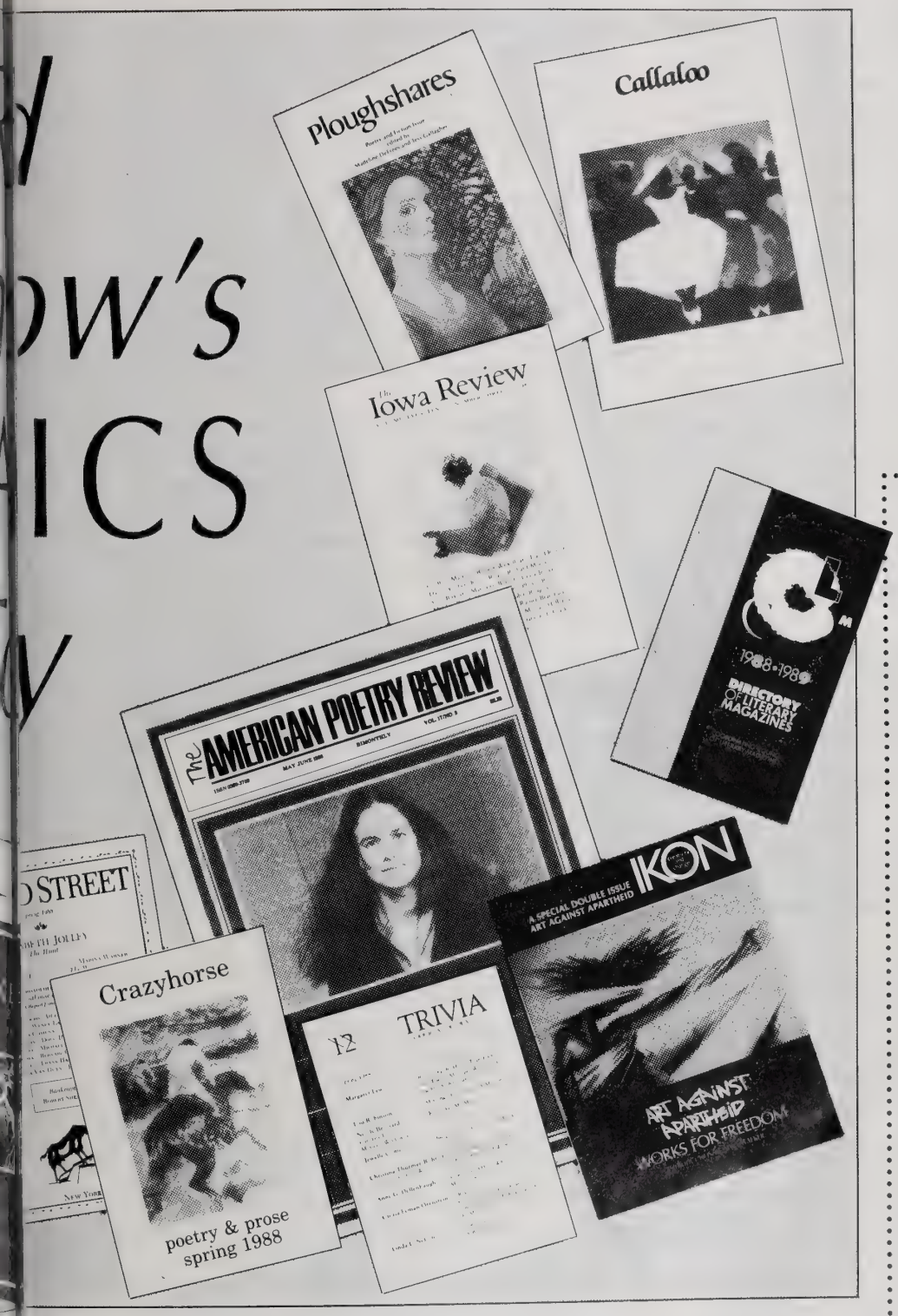
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ZINES THAT MATTER

births and breech births (naturally, he was aided in his efforts by medications and medical equipment). People said his hands were so small and his movements so precise that he was able to lessen his patients' labor pains a great deal. No upper-class family would ever have considered engaging him except under the most extreme circumstances. But, since middle- and lower-class families were encumbered with far fewer taboos, whenever one of their women was having a difficult labor, the midwife would acknowledge her inadequate skills and recommend, "You'd better go get Small-Hands Chen."

Naturally, Small-Hands Chen had a large following, but he was still known everywhere as Small-Hands Chen.

In the business of delivering a baby there can be no delay, for two lives hang in the balance. Small-Hands Chen had a horse, a pure white steed the color of snow, that was born to run. People who knew horses said that this animal exhibited the high-stepping gait known as "pheasant willow"—fast, sure-footed, and straight. There are so many lakes and rivers in our region that horses were a rarity. So whenever armies with mounted troops came through the area, the inhabitants all flocked to the banks of the canal to look at and marvel over the "cavalry." Since Small-Hands Chen was often seen riding his white horse across the countryside on his way somewhere to deliver a baby, the people began to lump him and his horse together: White-Horse Small-Hands Chen, they said.

Other doctors, internists and surgeons alike, all looked down on Small-Hands Chen, saying that instead of being a real doctor, he was nothing more than a male midwife. But this didn't bother Small-Hands Chen, who would leap onto his white horse and be off like the wind whenever anyone requested his services. The moment a woman in labor heard the comforting sound of the bells on his horse's bridle, her moaning stopped. A while (sometimes a long while) after he had dismounted and gone into the delivery room, the cry of a newborn baby would signal another successful delivery. Small-Hands Chen, his face bathed in sweat, would emerge from the room and greet the head of the household respectfully: "Congratulations! Mother and child are doing fine." The father, his face wreathed in smiles, would hand over the red envelope in which he had placed the fee, which Small-Hands Chen would stuff into his pocket without looking inside. Then he would go wash his hands, drink a glass of hot tea, and say, "I hope I haven't offended you," before walking outside, mounting his horse, and riding off, the bridle bells jangling noisily.

A lot of people owed their very existence to Small-Hands Chen.

One year the Allied Forces came. For several years that place of ours was the scene of constant warfare between two opposing forces—the National Revolutionary Army, which we called the "Government Forces," and the troops under the command of Sun Chuan-fang, who referred to himself as "Commandant of the Allied Forces of Five Provinces." These Allied Forces made their headquarters in the local Buddhist monastery, which housed an entire regiment. The commandant's wife (she might have been his real wife, but she also might have been his concubine) was in labor, but the baby would not come. Several midwives had been summoned, but they were powerless to help this woman who was screaming like a pig in a slaughterhouse, so the commandant finally sent for Small-Hands Chen.

When Small-Hands Chen entered the monastery, the commandant was pacing back and forth in front of the delivery room. He welcomed Small-Hands Chen by saying, "I'm placing both lives in your hands, sir. If you don't save them, I'll have your head! Now you may go in."

The woman had rolls of fat, making Small-Hands Chen's work particularly difficult. But his efforts paid off, and the baby was born, even though delivering the fat woman's child had exhausted him. Almost totally spent, he stumbled out of the delivery room and made his sign of respect to the regiment commandant.

"Congratulations, Commandant, it's a boy. You have a son."

"I've put you to a great deal of trouble," the commandant said with a broad smile on his face. "This way, please."

Food and drink had been set up for him, with the commandant's adjutant serving as host. After Small-Hands Chen had finished two cups of wine, the commandant handed him twenty gold pieces.

"This is for you. I hope it's not too little."

"You are too generous, much too generous."

Having drunk the wine and pocketed his twenty gold pieces, Small-Hands Chen rose to take his leave. "I hope I haven't offended you."

"You can find your own way out, I trust."

Small-Hands Chen walked out of the monastery and mounted his horse. The commandant, who was standing behind him, took out his pistol and shot him dead.

"I couldn't let him get away with putting his filthy hands all over my woman. Her body belongs to one man, and that's me. Who does he think he is, trying to do me like that. Fuck him!"

The regiment commandant was feeling greatly wronged. ■

JUST LIKE US?

The relationship of man to animal has long been one of sympathy, manifested in such welfare organizations as the kindly Bide-A-Wee or the avuncular ASPCA. In the last few years, the politics of that relationship have been questioned by a number of new and vociferous interest groups which hold to the credo that animals are endowed with certain inalienable rights.

Typically, when animal rights advocates are called upon by the media to defend their views, they are seated across the table from research scientists. The discussion turns on the treatment of laboratory animals or the illegal efforts of fanatics who smuggle animals out of research facilities via latter-day underground railroads to freedom.

Behind these easy headlines, however, stand serious philosophical questions: How should we treat animals? Why do humans have rights and other animals not? If animals had rights, what would they be? To address these questions, *Harper's Magazine* asked two leading animal rights activists to sit down with a philosopher and a constitutional scholar to examine the logic of their opinions.

The following forum is based on a discussion held at the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art, in New York City. Jack Hitt served as moderator.

JACK HITT
is a senior editor at Harper's Magazine.

ARTHUR CAPLAN
is director of the Center for Biomedical Ethics at the University of Minnesota.

GARY FRANCIONE
is a professor at the University of Pennsylvania Law School. He frequently litigates animal rights cases.

ROGER GOLDMAN
is a constitutional law scholar and professor at Saint Louis University School of Law.

INGRID NEWKIRK
is the national director of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, in Washington.

Bunnies and Sewer Rats

JACK HITT: Let me ask a question that many readers might ask: Gary, why have you—a former Supreme Court law clerk and now a professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania—devoted your life to animal rights?

GARY FRANCIONE: I believe that animals have *rights*. This is not to say that animals have the same rights that we do, but the reasons that lead us to accord certain rights to human beings are equally applicable to animals. The problem is that our value system doesn't permit the breadth of vision necessary to understand that. We currently use the category of "species" as the relevant criterion for determining membership in our moral community, just as we once used race and sex to determine that membership.

If you asked white men in 1810 whether blacks had rights, most of them would have laughed at you. What was necessary then is necessary now. We must change the *way* we think: a paradigm shift in the way we think about animals. Rights for blacks and women were *the* constitutional issues of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Animal rights, once more people understand the issue, will emerge as *the* civil rights movement of the twenty-first century.

HITT: I want to see where the logic of your beliefs takes us. Suppose I am the head of a company that has invented a dynamite new shampoo. It gives your hair great body; everyone is going to look like Lisa Bonet. But my preliminary tests show that it may cause some irritation or mild damage to the eye. So I've purchased 2,000 rabbits to test this shampoo on their eyes first. Roger, do you find anything offensive about testing shampoo this way?

ROGER GOLDMAN: As someone new to the animal rights issue, I don't find it particularly offensive.

HITT: What if the only thing new about my shampoo is that it is just a different color?

GOLDMAN: If everything else is equal, then I would say the testing is unnecessary.

INGRID NEWKIRK: I think Roger hit the nail on the head. The public has absolutely no idea what the tests involve or whether they're necessary. I think Roger might object if he knew that there were alternatives, that a human-skin patch test can be substituted for the rabbit-blinding test. If consumers were informed, then no compassionate consumer would abide such cruelty.

FRANCIONE: The problem is that we can use animals in any way we like because they are *property*. The law currently regards animals as no different from that pad of paper in front of you, Roger. If you own that pad, you can rip it up or burn it. By and large we treat animals no differently than glasses, cups, or paper.

ARTHUR CAPLAN: I know you lawyers love to talk about the property status of these little creatures, but there are other factors. We treat ani-

mals as property because people don't believe that animals have any moral worth. People look at rabbits and say, "There are many rabbits. If there are a few less rabbits, who cares?"

NEWKIRK: Not true. Many people, who don't support animal rights, *would* care if you stuck a knife in their rabbit or dog. They're deeply offended by acts of *individual* cruelty.

CAPLAN: Yes, but I suspect that if in your test we substituted ugly sewer rats for button-nosed rabbits, people might applaud the suffering. There are some animals that just don't register in the human consciousness. Rats don't, rabbits might, dogs and horses definitely do.

NEWKIRK: Not always. If the test were done to a sewer rat in *front* of a person, the average person would say, "Don't do that" or "Kill him quickly."

HITT: Why?

NEWKIRK: It's institutionalized cruelty, born of our hideous compartmentalized thinking. If the killing is done behind closed doors, if the government says it must be done, or if some man or woman in a white coat assures us that it's for our benefit, we ignore our own ethical good sense and allow it to happen.

HITT: If the frivolity of the original test bothers us, what if we up the ante? What if the product to be tested might yield a cure for baldness?

FRANCIONE: Jack, that is a "utilitarian" argument which suggests that the rightness or wrongness of an action is determined by the *consequences* of that action. In the case of animals, it implies that animal exploitation produces benefits that justify that exploitation. I don't believe in utilitarian moral thought. It's dangerous because it easily leads to atrocious conclusions, both in how we treat humans and how we treat animals. I don't believe it is morally permissible to exploit weaker beings even if we derive benefits.

GOLDMAN: So not even the cancer cure?

FRANCIONE: No, absolutely not.

CAPLAN: But you miss the point about moral selfishness. By the time you get to the baldness cure, people start to say, "I don't *care* about animals. My interests are a hell of a lot more important than the animals' interests. So if keeping hair on my head means sacrificing those animals, painlessly or not, I want it." It's not utilitarian—it's selfish.

FRANCIONE: But you certainly wouldn't put that forward as a justification, would you?

CAPLAN: No, it's just a description.

FRANCIONE: I can't argue with your assertion that people are selfish. But aren't we morally obliged to assess the consequences of that selfishness? To begin that assessment, people must become aware of the ways in which we exploit animals.

Maybe I'm just a hopeless optimist, but I believe that once people are confronted with these facts, they will reassess. The backlash that we're seeing from the exploitation industries—the meat companies and the biomedical research laboratories—is a reaction of fear. They know that the more people learn, the more people will reject this painful exploitation.

HITT: But won't your movement always be hampered by that mix of moral utilitarianism and moral egotism? People will say, "Yes, be kind to animals up to a point of utilitarianism (so I can have my cancer cure) and up to a point of moral egotism (so I can have my sirloin)." There may be some shift in the moral center, but it will move only so far.

We use the category of 'species' to determine membership in our moral community, just as we once used 'race' and 'sex'

CAPLAN: I agree. Gary can remain optimistic, but confronting people with the facts won't get him very far. Moral egotism extends even into human relations. Let's not forget that we are in a city where you have to step over people to enter this building. People don't say, "Feed, clothe, and house them, and then tax me; I'll pay." We have a limited moral imagination. It may be peculiarly American, but you can show people pictures of starving children or homeless people or animals in leg traps, and many will say, "That's too bad. Life is hard, but I still want my pleasures, my enjoyments."

NEWKIRK: There are two answers to that. First, people accept the myth. They were brought up with the illusion that they *must* eat animals to

be healthy. Now we know that's not true. Second, because of humankind's lack of moral—or even just plain—imagination, we activists have to tell people exactly what they *should* do. Then we must make it easier for them to do it. If we put a moral stepladder in front of people, a lot of them will walk up it. But most people feel powerless as individuals and ask, "Who am I? I'm only one person. What can I do?" We must show them.

HITT: Roger, I'm wondering whether your moral center has shifted since we began. Originally you weren't offended by my using 2,000 rabbits to test a new shampoo. Are you now?

GOLDMAN: I am still a utilitarian. But if the test is unnecessary or just repetitive, clearly, I'm persuaded that it should be stopped.

NEWKIRK: Precisely Gary's point. Armed with the facts, Roger opts not to hurt animals.

Enfranchising All Creatures

HITT: Art, what makes human beings have rights and animals not have rights?

CAPLAN: Some would argue a biblical distinction. God created humans in his image and did not create animals that way. That's one special property. Another philosophical basis is natural law, which holds that inalienable rights accrue to being human—that is a distinguishing feature in and of itself.

Personally I reject both those arguments. I subscribe to an entitlement view, which finds these rights grounded in certain innate properties, such as the ability to reason, the ability to suffer—

FRANCIONE: Let's take the ability to suffer and consider it more carefully. The ability to use language or to reason is irrelevant to the right to be free from suffering. Only the ability to feel pain is relevant. Logically, it doesn't follow that you should restrict those rights to humans. On this primary level, the question must be *who* can feel pain, *who* can suffer? Certainly animals must be included within the reach of this fundamental right.

If you don't, then you are basing the right not to suffer pain on "intelligence." Consider the grotesque results if you apply that idea exclusively to human beings. Would you say that a smart person has a right to suffer less pain than a stupid person? That is effectively just what we say with animals. Even though they can suffer, we conclude that their suffering is irrelevant because we think we are smarter than they are.

CAPLAN: The ability to suffer does count, but the level of thinking and consciousness also counts. What makes us human? What grants us the right to life? It is not just a single attribute that makes us human. Rather, there is a cluster of properties: a sense of place in the world, a sense of time, a sense of self-awareness, a sense that one *is* somebody, a sense that one is morally relevant. When you add up these features, you begin to get to the level of entitlement to rights.

FRANCIONE: And I am going to push you to think specifically about rights again. What must you possess in order to have a right to life? I think the most obvious answer is simply a *life*!

But let's play this question out in your terms. To have a right to life, you must possess a sense of self, a recollection of the past, and an anticipation of the future, to name a few. By those standards, the chimpanzee—and I would argue, the entire class of Mammalia—would be enfranchised to enjoy a right to life.

NEWKIRK: The question is, do they have an interest in living? If they do, then one has an obligation to recognize their natural rights. The most fundamental of these is a desire to live. They *are* alive, therefore they want to *be* alive, and therefore we should *let* them live.

The more profound question, though, is what distinguishes humans from other animals. Most scientists, at first, thought that what separates us from the other animals is that human beings use tools. So ethnologists went out into the field and returned with innumerable examples of tool use in animals. The scientists then concluded that it's not tool use but the *making* of tools. Ethnologists, such as Geza Teleki, came back with lots of different examples, everything from chimpanzees making fishing poles to ants making boats to cross rivers. One might think they would then elevate the criterion to making tools in *union* workshops, but they switched to "language." Then there was a discussion about what *is* language. Linguists, among them Noam Chomsky and Herbert Terrace, said language possessed certain "components." But when various ethnologists were able to satisfy each of these components, the Cartesian scientists became desperate and kept adding more components, including some pretty complicated ones, such as the ability to recite events in the distant past and to create new words based on past experiences. Eventually the number of components was up to sixteen! The final component was teaching someone else the language. But when Roger Fouts gave the signing ape, Wa-

shoe, a son, she independently taught him some seventy American hand-language signs.

CAPLAN: One of the sad facts of the literature of both animal and human rights is that everyone is eager to identify the magic property that separates humans from animals. Is it the ability to suffer? The ability to say something? The ability to say something *interesting*? I think the philosophers are all looking in the right place but are missing something. We have rights because we are *social*.

NEWKIRK: Since all animals are social, then you *would* extend rights to non-humans?

CAPLAN: It's not just sociability. Of course, all animals interact, but there is something about the way humans need to interact.

Suppose we were little Ayn Rands who marched about, self-sufficient, proud, and arrogant. If we were able to chop our own wood, cook our own meals, and fend off those who would assault us, then we wouldn't need any rights. You wouldn't need to have a right to free speech if there was no one to talk to!

My point is that our fundamental rights are not exclusively intellectual properties. They are the natural result of the unique way humans have come together to form societies, *dependent* on each other for survival and therefore respectful of each other's rights.

NEWKIRK: None of this differentiates humans from the other animals. You cannot find a relevant attribute in human beings that doesn't exist in animals as well. Darwin said that the only difference between humans and other animals was a difference of degree, not kind. If you ground any concept of human rights in a particular attribute, then animals will have to be included. Animals have rights.

CAPLAN: That brings up another problem I have with your entire argument. Throughout this discussion, I have argued my position in terms of *ethics*. I have spoken about our moral imagination and animal *interests* and human decency. Why? Because I don't want our relationship with animals to be cast as a battle of rights. Only in America, with its obsession for attorneys, courts, judges, and lawsuits, is the entire realm of human relationships reduced to a clash of rights.

So I ask you: Is our relationship with animals best conceived of under the rubric of rights? I don't think so. When I am dispensing rights, I'm relatively chintzy about it. Do embryos have rights? In my opinion, no. Do irretrievably comatose people have rights? I doubt it. Do mentally retarded people below some level of intellectual functioning have rights? Probably not.

There is a wide range of creatures—some of them human—for whom our rights language is not the best way to deal with them. I want people to deal with them out of a sense of fairness or a sense of humanity or a sense of duty, but not out of a claim to rights.

NEWKIRK: I don't like your supremacist view of a custodial responsibility that grants you the luxury to be magnanimous to those beneath you. The rights of animals are not peripheral interests. In this case, we are talking about blood, guts, pain, and death.

FRANCIONE: Art, when you start talking about obligations without rights, you can justify violations of those obligations or intrusions more easily by spinning airy notions of utility. The reason many of our battles are played out in rights language is because our culture has evolved this notion that a right is something that stands between me and an intrusion. A right doesn't yield automatically because a stronger party might benefit.

What separates humans from animals? The ability to say something? Something interesting?



If a scientist could cure cancer—without fail—by subjecting me against my will to a painful experiment, it wouldn't matter. I have a right not to be used that way.

CAPLAN: Ironically, I agree with you. That's exactly the role that rights language plays. It defines the barriers or lines that can't be crossed. But if you hand out rights willy-nilly, you lose that function.

NEWKIRK: When should we stop?

Photograph by Raymond Gendreau / Aperture Photobank

CAPLAN: I'm not sure I know the answer, but if you cheapen the currency of rights language, you've got to worry that rights may not be taken seriously. Soon you will have people arguing that trees have rights and that embryos have rights. And the tendency would be to say, "Sure, they have rights, but they are not *important* rights."

NEWKIRK: Art, wouldn't you rather err on the side of giving out too many rights rather than too few?

CAPLAN: No.

NEWKIRK: So, according to your view, maybe we should take away some of the rights we've already granted. After all, granting rights to blacks and women has deprived society of very important things, such as cheap labor. That a society evolves and expands its protective shield should not daunt us. That's like saying, if I continue to be charitable, my God, where will it ever end?

An animal can wish to have life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. An anencephalic baby cannot



CAPLAN: It may not be rights or bust. There may be other ways to get people to conduct themselves decently without hauling out the heavy artillery of rights language every time.

NEWKIRK: People have to be pushed; society has to be pushed. Those who care deeply about a particular wrong have to pressure the general population. Eventually a law is passed, and then adjustments are made to correct past injustices. You have to bring these matters to a head.

HITT: Roger, from a constitutional perspective, do you think that rights are cheapened when they are broadened?

GOLDMAN: When you put it in a constitutional context, you invite conflict. That's inevitable. If you have a free press, you're going to have fair trial problems. If you start expanding rights of liberty, you run up against rights of equality. I don't think expansion cheapens them, but by elevating animal rights to a constitutional issue, you certainly multiply the difficulties.

HITT: You could argue that conflict strengthens rights. If you had no conflict over free speech, would we have the solid right to free speech that we have today?

GOLDMAN: It depends on who wins. What would happen if free speech lost?

FRANCIONE: Roger, you will have conflict and difficulties whether you cast our relationship with animals as one of obligations *or* rights. The real question is, are those obligations enforceable by state authority? If they are, there will be clashes and we will turn to the courts for resolution.

CAPLAN: Gary, I would like those obligations enforced by the authority, if you like, of empathy, by the power of character. What matters is how people view animals, how their feelings are touched by those animals, what drives them to care about those animals, not what rights the animals have.

FRANCIONE: I agree that you don't effect massive social change exclusively through law, but law can certainly help. That's a classic law school debate: Do moral perceptions shape law or does law shape moral perceptions? It probably goes both ways. I have no doubt that we could effect a great change if animals were included within our constitutional framework.

NEWKIRK: Great changes often begin with the law. Remember the 1760s case of the West Indian slave Jonathan Strong. Strong's master had abandoned him in England after beating him badly. The judge in that case feared the consequences of emancipating a slave. But the judge freed Strong and declared, "Let justice prevail, though the heavens may fall."

Mojo, the Talking Chimpanzee

HITT: Meet Mojo, the signing chimpanzee. Mojo is female and has learned more words than any other chimpanzee. One day you're signing away

Photograph by Jack Baker / The Image Bank

with Mojo, and she signs back, "I want a baby." Roger, are we under any obligation to grant her wish?

GOLDMAN: Since I am not persuaded animals have any rights, I don't believe there is any obligation.

HITT: Doesn't it follow that if this chimpanzee can articulate a desire to have a child—a primal desire and one that we would never forbid humans—we have some obligation to fulfill it?

CAPLAN: You are alluding to a foundation for rights that we haven't yet discussed. Is the requirement for possessing a right the ability to *claim* it? That is, in order to hold a right to life, one must be able to articulate a claim to life, to be able to say, "I want to live."

There may be animals that can get to that level, and Mojo may be one of them. Nevertheless, I don't buy into that argument. Simply being able to claim a right does not necessarily entail an obligation to fulfill it.

FRANCIONE: But Mojo does have the right to be left alone to pursue her desires, the right *not* to be in that cage. Aren't we violating some right of Mojo's by confining her so that she cannot satisfy that primal desire?

HITT: Is this a fair syllogism? Mojo wants to be free; a right to freedom exists if you can claim it; ergo, Mojo has a right to be free. Does the ability to lay claim to a right automatically translate into the *possession* of such a right?

CAPLAN: You don't always generate obligations and duties from a parallel set of rights, matching one with another.

Look at the relationship that exists between family members. Some people might argue that children have certain rights to claim from their parents. But there is something wrong with that assumption. Parents have many obligations to their children, but it seems morally weird to reduce this relationship to a contractual model. It's not a free-market arrangement where you put down a rights chit, I put down an obligation chit, and we match them up.

My kid might say to me, "Dad, you have an obligation to care for my needs, and my need today is a new car." I don't enter into a negotiation based on a balancing of his rights and my duties. That is not the proper relationship.

NEWKIRK: But having a car is not a fundamental right, whereas the right not to be abused is. For example, children have a right not to be used in factories. That right had to be fought for in exactly the same way we are fighting for animal rights now.

CAPLAN: Gary, I want to press you further. A baby needs a heart, and some scientist believes the miniature swine's heart will do it.

FRANCIONE: Would I take a healthy pig, remove its heart, and put it into the child? No.

CAPLAN: I am stymied by your absolutist position that makes it impossible even to consider the pig as a donor.

FRANCIONE: What if the donor were a severely retarded child instead of a pig?

CAPLAN: No, because I've got to worry about the impact not only on the donor but on society as well.

FRANCIONE: Art, assume I have a three-year-old prodigy who is a mathematical wizard. The child has a bad heart. The only way to save this prodigy is to take the heart out of another child. Should we *consider* a child from a low socioeconomic background who has limited mental abilities?

CAPLAN: You're wandering around a world of slopes, and I want to wander around a world of steps. I have argued strongly in my writing that it is possible for a human being—specifically an infant born with anencephaly, that is, without most of its brain—to drop below the threshold of a right to life. I think it would be ethical to use such a baby as a source for organ transplants. I do not believe there is a slippery slope between the child born with most of its brain missing and the retarded. There are certain thresholds below which one can make these decisions. At some point along the spectrum of life—many people would say a pig, and I would go further to include the anencephalic baby—we are safely below that threshold.

FRANCIONE: You can't equate the pig with the anencephalic infant. The anencephalic child is not the subject of a life in any meaningful sense. That is to say, it does not possess that constellation of attributes—sense of self-awareness, anticipation of the future, memory of the past—that we have been discussing. The pig is clearly the subject of a meaningful life.

CAPLAN: But if it's a matter of saving the life of the baby, then I want a surgeon to saw out the pig's heart and put it in the baby's chest.

NEWKIRK: The pig can wish to have life, liberty,

and the pursuit of happiness, and the anencephalic baby cannot.

CAPLAN: But you must also consider the effect on others. I don't think it's going to matter very much what the pig's parents think about that pig. Whereas the child's parents care about the baby, and they don't care about the pig.

FRANCIONE: Then you change their reaction.

CAPLAN: I don't want to change their reaction. I want human beings to care about babies.

NEWKIRK: Like racism or sexism, that remark is pure speciesism.

CAPLAN: Speciesism! Mine is a legitimate distinction. The impact of this transplant is going to be different on humans than on lower animals.

NEWKIRK: "Lower animals." There comes speciesism rearing its ugly head again. Look, Art, I associate with the child; I don't associate with the pig. But we can't establish why that matters *except* that you are human and I am human.

If a building were burning and a baby baboon, a baby rat, and a baby child were inside, I'm sure I would save the child. But if the baboon mother went into the building, I'm sure she would take out the infant baboon. It's just that there is an instinct to save yourself first, then your immediate family, your countrymen, and on to your species. But we have to recognize and reject the self-interest that erects these barriers and try to recognize the rights of others who happen not to be exactly like ourselves.

CAPLAN: I think you can teach humans to care about the pig. The morally relevant factor here is that you will never get the pig to care about *me*.

NEWKIRK: Not true, Art. Read John Robbins's new book, *Diet for a New America,* in which he lists incidents of altruism by animals outside their own species. Everybody knows about dolphins rescuing sailors. Recently a pig rescued a child from a frozen lake and won an award!

CAPLAN: To the extent to which you can make animals drop *their* speciesism, perhaps you will be persuasive on this point.

NEWKIRK: Art, if you don't recognize my rights, that's tough for me. But that doesn't mean my rights don't exist.

FRANCIONE: If blacks, as a group, got together and said, "We're going to make a conscious decision to dislike non-blacks," would you say that black people no longer had rights?

CAPLAN: No, but I would hold them accountable for their racism. I could never hold a pig accountable for its speciesism. And I am never going to see a meeting of pigs having that kind of conversation.

NEWKIRK: That happens when the Ku Klux Klan meets, and the ACLU upholds their rights.

CAPLAN: The difference is that there are certain things I expect of blacks, whites, yellows—of all human beings and maybe a few animals. But I am not going to hold the vast majority of animals to those standards.

NEWKIRK: So the punishment for their perceived deficiencies—which, incidentally, is shared by the human baby—is to beat them to death.

CAPLAN: I didn't say that. I am trying to reach for something that isn't captured by the speciesist charge. The difference between people and animals is that I can persuade people. I can *stimulate* their moral imaginations. But I can't do that with most animals, and I want that difference to count.

A World With No Dancing Bears

HITT: How would you envision a society that embraced animal rights? What would happen to pets?

NEWKIRK: I don't use the word "pet." I think it's speciesist language. I prefer "companion animal." For one thing, we would no longer allow breeding. People could not create different breeds. There would be no pet shops. If people had companion animals in their homes, those animals would have to be refugees from the animal shelters and the streets. You would have a protective relationship with them just as you would with an orphaned child. But as the surplus of cats and dogs (artificially engineered by centuries of forced breeding) declined, eventually companion animals would be phased out, and we would return to a more symbiotic relationship—enjoyment at a distance.

FRANCIONE: Much more than that would be phased out. For example, there would be no animals used for food, no laboratory experiments, no fur coats, and no hunting.

GOLDMAN: Would there be zoos?

FRANCIONE: No zoos.

HITT: Circuses?

FRANCIONE: Circuses would have to change. Look, right now we countenance the taking of an animal from the wild—a bear—dressing that bear in a *skirt* and parading it in front of thousands of people while it balances a ball on its nose. When you think about it, that is perverted.

HITT: Let's say that your logic prevails. People are sickened by dancing bears and are demanding a constitutional amendment. What would be the language of a Bill of Rights for animals?

NEWKIRK: It already exists. It's "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." We just haven't extended it far enough.

GOLDMAN: I am assuming your amendment would restrict not only government action but private action as well. Our Constitution restricts only government action. The single exception is the Thirteenth Amendment, which prohibits both the government and the individual from the practice of slavery.

HITT: To whom would these rights apply? Would they apply among animals themselves? Does the lion have to recognize the gazelle's right to life?

NEWKIRK: That's not our business. The behavior of the lion and the gazelle is a "tribal" issue, if you will. Those are the actions of other nations, and we cannot interfere.

GOLDMAN: What if we knew the lion was going to kill the gazelle—would we have an obligation to stop it?

NEWKIRK: It's not our business. This amendment restricts only our code of behavior.

HITT: But what Roger is asking is, should the amendment be so broad as to restrict both individual and government action?

FRANCIONE: It should be that broad. Of course, it would create a lot of issues we would have to work out. First, to whom would we extend these rights? I have a sneaking suspicion that any moment someone in this room will say, "But what about cockroaches? Will they have these rights? Do they have the right to have credit cards?" Hard questions would have to be answered, and we would have to determine which animals would hold rights and how to translate these rights into concrete protections from interference.

NEWKIRK: The health pioneer W. K. Kellogg limited it to "all those with faces." If you can look into the eyes of another, and that other looks back, that's one measure.

So the amendment shouldn't be limited, as some animal rights advocates think, to mammals, because we know that birds, reptiles, insects, and fishes all feel pain. They are capable of wanting to be alive. As long as we know that they have these primal interests, then I think we need to explore down the line—if we think it is down.

I don't use the word 'pet.' I think it's speciesist language. I prefer 'companion animal'



GOLDMAN: Let me go up the line. What about humans?

NEWKIRK: They would be just another animal in the pack.

GOLDMAN: But your amendment would massively expand the reach of the Constitution for humans. For example, the Constitution does not require states to provide rights for victims of crime. Under your proposal, if a state decriminalized adultery, shoplifting, or even murder, the victim's *constitutional* rights would be violated.

CAPLAN: And if we take the face test, how is that going to affect the way we treat the unborn? Must we enfranchise our fetuses? That's going to be the end of abortion.

FRANCIONE: Not necessarily. I am fairly comfortable with the notion that a fetus does not have a right to life. But that is not to say that a fetus doesn't have a right to be free from suffering. Fe-

otograph by Karl H. Switak / Aperture Photobank

tuses do feel pain and they *ought* to be free from suffering. But it doesn't make sense to talk about a fetus having a sense of the past, anticipation of the future, and a sense of interaction with others.

CAPLAN: But a mouse?

FRANCIONE: Sure.

CAPLAN: I guess we can experiment on and eat all the animal fetuses we want.

FRANCIONE: I didn't say you had a right to inflict pain on animal fetuses. I don't think you have a right to inflict pain on human fetuses.

CAPLAN: Are you suggesting that we can't inflict pain, but we can kill them?

NEWKIRK: You are talking about the manner in which abortions are currently performed, not whether they should be performed. Our standard of lack of suffering holds up if you apply it across the board, for human and non-human fetuses.

GOLDMAN: Let me see if I can bring together those who advocate animal welfare with those who believe animals hold rights. What about a different amendment, similar to the difference between the Thirteenth Amendment, which is an absolute ban on slavery, and the Fourteenth Amendment, which bans discrimination, but not absolutely. In fact, the Fourteenth allows us to take race into account sometimes, such as affirmative action. Do the animal rights activists see a role for a limited amendment similar to the Fourteenth? It would broadly protect animals from unnecessary suffering, but allow for some medical experiments.

FRANCIONE: Does your amendment simply expand the word "persons" in the Fourteenth Amendment to include animals?

GOLDMAN: No, but it is modeled on Fourteenth Amendment jurisprudence. It would not permit experimentation on animals unless necessary for a compelling need.

FRANCIONE: I would favor this approach if the experimenter had the burden to show the compelling need. I would have only one problem with adjudication under this compelling-need standard. My fear is that the balance would always favor the biomedical research community. Everyone agrees that no one should needlessly use animals in experimentation. Yet we all know that millions of animals are being used for frivolous purposes. That is because the biomedical researchers have persuaded enough people that their experiments are so important they have become "compelling" by definition.

GOLDMAN: Of course the difference with this constitutional amendment is that it wouldn't pass unless two-thirds of Congress and three-fourths of the states backed it. So if we're projecting a hundred years from now, you won't have the problem of science experts always prevailing.

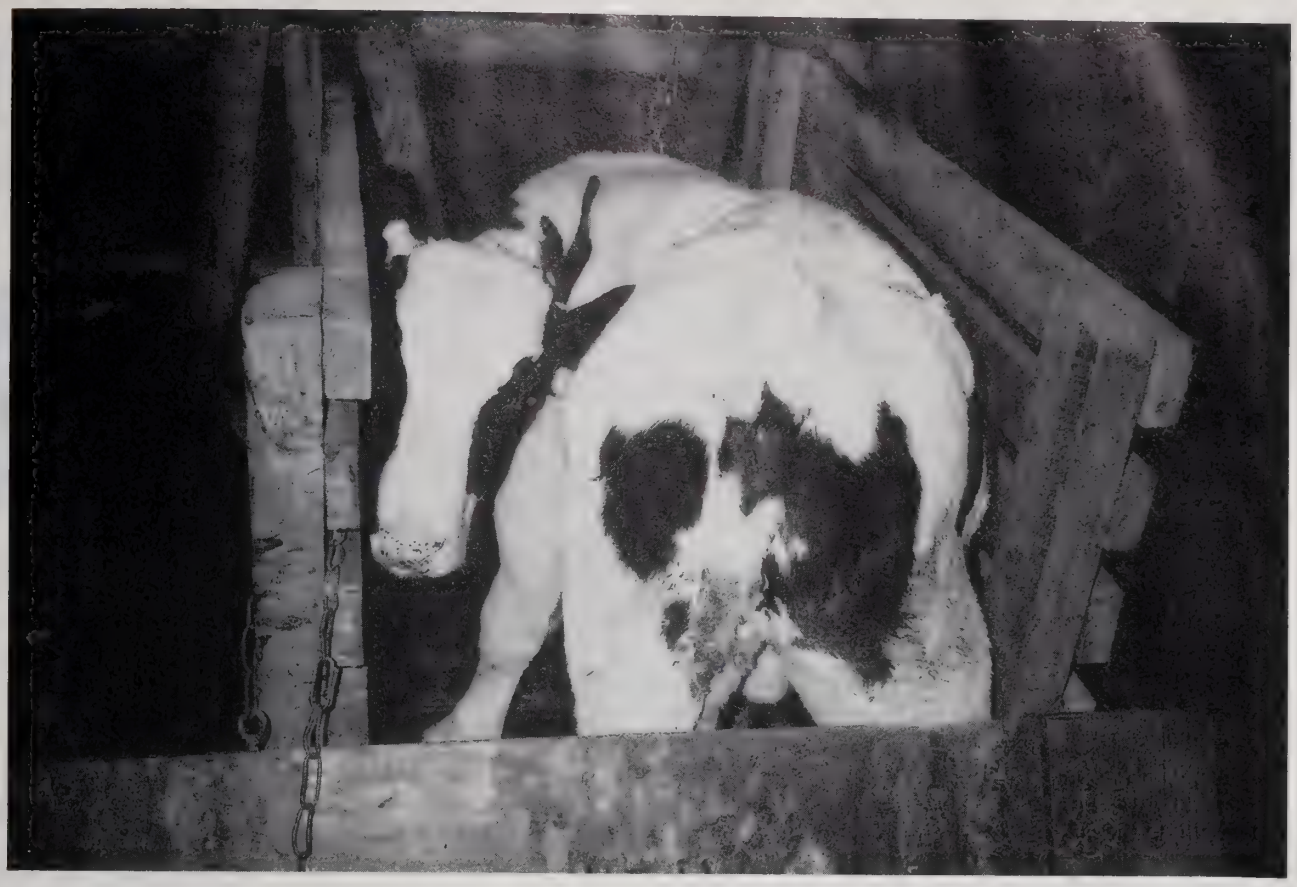
FRANCIONE: Roger, I would retire tomorrow if I could get your amendment. The problem is that our society economically *benefits* from exploitation. The animal industries are so strong that they have shaped an entire *value* system that justifies and perpetuates exploitation. So I am not sure your compelling-need test would result in anything substantially different from what we have now. That's why I favor a hard rights notion, to protect the defenseless absolutely. As soon as you let in the "balancers," people such as Art Caplan, you've got trouble.

CAPLAN: The problem with your constitutional amendment is that, finally, it is irrelevant to human behavior. When the lawyers, the constitutional adjudicators, and the Supreme Court justices aren't there, when it's just me and my companion animal or my bug in the woods, where are the animal's rights then?

There was a time when I was a little boy running around in the woods in New England. It was just a bunch of Japanese beetles in a jar and me. The question was: How is little Art going to deal with those Japanese beetles? Pull their wings off? Never let them out of the jar? Step on them? What do I do with those bugs? What do I think of bugs? No Supreme Court justice is going to tell me what to do with them.

NEWKIRK: A lot of these conflicts of moral obligation result from the wide variety of *unnatural* relationships we have with animals in the first place—whether it's little Art with his jar of Japanese beetles, or the scientist in the lab with his chimpanzee, or any one of us at home with a cat. Just take the single issue of the sterilization of pets. We now have burdened ourselves with the custodial obligation to sterilize thousands of animals because we have screwed up their reproductive cycles so much through domestication and inbreeding that they have many more offspring than they normally would. What would happen if we just left animals alone, to possess their own dignity? You know, you mentioned earlier that there is something cruel in the lion chasing down and killing the gazelle. Well, nature *is* cruel, but man is crueler yet. ■

Q: Why can't this veal calf walk?



A: He has only two feet.

ctually, less than two feet. Twenty two inches to be act. His entire life is spent chained in a wooden box easuring only 22 inches wide and 56 inches long. The ox is so small that the calf can't walk or even turn ound.

lost people think animal abuse is illegal. It isn't. In al factories, it's business as usual. "Milk-fed" veal is btained by making a calf anemic. The calf is *not* fed other's milk. He's fed an antibiotic laced formula that uses severe diarrhea. He must lie in his own excrement choking on the ammonia gases. He's chained in a rkened building with hundreds of other baby calves ffering the same fate. They are immobilized, sick, d anemic.



Toxic Veal

The reckless use of oxytetracycline, mold inhibiting chemicals, chloramphenicol, neomycin, penicillin, and other drugs is not just bad for calves. It is toxic to you.

ut doesn't the USDA prevent tainted veal from being old? Absolutely not. The USDA itself admits that most eal is never checked for toxic residue.

Antibiotics in veal and other factory farm products create virulent strains of bacteria that wreak havoc on human health. *Salmonella* poisoning is reaching epidemic proportions.

Veal factories maximize profits for agribusiness drug companies because they are a breeding ground for disease. To keep calves alive under such torturous conditions, they are *continually* given drugs which are passed on to consumers.

It doesn't have to be this way. And with your help, it won't be. Please, don't buy veal!

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YES! Factory farms must be stopped from misusing drugs, abusing farm animals, and destroying America's family farms. Enclosed is my tax-deductible contribution of:

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SHEDDING L

The secret bomber ha

The Advanced Technology Bomber, or B-2, is popularly known as the Stealth bomber. The plane's mystique has been enhanced by its development in almost total secrecy for the past decade and by its purported near-invisibility to enemy radar. The B-2's stealthiness is supposed to come from the shape of its wings, which allows it to elude radar, and its construction out of non-ferrous materials, such as epoxy, which absorb radar waves. The bomber's principal purpose, as announced here, is to strengthen the U.S. strategic nuclear deterrent by penetrating the Soviets' defenses. What is *not* announced is that the B-2's first flight—if it does in fact take place this fall—will be more than a year behind schedule. Protected by the project's secrecy, the Air Force has not had to admit to schedule delays, cost overruns, or other problems.

The $36.6 billion estimated cost in fiscal year 1981 dollars for 132 B-2s was never a meaningful figure, except as a ploy by former Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger to argue that the planes would not cost substantially more than the B-1s. According to the *New York Times*, the General Accounting Office has estimated that in current dollars the cost of the project will be $68.8 billion—a cool $520 million per airplane, which makes it the most expensive airplane ever built. (The much criticized B-1 bomber is beginning to look like a bargain at $280 million apiece.) But most of these planes are supposed to be built in the mid to late 1990s—that is, if all goes well. The cost in 1990s dollars? No one knows.

Behind the scenes in Congress, a fight is being waged to decide which communities will get the other two or three B-2 bases, each of which will add thousands of jobs and a $100 million payroll to the area. In selecting future base sites, we can only hope that military considerations prevail. In the B-1 basing fiasco, the Air Force and its partners in Congress selected bases in Kansas and Texas—not for their superior strategic value, but to placate Senator Robert Dole and then Senator John Tower.



IMMEDIATE RELEASE

AIR FORCE ANNC

The Secretary of the Ai
the Advanced Technology Bomb
On its maiden flight, the B-
Air Force Plant 42 in Palmda
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to military aviation.

The Secretary of the Ai
"the first flight of the B-2
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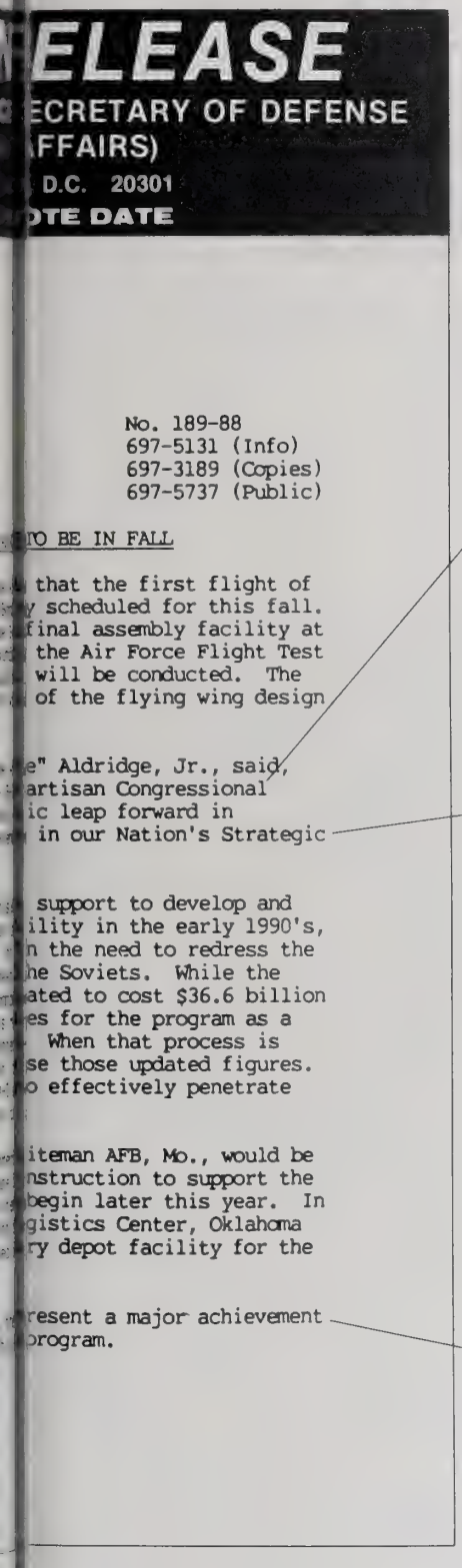
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The first flight of the
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Nick Kotz is the author of Wild Blue Yonder: Money, Politics, and the B-1 Bomber, *published by Pantheon last March.*

T ON STEALTH

oblems, *by Nick Kotz*



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TO BE IN FALL

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The Stealth has had great political luck. In opposing construction of the B-1 bomber during 1980–81, dozens of Democrats in Congress protected their political flanks against charges that they were anti-defense by saying they did favor the Stealth bomber. They followed an important axiom of defense politics: never oppose a major weapons program without supporting another one. At the time, the B-2 was only a concept and a paper design. Eight years and billions of dollars later, many Democrats know they should be investigating this program, but they are too timid to raise questions about the plane they once championed.

Until test planes are flown, a fleet is built, and we know their capability against future Soviet defenses, no one can know if the B-2 represents "a major milestone" in increasing our national security. Even if the planes work flawlessly, their worth depends upon accepting the Air Force's rationale for their purpose: to seek out mobile missiles (those transported by truck or rail) deep within the Soviet Union after the onset of a nuclear war. In the eyes of critics, this mission is one more scenario in the fantasy world of fighting nuclear war. If Armageddon comes, the B-2s will simply be dancing on the rubble hours after both countries have devastated each other with intercontinental ballistic missiles.

As the first Stealth gets ready to fly, there are warning signals that the nation could be repeating all the defense-procurement mistakes that characterized the B-1 and other major weapons, including unrealistic cost estimates, doubtful missions, and gold-plated technology that does not work well. The Air Force already has spent an estimated $10–15 billion on a plane that has yet to prove itself. Instead of waiting to see how the B-2 works, the Air Force is aggressively pushing the construction of a 132-plane fleet. Congress and the public should insist, at the very least, that this program justify its merit and cost, before the country becomes irrevocably committed to another expensive weapons system that ups the cost and perils of the arms race without increasing our security.

SAD TALES OF LA LIBERTAD DE PRENSA

Reading the newspapers of Central America

By Francisco Goldman

On February 3, 1988, the *New York Times* had this news for its readers: "Today the Nicaraguan press is presenting news from a broader range of political perspectives than is available in El Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala and even Costa Rica."

Close and attentive readers of the *Times* must have blinked in astonishment: our preeminent newspaper was suggesting, for the first time I can remember, that there might be something less than free about the press in the four other countries of Central America mentioned. Haven't we been told, told over and over by our own government and even our own media (including the *Times*), that in Central America the democracies are El Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala, and Costa Rica—because they have held elections we approve of and because newspapers in these countries don't have to submit their stories to government censorship offices? Nicaragua, on the other hand, held an election we didn't approve of. And the ceaseless tribulations of *La Prensa*, Nicaragua's single opposition newspaper—censored and harassed for years; temporarily closed down; and then allowed to reopen last year, uncensored, under the mandate of the Arias peace plan—have been so obsessively decried that it must be, by now, the most famous of Third World newspapers. (In the past four years, the *Times* has mentioned *L Prensa* 263 times.)

La Prensa stands for something—for democracy. So much so that when Adolfo Calero, th *contra* chieftain, went to Managua last spring f the first round of peace negotiations followir the cease-fire agreement between the Sandini ta government and the *contras*, and was asked b U.S. reporters what was left to argue about no that the Sandinistas, on their own terms least, had agreed to meet the demands of th Arias plan, the first thing out of Calero mouth—he must not have read the February *Times*—was a demand for press freedom i Nicaragua. He assumed that this would strike responsive chord with North American newsp per readers, and maybe set off a new round editorials about Nicaraguan press freedom ar the beleaguered *La Prensa* in the *New Republ* and such, and that the *MacNeil/Lehrer New hour* would talk about it once more, mayb with Elliott Abrams. This kind of thing h worked this way for so many years: we all kno the Sandinistas have censored newspapers, ar that supposedly this is one of the things th makes them "worse" than their neighbors, wh are more like *us*. Of course I haven't heard C lero tell exactly what he *means* by "press fre dom." Reading of his demand, I wondered if h meant that he wanted Nicaraguan newspape to be like the *New York Times*—that's wh many North American readers would assum

Francisco Goldman is a contributing editor to Harper's Magazine. *He is completing his first novel, to be published by Atlantic Monthly Press.*

r did he mean that he wants Nicaraguan news-
ıpers to be like all the other papers in Central
merica? Maybe most North Americans assume
ıat this would be an improvement too, though
ɔw they might have come to think so, and
hy, I can't imagine.

Just as we tend not to look very closely at the
entral American "democracies"—just as we
nd not to want to inquire whether or not, be-
nd the "freely elected" civilian president,
ere might be an army or national guard run-
ng this or that impoverished little country like
combination police state/criminal racket—
milarly, we don't look very closely at all those
ewspapers. I've been reading some of them for
ars; I read them even when I'm in New York.
ı the Salvadoran restaurant in my Brooklyn
eighborhood, an array of Central American
ewspapers, always the Monday edition, arrives
very Tuesday. The papers are hung from clips
ı a wire over the counter and sold for $2.50
ɔiece: *Prensa Libre* and *El Grafico* from Guate-
ıala, *El Diario de Hoy* and *La Prensa Grafica*
om El Salvador, *La Tribuna* from Honduras,
a Nacion from Costa Rica—all week long they
ang there. (Back issues are stored under the
ɔunter.) The restaurant's owner never knows
hen some forlorn Central American will wan-
er in and suddenly splurge, sitting down to a
late of *pupusas* and a *café con leche* and ten
ıcks' worth of his country's newspapers. The im-
ıigrant's, or more likely the exile's, nostalgia-
istended sense of time: a month of Monday
ewspapers read today as if they are all today's.
While on any Tuesday in, say, Guatemala
ity, only the old man in blackened rags, who
isguises his begging by offering old newspapers
ɔr a few centavos, is hawking the previous
ıorning's *Prensa Libre*, wandering from café to
afé and whimperingly pleading until, inevita-
ly, he is shooed away—a day-old *Prensa Libre*
ısn't even worth a few centavos.)

It is here, from my table in the restaurant,
ıat I will provide for you an introduction to the
ewspapers of Central America. We'll limit our
ırvey to the four countries that are the main
ɔcus of the Arias plan, the "fledgling democra-
ies" (Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras) and
Nicaragua. (But the Nicaraguan papers aren't
ɔld in this restaurant—a friend will send them
p from Nicaragua.) We'll look at papers from
wo Mondays, March 14 and April 4. Our ob-
ctive isn't to argue or proselytize. We are sim-
ly going to read these newspapers in something
f the spirit of that splurging Central American
xile sitting at that table over there: poring over
very page, reading even more attentively than
ıe would at home, collapsing distance in this
vay and finding his surest footing, without a
loubt, "between the lines." He drinks his *café con leche*, smokes, grimaces, rolls his eyes, looks up in astonishment, and even laughs out loud—a range of laughs, from bitter to hilarious, for it takes many kinds to fully appreciate a Central American newspaper.

Just as we tend not to look very closely at the Central American 'democracies,' we don't look very closely at their newspapers

My Guatemalan grandfather used to say that the morning tabloid *Prensa Libre* was the one thing every Guatemalan had in common, because it was the one thing every Guatemalan could afford. Which is still pretty much true—never mind that the price, over the last few years, has risen from ten to forty centavos (or about fifteen cents), which can be a large chunk of a daily wage. Newspapers can be shared among many, and are. And never mind, for now, that the illiteracy rate in Guatemala is around 55 percent, and that in the highlands many of the inhabitants only speak one of the twenty-three Indian languages. There is often someone around who can read Spanish, translating aloud while peasants crowd around.

Prensa Libre is Guatemala's most widely read and influential newspaper. Its circulation, at 85,000, is almost three times that of its closest competitor in Guatemala, *El Grafico*. The Monday, March 14 *Prensa Libre* is a bulging 160 pages—thick as a Sunday paper in the States. This is the paper's standard size. More than half of *Prensa Libre*'s pages are advertising, nothing wrong with that. Except that the front page slogan boldly announces that this *periódico* represents "*Un Periodismo Independiente, Honrado y Digno*"—independent, honorable, dignified. And right away, seeing all the ads in this edition, I recall a story from about ten years ago, when the rival *El Grafico*, perhaps unprecedentedly, did something that *Prensa Libre* never has—it ran a story that upset the Guatemalan business community. This sensational story revealed that the true owner of Guatemala's most successful fried-chicken franchise, *Pollo Campero*, was actually Anastasio Somoza, the Nicaraguan dictator. And so manufacturers and businessmen stopped advertising in *El Grafico*—usually as bulky a paper as *Prensa Libre*—and for a long time after, the paper was as thin and flimsy as a street orphan's dress: some editions were only four pages! Eventually, when *El Grafico* had suffered its penance and shown that it had mended its ways, the paper got fat again.

Flipping through *Prensa Libre*'s pages is like wandering through a veritable modern Casbah of proffered goods: "turbo" showerheads, cordless telephones, electric hair dryers, Fiat, Toyota, Sony, Whirlpool... All of this gives the impression of a bustling industrial economy. It is hard to believe that unemployment in the capital approaches 40 percent. Several rows of tiny print offer employment opportunities for

Now you might think that a newspaper in a country with the problems Guatemala has would address them and not worry about the President's love life

servants in the homes of people who buy the imported Fiats and "turbo" showerheads: the going monthly wage is about $35.

I glance at the society pages: baby showers, weddings, ladies' teas. There are the pictures, tables with rows of elaborately dressed plump ladies lifting their chins and saying "Cheese." But *Prensa Libre*, of course, is not just a daily shopping catalogue and society scrapbook: this is Guatemala's most influential and powerful newspaper. Independent, honorable, and dignified. And, indeed, by the time I've reached the end of the second paragraph of the day's lead editorial, I realize I am about to read a long defense of those very journalistic standards:

> If a variety of opinions did not exist, the political and cultural life of this country, as in any other, would be tedious and repetitive, because it would make a *tabula rasa* of the faculty for thinking, negating the free exchange of ideas, the stepping-stone of progress in all its forms.
>
> Fortunately, it is fundamentally we journalists who have aggregated the right to express what one thinks to the capacity for thought. Aggregated, we say, because we have been among the first to make the divulging of news and opinions, by whatever medium, a right of all people, of all peoples, of all individuals.

Not quite the oratorical resonance of, say, a Carlos Fuentes, but then this is a daily we are talking about. There is urgency: presumably it is a pressing national problem that is being spoken to. Here is a newspaper editorialist then, living in a country where the variety of opinions keeps the political and cultural life from becoming tedious and repetitive, who for some reason has been provoked into sounding a heroic defense of not only his Enlightenment ideals, but of the very faculty for thinking! He must feel that these have been threatened—but why? And by whom? And to whom is this editorial, which will have been read and pondered by every influential person in Guatemala, actually addressed?

The editorial is titled NOT EVEN THE SAINTS HAVE THE RIGHT TO A PRIVATE LIFE, and the object of its attack is none other than Guatemala's president, Vinicio Cerezo. Reading on, we discover that in an interview he'd granted *Prensa Libre* several days before, the President had voiced the opinion that "there is positive news and negative news, and newspapers publish the negative news to sell more copies." Which, according to the editorialist, "is a concept that hasn't been used in a hundred years, because it doesn't correspond to objective criteria." But President Cerezo has just become the first man in a century to stoop to such an outdated concept, because he thinks the newspapers have "often voiced unfounded, unproven criticisms of the 'honesty, attitudes and private lives' " of government officials—mainly of his own.

And now, at last, we get to the heart of thi showdown between a nation's president and it most important newspaper: "In reality, it isn' justified," the editorialist argues, for the Presi dent not to like it that his extramarital love af fairs are regularly alluded to in the Guatemala press, or for him to be upset when "one colum nist says that he wears ill-fitting suits, or that hi wife doesn't look very good in the dresses mad from native Indian fabrics, which seem to be he preference." And why isn't he justified? Becaus North American and European newspapers an nually publish lists of the best and worst dressed and even "the Queen of England has figured more than once, among the world's worst dressed women." As for the love affairs, the edi torial goes on to tell us about how the foreig press exposed Gary Hart and Margaret Trudeau who abandoned her husband, Canada's prim minister, to "run off with the singer of a musica group famed for its music and the libertine life styles of some of its members." The editorial ter minates with a bold threat against the man ir the *Casa Presidencial*: "It would be good to hav photographs like those taken of Swaggart an Hart, to publish them. Many readers would se them and, we suppose, they'd be most grateful."

Now you may well be thinking that a newspa per in a country with the problems Guatemala has—problems of poverty, of a civilian presi dent with but the smallest amount of power and especially of human rights abuses, and al types of sordid violence—would address these problems and not worry so much about the President's love life and the wardrobe of his wife. And in its own way, *Prensa Libre* does not entirely neglect these problems. A quick tour o *Prensa Libre*'s inner pages reveals, wedged ir among the society pages, two- and three paragraph accounts of the ongoing violence the remains of twenty-three persons found in a clandestine cemetery in Chichicastenango; a "cadaver" on a riverbank; a badly beaten, bul let-ridden "cadaver" in the city; two torture marked "cadavers" found with the telltale sign of abduction and swift interrogation—hands tied behind their backs; a farmer abducted by "unknown, heavily armed men in a yellow pickup truck." And: "Miguel Eulogio Hernandez visited this paper to announce that his father died in an ambush and not, as the National Police declared, in a robbery." Nor is it unusual for the report of a "disappearance" to admit the bereft wisp of a human voice: a young man "supplicates that whoever is responsible for this act allow his fiancée to return healthy and sound to her home. He said as well that she has never participated in political activities."

All this, however, is presented in *Prensa Libre*

s crime-blotter filler. It might be read as readers f the *Times* read of crimes in the South Bronx r in Harlem. And the word "crime" is right: *rensa Libre* does not put the murders and dis-ppearances in a political context, does not reathe a word that maybe, just maybe, a mili-ry man had something to do with it.

But back to the editorial about President erezo—the one that *appeared* to be so non-olitical, yet is not. The editorial is a cinch to ecipher; its message: the right-wing business ass, the oligarchy whose interests *Prensa Libre* presents, despises Cerezo and is simply at-mpting to humiliate him. (After all, many ilitary men take mistresses and have ill-ressed wives—and their privacy is *never* violat-d.) And to find out why Cerezo is despised, all ou need to do is glance at the other articles in he paper that day: so many venomous attacks gainst the government's proposed tax hike, pa-ding as objective news reporting under the eadlines BETRAYAL OF THE PEOPLE and TAX IKE RIDICULES THE PUEBLO.

The tax hike is one of those issues by which ld and new lessons bout Guatemala and the ay it works rise up from etween the lines." For isn't actually Presi-ent Cerezo's tax hike, hough he certainly ants it. It is the mili-ry High Command's x hike. It was the igh Command that, st year in Guatemala ity, convened an un-recedented meeting of he oligarchical business ommunity's leaders to t them know exactly ho it was that wanted tax hike, and why. I as there that night hen General Gramajo, he minister of defense, escribed the tax hike s the latest and most phisticated of counter-nsurgency tactics. "You've been asking us to ill your Marxists for four hundred years," he ittily told the oligarchs. Now it was time for he oligarchs to pay up.

For decades Guatemala has had the lowest x rate in the hemisphere: the rich paid, basi-ally, no taxes, while the many, many poor ent without the bare essentials. This eventual-y led to instability, and then to a war that the ilitary won by behaving as if it were going to eave the country without an Indian popula-tion. What little taxes the rich did pay, they liked to say in private, were stolen by the military anyway. Why should they pay more, if it will just be stolen by the civilian government and their allies in the High Command?

Prensa Libre can attack the President, ridicule the President, because it knows he is powerless to do much about it. And it can attack the tax hike—while behaving as if the increase is solely the President's idea—because it knows that there are many military officers, beneath the current High Command, who think that revenue-raising for government projects is "communistic" (especially if the officers have been cut out of the available graft).

The day an editorial appears deriding any member of the High Command will be the day the wealthy businessmen have finally succeeded—or *think* they have—in their less visible machinations: a coup attempt, led by "rebellious younger military officers," will be on the way. But enough said about Guatemalan newspapers, don't you think?

Because El Salvador's newspapers are really incredible! Like the Guatemalan papers, they are tabloids, except they come wrapped in multi-page, technicolor sports supplements full of pictures of tennis stars and lovely Salvadoran equestrians. Inside, these newspapers seem made up almost entirely of society pages: the whole country dresses well and spends all its time floating from one baby shower to another. There's lots of advertising too. And the *war*—the civil war which over the last eight years has claimed more than 70,000 lives—seems almost

'Prensa Libre' does not put the murders in a political context, does not breathe a word that maybe a military man had something to do with it



hotograph by Arlene Gottfried

Newspapers in El Salvador wage a relentless 'psy-ops' war, using hallucinatory disinformation to polarize their society

to have never happened.

Unless you count the front page photograph sharing space with photos of a girls' basketball team and tennis star Gabriela Sabatini in the Monday, March 14 edition of *La Prensa Grafica*: it depicts a parade of the First Infantry Brigade's new soccer team for combat-veteran amputees. Led by a blondish, bouquet-bearing beauty queen, the veterans are all on crutches, some hobbling along on one leg, others outfitted with artificial limbs. Inside *La Prensa Grafica*, an article tells us that "high military authorities as well as U.S. ambassador Edwin G. Corr were in attendance," and there is a picture of the ambassador receiving a plaque from one of the amputees in honor of "his help in making the realization of the event possible."

La Prensa Grafica and *El Diario de Hoy*, the other major Salvadoran daily, propagandize for their country's political right even more blatantly than their counterparts in Guatemala. The reason for such unanimity isn't hard to fathom: you have to be rich to own a newspaper, and on the right politically to survive the experience. Papers in El Salvador don't have to be censored: poverty and deadly fear do the job.

The Monday, March 14 *El Diario de Hoy*, urging its readers to vote for the Nationalist Republican Alliance, or ARENA, and the other rightist parties in the upcoming National Assembly elections, accuses President José Napoleón Duarte of trying to institute a "pharaonic dynasty," and says that only a rightist victory can prevent an Ancient Egypt–like exodus from the country. Duarte's Christian Democratic party—whose official color is green—is merely referred to as "the green stain."

Like most of Central America's papers, *El Diario de Hoy* traffics in the fabulous—a kind of magic-realist political analysis. An example:

> On Sunday, February 21 of this year, in the central park of Ilobasco, the Christian Democratic activist Abelardo Argueta, in front of more than fifty people at a rally, after horrendously defaming—as is the party's habit—the ARENA party leaders, whom he cowardly accused of being behind the "death squads," and in an arrogant and grotesque attempt to add credibility to his libel, defying God, with his voice in his throat exclaimed: "And if I am lying, let God punish me," and right there onstage he fell writhing from a mysterious and invisible cardiac arrest, never to rise again.

Magical, but not romantic: newspapers in El Salvador such as *El Diario de Hoy* and *La Prensa Grafica* wage a relentless "psy-ops" war, using hallucinatory disinformation to disfigure and polarize their society, painting all its suffering "green." In this world, unbelievable things happen, and are reported as straight-facedly as possible: "Massacre of cattle in Usulután," reads a subhead beneath the headline rejoicing ove ARENA's electoral victory on the front page c the April 4 *La Prensa Grafica*. Ninety head c cattle, machine-gunned—the work of "*Los Es cuadrones Verdes*." Even the death squads hav been painted green, and they don just kill people, but cows too.

A noisy-looking tabloid, *La Tribuna* is a fa vorite among Hondurans. Here, as elsewhere i the region, there are the familiar problems: th army is above criticism or investigation. Som of the most important stories are off-limit (Honduran reporters have long been banne from firsthand reporting in the southern chun of their country occupied by the *contras*.) An what in Guatemala is known as the *fafa* syster is well entrenched in Honduras as well: *fafas* ar bribes, and the reporters who take them ar called *faferos*. Except in Honduras they use th more quaint, Mexican phrase for bribes—*mordi das*. Bribes can be paid for the occasional story or a reporter might be on the regular payroll c the army or of a drug lord who wants to be por trayed in the press as a generous Robin Hood, o even, I imagine, on the payroll of a foreign in telligence service or embassy. A front page stor in the March 14 *La Tribuna* has the ring of secretly subsidized effort; it announces that, i the opinion of Elliott Abrams, "Honduras ha given itself over to the fight against drugs"—a story timed to coincide with quite different sto ries in the U.S. media of *contra* drug trafficking and suggestions that the Honduran army ha shared in those profits while doing some traf ficking of its own.

But often the Honduran papers turn inward where all the "news" is melancholy. BY TH YEAR 2000 HONDURAS WILL BE A COUNTRY O RETARDS—that was the headline of a paper on day, two summers ago, when I was last in Hon duras. It referred to the country's malnutritio problem and its possible effects on the menta development of children. THE DRAMA OF OU CHILDREN is the title of *La Tribuna*'s March 1 lead editorial—written in reaction to a new re port counting 300,000 malnourished childre in the country, a condition now cited as stunt ing physical growth as well as minds. Shoul these children reach maturity, the editorialis laments, they will constitute "an entire legio of pygmies! It's a sad situation, that of our Hon duras. With an infirm population, we'll neve be able to reach the levels of development de manded by these times in which we live."

Poor Honduras, so stepped on and derided its sense of nationhood and political destin usurped by the United States, the *contras*, th drug lords, the generals. What's left to report or and editorialize about but the grueling daily

lities of poverty and collapsed self-esteem? m this muddle, at least something resem- ng a true human voice emerges from *La Tri- a's* pages, but too often it is a sad, self- tigating voice. The April 4 *Tribuna* contains essay titled THE INDOLENCE OF OUR PEOPLES D THE COLOSSUS OF THE NORTH. According he essayist, the high quality of life in North erica, "colonized by Anglos . . . is due most ll to the racial factor, and it is to that and to hing else that it owes its greatness. . . . Our quest and colonization was the exclusive k of the Spanish, and the fatal mix of the niard with the Indian and the Negro has n the cause of all our misery." The writer ceeds to cast aspersions on every conceivable nduran "trait": "Isn't it true that filthiness, like indolence, is also a characteristic of our race?"

Definition of a Central American newspa- : a voice used by the powerful elite that con- ls the press to create the illusion that eryone else in the country is in agreement h them about *everything*—except the people o aren't, who are always the *enemy* and who uld be beneath contempt, except that Cen- l American newspaper writers know of no er way to argue with their enemies except to w contempt. Therefore, Nicaragua at this ment has the freest print media in Central erica, because there are now two powerful es spewing contempt at each other.

Due to Nicaragua's seemingly endless eco- mic crisis, there is a paper shortage, always. ere must be a colored-ink shortage too: no ashy colors on the country's three papers, y're strictly black and white. All three are adsheets—each edition just the right shape d having just enough pages to fold into a ld's commodore hat. Flimsy to the touch, se papers, but they carry the urgency of ntline combat dispatches.

Barricada's front page "slogan" couldn't be re direct: "The official organ of the San- ista National Liberation Front." The black sthead (which a few years ago, in the days of ored ink, was red) is embellished by a striking o—a sharpshooting Sandinista guerrilla aim- his automatic rifle over a barricade of paving nes; it's symbolic of the street fighting during last months of the revolution that over- ew the Somoza dictatorship nine years ago.

The front page of *Barricada* is typically all offi- l business and exhortation, with the occa- nal light touch thrown in to remind readers at even party militants are irrepressibly Nica- guan. The March 14 headline exhorts: MORE RTITUDE AND MOBILIZATION. It tops a story out the Sandinista government's united ratifi- cation of President Daniel Ortega's decision to meet the *contras* to draw up a cease-fire. There is a photograph of the National Directorate, including Ortega, seated on a podium before the National Assembly. Also on the front page: much economic news and analysis, illustrated by graphs; an article about the high food prices Holy Week vacationers can expect to find in the restaurants at the beaches, with the government's bureaucracy blamed for the situation; and a photograph of three pretty brown girls running along the beach. Inside, on page three, another photo of a trio of women sitting with a man at the same beach, captioned, "A Disproportion: 3 to 1."

In *Barricada*'s editorials, which are difficult to distinguish from the articles, the opposition—whether it be political parties, *La Prensa,* or "certain trade unions"—is always "working to take advantage of the political opening in order to destabilize the revolutionary process." Perhaps. But then there are just as frequently charges that the opposition—whoever—sides blatantly with Reagan and the *contras,* and this is the same as painting all the country's problems red, white, and blue.

At least *Barricada*'s generally suffocating earnestness bears some relation to reality: there's often a real attempt to explain perhaps inexplicable Sandinista policies here (if no room to refute them). The paper doesn't talk down to people. It propagandizes face to face, like someone who honestly believes what he is saying and never tires of saying it. Not much of the illuminating, quotidian, day by day, and episodic here, though. Yet one brief story in the March 14 edition, told in a straightforward manner, leaps out from the surrounding predictability with an oddly vivid life of its own. The article leads by quoting the mother of a young Sandinista soldier: "Neither he nor I is opposed to his complying with the SMP"—the Patriotic Military Service, the draft. "We know it's a law, and has to be obeyed, but his infirmity is of a delicate nature, and I'm afraid it's going to get worse." Her eighteen-year-old son, it seems, deserted his battalion after having participated in five combat campaigns in which, according to his commanding officers, "He demonstrated firmness and valor despite his young age." What happened is that the young soldier began growing a distinctly feminine *chicha*—"tit"—possibly due to a hormone problem. He felt embarrassed in front of his fellow soldiers and fled home to his mother. Now she was requesting that her son be reassigned to a base where he can receive regular medical treatment.

Perhaps after the war *Barricada* will be able to replace exhortation and propaganda with stories less predictable, but it will remain a Sandi-

Nicaragua has the freest print media in Central America, because there are now two powerful sides spewing contempt at each other

It's the sense of hearing trustworthy human voices that is most missed in all of Central America's newspapers

nista party paper. *La Prensa* is something else, a Nicaraguan institution, but increasingly the mere shell of one: relentlessly ideological, propagandistic, one-sided, sensationalistic, negative, and even dishonest. True, *La Prensa*, by its very existence, represents the right to dissent, loudly. But this newspaper, which alone of all the Central American newspapers can print whatever it wants against its country's "ruling power," seems no more enlightened, or enlightening, than Guatemala's *Prensa Libre* or any of El Salvador's politicking rags.

At a time when the Sandinistas were reversing previously recalcitrant policies, and displaying at least a little bit of political courage by moving toward talks with the *contras*, *La Prensa*, on March 14, was running the headline FSLN ASKS SUPPORT FOR THEIR WARMONGERING POLICIES. The day's lead editorial cast the most negative eye possible on Costa Rican President Oscar Arias's efforts to spur negotiations as an alternative to war; the editorialist claims that Arias's plan is dangerous because "don Oscar hasn't explained how he will resolve the national security problems that will arise when, with the *contras* out of the way, the Sandinistas feel free to initiate bellicose and subversive adventures against their neighbors, including Costa Rica."

Editorials are editorials; what of the news pages of this paper that world opinion does not read but—because *La Prensa* appears each day—that world opinion is nevertheless sure represents freedom, hope, "democracy"? In the April 4 *La Prensa*, there is an article accusing a Sandinista army patrol of having heinously massacred a family of four peasants in the village of Comal. Further, the paper claims that Sandinista soldiers gouged out the eyes of one child with bayonets, tortured both parents and children to death, raped the corpse of the fifteen-year-old daughter, and then made off with the family's belongings. The source of these accusations is a sister of one of the parents—it is unclear exactly which one—who walked into *La Prensa*'s office to make the denunciation. The paper doesn't say if the sister was a witness, or if she knew anyone who was—it doesn't say how she actually found out any of this.

Ponder it for a moment: imagine any other newspaper in Central America leveling such accusations against its national army. How long could such a paper survive? Then ponder this: human rights organizations have regularly investigated abuses such as the Sandinistas are accused of and attributed them to the armies of other Central American countries, *and* to the *contras*. The same organizations have denounced the Sandinistas for many abuses (arbitrary arrests, beatings under interrogation) but have rarely accused them of murdering civilians, and never in the manner described in *La Prensa*.

Time after time, human rights organizations have looked into *La Prensa*'s more extreme allegations and have almost always turned up nothing. Anyone can walk into *La Prensa*'s office and accuse the Sandinistas of anything, and if it is sensational enough, the paper will run it on the front page. Which gives anyone with an inclination toward planting disinformation a lot of room to move. Which implies—should you be thinking about it—that, yes, *La Prensa* has been cozy with our efforts (CIA, National Endowment for Democracy, Ollie North) to topple the Nicaraguan government.

It simply cannot be trusted.

It's the sense of hearing trustworthy human voices, independent and lucid, that is most missed in *all* of Central America's newspapers—voices that do not reek of ideological obedience or dogmatism or corruption or hypocrisy or fear. In the April 4 edition of the independent-owned *El Nuevo Diario*, Nicaragua's other pro-Sandinista daily, I finally found an article—quotidian, episodic—that, to me, would have been affecting, would have communicated the same story, no matter what the ideology of the newspaper framing it. It is titled A DIGNIFIED FUNERAL CARRIAGE, A DREAM MADE REAL—BUT WHO WILL PREMIERE IT? And it tells the story of one don Lolo of Jinotepe, who got tired of seeing so many funerals passing in the streets, the coffins borne on the shoulders of mourners. "The dead are heavy," he says. Too many coffins being carried by women because all the young men are away. Too many old men pausing at every corner to set the weight down a moment and rest. Don Lolo said, "This thing has to stop," and conceived the idea of a funeral carriage that would provide free service to the community. He solicited donations for wood, wheels, fittings, carpentry. He decided to let the carriage keep its natural wood colors because painting it black struck him as too sad. And finally he procured two horses to pull it.

The story is a rarity because it is related purely, narrated mainly by the dignified don Lolo. *La Prensa* would have blamed the Sandinista "warmongers" for the spectacle of women carrying coffins. *Barricada* would have blamed Reagan and the *contras* and would have politicized the story, making it fit some revolutionary slogan about peasants triumphing over adversity. But neither the word Sandinista nor *contra* appears in this *El Nuevo Diario* article, and we have no idea which side don Lolo is on. At the time of the article's writing, the carriage was awaiting only the blessing of the local priest to go into service. Now the question was, Who will be the first to use it?

THE MOMENT BEFORE THE GUN WENT OFF

By Nadine Gordimer

Marais Van der Vyver shot one of his farm laborers, dead. An accident, there are accidents with guns every day of the week—children playing a fatal game with a father's revolver in the cities where guns are domestic objects, nowadays, hunting mishaps like this one, in the country—but these won't be reported all over the world. Van der Vyver knows his will be. He knows that the story of the Afrikaner farmer—regional leader of the National Party and commandant of the local security commando—shooting a black man who worked for him will fit exactly *their* version of South Africa, it's made for them. They'll be able to use it in their boycott and divestment campaigns, it'll be another piece of evidence in their truth about the country. The papers at home will quote the story as it has appeared in the overseas press, and in the back and forth he and the black man will become those crudely drawn figures on anti-apartheid banners, units in statistics of white brutality against blacks quoted at the United Nations—he, whom they will gleefully be able to call "a leading member" of the ruling Party.

People in the farming community understand how he must feel. Bad enough to have killed a man, without helping the Party's, the government's, the country's enemies as well. They see the truth of that. They know, reading the Sunday papers, that when Van der Vyver is quoted saying he is "terribly shocked," he will "look after the wife and childen," none of those Americans and English, and none of those people at home who want to destroy the white man's power will believe him. And how they will sneer when he even says of the farm boy (according to one paper, if you can trust any of those reporters), "He was my friend, I always took him hunting with me." Those city and overseas people don't know it's true: farmers usually have one particular black boy they like to take along with them in the lands; you could call it a kind of friend, yes, friends are not only your own white people, like yourself, whom you take into your house, pray with in church, and work with on the Party committee. But how can those others know that? They don't want to know it. They think all blacks are like the big-mouth agitators in town. And Van der Vyver's face in the photographs, strangely opened by distress—everyone in the district remembers Marais Van der Vyver as a little boy who would go away and hide himself if he caught you smiling at him, and everyone knows him now as a man who hides any change of expression round his mouth behind a thick, soft mustache, and in his eyes by always looking at some object in hand, a leaf or a crop fingered, pen or stone picked up, while concentrating on what he is

Nadine Gordimer's first collection of essays, The Essential Gesture, *will be published by Knopf in the fall. Her last novel,* A Sport of Nature, *was recently issued in paperback by Penguin.*

saying, or while listening to you. It just goes to show what shock can do; when you look at the newspaper photographs you feel like apologizing, as if you had stared in on some room where you should not be.

There will be an inquiry; there had better be, to stop the assumption of yet another case of brutality against farm workers, although there's nothing in doubt—an accident, and all the facts fully admitted by Van der Vyver. He made a statement when he arrived at the police station with the dead man in his *bakkie*. Captain Beetge knows him well, of course; he gave him brandy. He was shaking, this big, calm, clever son of Willem Van der Vyver, who inherited the old man's best farm. The black was stone dead, nothing to be done for him. Beetge will not tell anyone that after the brandy Van der Vyver wept. He sobbed, snot running onto his hands, like a dirty kid. The captain was ashamed for him, and walked out to give him a chance to recover himself.

Marais Van der Vyver left his house at three in the afternoon to cull a buck from the family of kudu he protects in the bush areas of his farm. He is interested in wildlife and sees it as the farmers' sacred duty to raise game as well as cattle. As usual, he called at his shed to pick up Lucas, a twenty-year-old farmhand who had shown mechanical aptitude and whom Van der Vyver himself had taught to maintain tractors and other farm machinery. He hooted, and Lucas followed the familiar routine, jumping onto the back of the truck. He liked to travel standing up there, spotting game before his employ did. He would lean forward, bracing against t cab below him.

Van der Vyver had a rifle and .30 caliber a munition beside him in the cab. The rifle w one of his father's, because his own was at t gunsmith's in town. Since his father di (Beetge's sergeant wrote "passed on") no o had used the rifle, and so when he took it fro cupboard he was sure it was not loaded. His ther had never allowed a loaded gun in t house, he himself had been taught since chi hood never to ride with a loaded weapon ir vehicle. But this gun was loaded. On a d track, Lucas thumped his fist on the cab r three times to signal: look left. Having seen t white-ripple-marked flank of a kudu, and fine horns raking through disguising bush, V der Vyver drove rather fast over a pothole. T jolt fired the rifle. Upright, it was pointi straight through the cab roof at the head of L cas. The bullet pierced the roof and enter Lucas's brain by way of his throat.

That is the statement of what happened. A though a man of such standing in the distri Van der Vyver had to go through the ritual swearing that it was the truth. It has gone record, and will be there in the archive of t local police station as long as Van der Vyv lives, and beyond that, through the lives of l children, Magnus, Helena, and Karel—unl things in the country get worse, the example black mobs in the town spreads to the rural ar and the place is burned down as many urban p lice stations have been. Because nothing t



Illustration by Greg V

vernment can do will appease the agitators
d the whites who encourage them. Nothing
isfies them, in the cities: blacks can sit and
nk in white hotels now, the Immorality Act
has gone, blacks can sleep with whites
. . . It's not even a crime anymore.

Van der Vyver has a high, barbed security
ce round his farmhouse and garden which his
e, Alida, thinks spoils completely the effect
her artificial stream with its tree ferns be-
ıth the jacarandas. There is an aerial soaring
a flagpole in the backyard. All his vehicles,
luding the truck in which the black man
d, have aerials that swing their whips when
driver hits a pothole: they are part of the se-
ity system the farmers in the district main-
n, each farm in touch with every other by
lio, twenty-four hours out of twenty-four. It
s already happened that infiltrators from over
border have mined remote farm roads, kill-
white farmers and their families out on their
n property for a Sunday picnic. The pothole
ıld have set off a land mine, and Van der
ver might have died with his farm boy. When
ighbors use the communications system to
l up and say they are sorry about "that busi-
ss" with one of Van der Vyver's boys, there
es unsaid: it could have been worse.

It is obvious from the quality and fittings of
coffin that the farmer has provided money
the funeral. And an elaborate funeral means
great deal to blacks; look how they will de-
ve themselves of the little they have, in their
time, keeping up payments to a burial society
they won't go in boxwood to an unmarked
ve. The young wife is pregnant (of course)
d another little one, a boy wearing red shoes
eral sizes too large, leans under her jutting
lly. He is too young to understand what has
ppened, what he is witnessing that day, but
ither whines nor plays about; he is solemn
thout knowing why. Blacks expose small chil-
en to everything, they don't protect them
m the sight of fear and pain the way whites do
eirs. It is the young wife who rolls her head
d cries like a child, sobbing on the breast of
s relative and that. All present work for Van
r Vyver or are the families of those who work;
the weeding and harvest seasons, the women
d children work for him too, carried at sunrise
the fields, wrapped in their blankets, on a
ck, singing. The dead man's mother is a
man who can't be more than in her late thir-
s (they start bearing children at puberty), but
e is heavily mature in a black dress, standing
tween her own parents, who were already
rking for old Van der Vyver when Marais,
e their daughter, was a child. The parents
ld her as if she were a prisoner or a crazy wom-
an to be restrained. But she says nothing, does nothing. She does not look up; she does not look at Van der Vyver, whose gun went off in the truck, she stares at the grave. Nothing will make her look up; there need be no fear that she will look up, at him. His wife, Alida, is beside him. To show the proper respect, as for any white funeral, she is wearing the navy blue and cream hat she wears to church this summer. She is always supportive, although he doesn't seem to notice it; this coldness and reserve—his mother says he didn't mix well as a child—she accepts for herself but regrets that it has prevented him from being nominated, as he should be, to stand as the Party's parliamentary candidate for the district. He does not let her clothing, or that of anyone else gathered closely, make contact with him. He, too, stares at the grave. The dead man's mother and he stare at the grave in communication like that between the black man outside and the white man inside
the cab the moment before the gun went off.

The moment before the gun went off was a moment of high excitement shared through the roof of the cab, as the bullet was to pass, between the young black man outside and the white farmer inside the vehicle. There were such moments, without explanation, between them, although often around the farm the farmer would pass the young man without returning a greeting, as if he did not recognize him. When the bullet went off what Van der Vyver saw was the kudu stumble in fright at the report and gallop away. Then he heard the thud behind him, and past the window saw the young man fall out of the vehicle. He was sure he had leapt up and toppled—in fright, like the buck. The farmer was almost laughing with relief, ready to tease, as he opened his door, it did not seem possible that a bullet passing through the roof could have done harm.

The young man did not laugh with him at his own fright. The farmer carried him in his arms, to the truck. He was sure, sure he could not be dead. But the young black man's blood was all over the farmer's clothes, soaking against his flesh as he drove.

How will they ever know, when they file newspaper clippings, evidence, proof, when they look at the photographs and see his face—guilty! guilty! they are right!—how will they know, when the police stations burn with all the evidence of what has happened now, and what the law made a crime in the past? How could they know that *they do not know.* Anything. The young black callously shot through the negligence of the white man was not the farmer's boy; he was his son. ■

FALL·1988 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

Years ago, my parents would take me Christmas shopping in downtown Seattle—insisting that the day would be more of an adventure if we took our time and saw the city as well as its sales counters.

We would swing out of Bartell's on Pine Street, past window displays, and stroll through the great mercantile establishments of the day; there was always enough time to get lost in the toy departments.

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—J.M.L.

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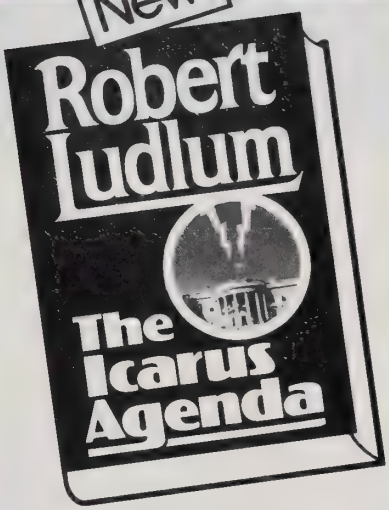


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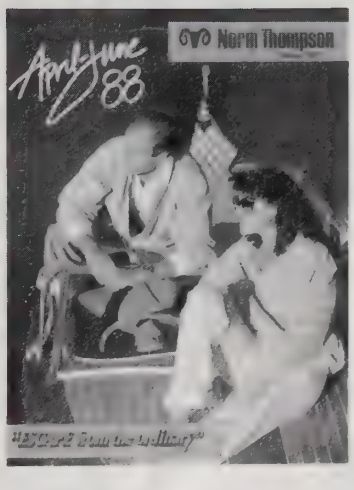
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FIRST THINGS FIRST

One more writer's beginnings

By Richard Ford

At my particular age, forty-four (neither exactly young nor exactly old is how that feels), most partisan arguments aimed at proving some general truth about the world resolve themselves—in my mind anyway—into what I think of as nice, existential equilibrium: almost nothing seems to be generally true, almost nothing generally false, so that the best anyone can do is find his own way, reveal it as such, and go on hopefully. Counsel, real counsel, in the way Walter Benjamin meant it—useful words about human life—is and always has been very hard to come by. Benjamin believed counsel was the great virtue of told stories, those spoken in the human voice by wise travelers, and that in them the righteous man might encounter himself in the person of the storyteller.

Which was all very well when we had plenty of those tellers, whose faces we knew, out and around visiting homes without TVs, where people passed their evenings weaving and spinning. Now storytelling itself is a brisk cottage industry. Slews of young writers stay up nights, letting no one in, trying their best to write well and be read, at a time when books are popularly conceived of as cordless miniseries, and getting read is hard. Both giving and taking counsel require adapting, I guess. The human voice must be listened for more freely and also more acutely. The righteous man, *whoever he is,* needs to take consolation more willingly, and be ready to encounter himself less in the person of the storyteller or even in the tale told properly, and more in the fabric of a life which might simply be like his. After all, even Benjamin admits that counsel is "less an answer to a question than a proposal concerning the continuation of a story which is just unfolding."

When I got out of school, in 1970, ready to begin being a writer, there seemed to hold sway in the country a kind of conventional wisdom regarding writing, and particularly getting started writing; a protocol for getting work (stories, in my case) published into the world and eventually read by real readers.* I'm no longer sure that such a protocol exists in the minds of young writers today. I do not even know why we thought what we thought. But we thought it, acted on it. And for some people it worked out fine, while for others—me—it didn't.

Wisdom was that for young writers there was a particular "publishing world" out there, a world divided into hemispheres. One hemisphere was the sub-world of small presse literary magazines, university views. And the other, more brillia upper half was the world of large-c culation, widely read, money-payir famous-making magazines printed slick pages, and not in Baton Rou or Bowling Green, but in New Yo and Boston. The Big Time this w

What we—or at least I—und stood about this whole world was th I needed to "break into it." There v a "level" I could empirically find sending my stories out—literary m azines were where one started—a either getting them back or hav them approved and published. Go stories were to be found there, it v alleged, and mine would stand chance. Once I'd done that, brok into print, I could try to "move up" better, more widely read and distr uted magazines—there was a float sense of which were better than o ers. My work, my name would be to get around. I would see some tion. Acceptance would be a w I'd hear more. Money would ra change hands, but I was not in for money (and, truly, I wasn't). this would go along for a while, y perhaps, while I got better, whi had more work published, while name on a manuscript began to be sociated with good writing; until, some act of providence, a story mine would get "taken" upwards an editor from the other world,

Richard Ford's collection of stories, Rock Springs, *will be published in paperback next month by Vintage. This essay will appear in somewhat different form as the introduction to* The Pushcart Prize, XIII: Best of the Small Presses.

**Readers are people you don't know or aren't related to.*

e where all the bright lights were ned on. And then I would be neplace. That would be the *it* heard often in the phrase "You've made it."

The trouble was, this progression n't work for me. Oh, it worked for ers well enough. Some of the fin- most admirable writers writing ay have gone up through these ks, their good stories published, ir readership solidly banked by ir earliest admirers. And some ters, of course, simply ignored this ole ladder-and-rung business alto- her, sent stories to the *New Yorker* the *Atlantic*, got the good word ight away, hit the ground run- g, and have never looked back. ch maligned now by spoilsports, h early and great success must've n very sweet. I'd have handled ne admirably, I'm sure. In any e, all formulas for creating one's ting life break down once the first m—*I write a story*—is put into ce.

I, however, could not get my sto- s published. I sent them to many— y many—of the magazines that re on everyone's checklists. (Actu- mimeographed lists were even- lly compiled by who-knows-what sterious samaritan using the *Writ- s Digest* and some unverifiable rd-of-mouth about publications nerously, if inexplicably, courting published writers.) I kept a log, a le notebook in which I had lined little boxes, inside which I wrote ere this story was sent and when, en it came back, where it went xt. Somebody—I forget who now told me this is what I should do. eeded to be orderly. Systematic. It s serious business I was up to. The angling horror that a story would accepted at two or perhaps three gazines at once, the embarrass- nt, and bad editorial blood this uld cause to flow, could all be oided this way. Meanwhile, the tem, my logging in dates and desti- tions like a shipping clerk, would e me something to do while I aited my own good news, offer so- e when there wasn't good news. nd there wasn't.

I was persistent. I kept my stories out. I furrowed my brow over levels. Maybe the *Cimarron Review* was just too good for me at this point; I should send a story to a magazine with a less resolute name. I remember one called the *Fur-Bearing Trout*, where I was chattily turned down by an editor who said he didn't like short stories longer than eight pages, though they need not be about fish.

I pulled strings—any ones I thought I had. To *Sumac*, a magazine in Michigan, I wrote that I was a graduate of Michigan State. That seemed cagey. To a magazine in Mississippi I bragged I was a native. No dice. I got my friend whom the *Cimarron Review* firmly admired and regularly published to recommend me. No again. I even got an old teacher who had once taught Willie Morris at Texas to middleman a story to *Harper's Magazine*—shooting, just once, for the moon. No.

Once a man named Nick Crome (I hope he's happy, wherever he is) asked me to revise a story I'd sent to his magazine, *TransPacific*. Though when I eagerly did and returned it to him, he ignored my new version, but asked me to badger my local library (which happened to be the Chicago Public Library) into subscribing and inserting his magazine onto its shelves. I admit it—I wrote him promptly and suggested where he ought best insert his magazine, whereupon he dispatched to me a three-page, single-spaced letter full of invective and threat in which he periodically used the red half of his ribbon for emphasis, and in which he called me "sonny," "sport," "ace," "junior," a "simpleton," a "sorry, petulant fool," and an "ignorant motherfucker." To his credit, though, he also wrote this to me: "I devote most of my waking hours to the attempt to promote the careers of people like you, ace. I do this not only by publishing them—but by writing every one personally, so they know there's a real person here, who knows who they are and who does read what they write. . . . My wife, who is acting now as the business manager, tells me you're not a subscriber. That's okay—relatively few care about preserving the means by which young writers in America find publication—shit now, junior, they just want to get PUBLISHED!!!!!" "Published" was one of those words typed in red.

Seasoning, I think this is called. Dues paying. Learning the ropes. Getting my feet wet. Starting at the bottom. I was doing this. Only nobody liked my stories.

Finally a call came from a friend in California. A magazine, he said, in New Zealand was interested in new American writing. Maybe I could send something there. New Zealand, I thought, gazing out my window at an unpromising winter sky. A nice place. English spoken there. New Zealand. Yes. I would. And sure enough the editors took my story, even asked for another, which I sent and they agreed to publish soon. And for a time in the winter of 1971, I thought very, very fondly about New Zealand, about what good people were there. Readers. People willing to give you a chance. Careless of trends, vogues, reputations. It was summer there, then. I thought of Mr. Peggotty in *David Copperfield*, sailing off to Australia: "We will begin a new life over theer," is how he put it. Exuberant. Valiant. I considered a move.

First, though, I fastidiously entered the titles of my two stories and their new "homes" into my logbook beside the word "accepted," and into the heretofore empty space on my curriculum vitae reserved for publications. New Zealand. It seemed farther away there on that page than when the happy letters had arrived. I wondered for a moment what someone would think who saw these entries, what sort of writer they'd think I was, what form of giggly desperation inhabited me that I needed to send my stories all the way there. Would they realize the North American serial rights for each story were still intact, and I could still publish the stories stateside if I wanted to? Or if someone else wanted to? And who would ever read these stories? The editors—all good fellows—liked them, paid them compliments. But no one else ever weighed in with praise or complaint or notice of any kind. All was quiet. And in a month I decided not to move to New Zealand. Not yet. It wasn't going anyplace, after all.

STEPHEN VIZINCZEY

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NOTES FOR "ONE BY ONE IN CHANGE (6)"

The title cryptically indicates A-V(I)ARY, and the eighteen cryptically indicated answers are all birds. Each becomes the definition for a diagram entry, indicated below in parentheses. ACROSS: 1. L(i)O-ON (BIRDBRAIN); 7. SWAL (reversal)-LOW (GULP); 10. RHEA, anagram; 11. HOG-WILD, anagram; 12. BI-FOCAL, hidden; 13. PILAU, anagram; 14. (co)GENT; 15. K(IS)S; 17. MORN, "mourn"; 18. B-LESS; 19. IN-COMING, pun; 20. ELECT, hidden in reverse; 22. L-A(TEN)CE; 25. DO-DO (CODGER); 27. OR-DO; 29. H-A-WK (WARMONGER); 30. MEWS, "muse"; 32. P(A-RR)OT (COPY); 33. DUCK, second meaning (SIDESTEP); 35. THROE, "throw"; 37. T(Y)PE, anagram; 39. LA(tticewo)RK (ESCAPADE); 40. C-ARDIN-AL(e), anagram (ESSENTIAL); 41. (d)ICED; 42. RE-PRESS; 43. PI(GEO)N (PATSY). DOWN: 1. C-ROW (BRAG); 2. REIN-E; 3. C(l)UCK-O-O (DAFT); 4. RO(reversal)-C-KING; 5. A-GAIN; 6. NIPS, reversal; 7. F-LICKER (GLIMMER); 8. L-(EAR)N; 9. DOVE, hidden (PLUNGED); 11. C(R)ANE (HOIST); 12. GRO(US)E, anagram (BELLYACHE); 16. CH-I-CKEN (anagram) (SCAREDY-CAT); 18. B/'ED W/ETTER; 21. COMPOS-ER, anagram; 22. LE(GI)T; 23. TORE(adore); 24. QUA-I-L (COWER); 26. DO(YEN)NE; 28. T . . .-CARTER, reversed; 31. S(W)IFT (SPEEDY); 33. S(U . . .)ETS; 34. SEPIA, hidden; 36. R-ASP; 38. PAL-P(olice).

SOLUTION TO JULY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 67). MARGARET (E.) MURIE: TWO IN THE (FAR) NORTH. I ambled along behind the team, parka hood thrown back, . . . gazing out . . . over the broad valley, which swelled into distant blue hills and more distant white mountains, and stubbing my toe frequently because the trail was not built for scenery-gazers.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 68, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by August 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the September issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 66 are Logan L. McMinn, Fort Bliss, Texas; Linda Magee, Portland, Oregon; and Paul Grandstrom, Seattle, Washington.

Though neither was I.

I went back to circulating my st ries. *Epoch, North American Revie Red Clay Reader, New American R view*—where I'd read some writ whose names I knew. Philip Ro William Gass, Robert Coover. I q writing cagey cover letters. My o "production," however, was beg ning to slow. I'd written eight or stories, I was twenty-seven years o and I felt I was becoming confus about my "style." My logbook v filled up. A student journal at a sm Ohio college agreed to print a sto but one I'd written three years a When I was just starting school! T editor loved it: "If you can write li this," I remember his letter sayi "you should be writing for the *slick* Only I couldn't write like that ar more. I'd "developed" beyond th Maybe I shouldn't have. What did know?

It all got me down. That muc can tell you. Stories would whis back into my mailbox just ahead o dark mistral. I'd read the enclos letters, check to see if the story w still clean and enough undented paper clips to send out again, g down some bearable bitterness, a then just quit for the day. Usually have a drink about 10:45 in t morning and take a long walk ur my wife got off work and there w something new to ta heart from.

And then, unsuddenly, I q writing stories, "gagged by the siler of others," as Sartre says. I was d couraged. But I do not think I w disillusioned. Even then I knew th a life, even a short one like mi once dedicated to literature was no wasted life. I was merely a failure what I was doing, and along with fa ure's other dull commissions comes as should be—the opportunity think things over. Failure may not ways inspire one's best decisions, b one's profoundest convictions do ten arise nearby.

And so, in the late winter of 19 in Chicago, I took an account of t world and, as it says in Dickens, "personal history, adventures, exp rience, and observation" of it.

There is a koan often overhea

ong avant-gardists and inside the ter, more progressive graduate ting programs, which asks: Is it almost always the case that you tell a good story by the fact that y few people like it? Considering, wever, who were the few who liked stories, I did not feel I had the comfort of even that befuddling dom. And, in any case, I wanted ple to like my stories. More imtantly, I wanted people to *read* m, even if they couldn't like m. I believed—or I came to be-e that winter—that writers, the s I cared about, and even myself, te to be read; not to aggrandize mselves in cringing elitism, not to ase or psychoanalyze themselves getting closer to their feelings, and , indeed, just to be published and ill that empty space on a résumé. iters wrote, I concluded, not even appeal to a particular readership, to discover and bring to precious guage the most important things y were capable of, and to reveal s to others with the hope that it l commit an effect on them—ase them, teach them, console m. Reach them.

, it was plain, wasn't succeeding e. Nobody was reading my stories cause, I decided, they simply ren't very good—not good enough, yway. Maybe I knew it in my back-in; maybe I just trusted the editors o sent them all back to me. But I ew it. It's true I've always trusted ection more than acceptance (at time I'd had more experience th rejection). But it's also true that ame to believe that no good writ-would go unpublished. Perhaps s was just the original, free, and nd act of writer's faith, but if so, it med to me collateralized by the ish evidence of so much awful iting—even if not mine—routine-finding its "home" in print.

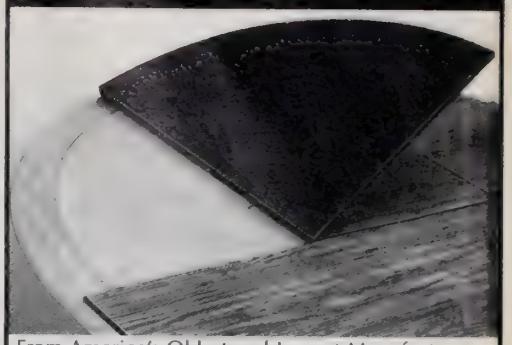
Beyond these first principles of be-f, certain practical matters became parent to me. I did not write very t. I wrote hard, but at my pace I uld never get the proper amount of v-level publishing experience to ve up through the ranks. Too few bats, you could say. Moreover, I n't like the whole major league/ nor league premise of that conventional wisdom I'd inherited. I read the magazines I'd been submitting to, as well as the ones I wished I could, and I couldn't see evidence that the premise worked very well. Plenty of terrible stories were popping up in both leagues. There was reason to believe, in fact, that not a whole lot of really excellent writing got done, or probably ever did. That, of course, is still the case, though it doesn't discourage anyone, nor should it.

Even more to the point, I began to resent what seemed to me the unprovable premise that there existed *any* useful structure or scheme of ascendable rungs whose rule was that my stories weren't good enough at first but might be better later on; and that I should have patience and go on surrendering myself to its clankings. What I felt was that I wanted my stories to be great stories, as good as could be written. And now. And if they weren't (and they weren't) that was my own business, my problem, not the concern of some system for orderly advancement in the literary arts, some wisdom kept presumptuously active by wretched, grad-student magisters sitting before piles of mss., or else some already belly-up writer who'd changed boats middle-course and fallen into being an "editor." I had hard thoughts that winter. But I meant my failings to be my own affair.

Some people, I guess, thrive by deferring to unknown and presumably higher authority, to the benevolence of vast, indistinct institutions. And, of course, it's never a simple matter when your life requires submitting to the judgment of others. We all accommodate that. But most of the writers I have respected and still respect seem to me not so adept at discerning and respecting underlying design, but at trying to invent designs anew. What was out there, I thought eighteen years ago, and think even more this minute, is not a structure for writers to surrender to, but fidgety, dodgy chaos. And our privileged task is to force it, calm it to our wills.

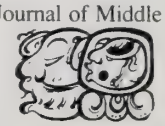
What I did, then, with all this fresh in mind, was put my stories away in their tabbed folders, fattened

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by the various drafts and revisions and rejection notices that lodged with them, and dedicate myself to writing a novel, which I assumed would take years, and did. Not that I propose this strategy for anyone else. My belief about starting novels, and particularly the first one, is that you treat the impulse like the impulse to marry: solemnly, and with the proviso that if you can talk yourself out of it you should. And if you can't, then there's no advice to give you.

But I needed to get better—much, much better at what I was doing, and in ways I don't even want to think about now. A novel would take those years; I could go more slowly; there was more to work on, get better at. No demoralizing rejections would crash into my mailbox every morning. One might eventually come, but it was far off. And in trade for this easement, this slow-going, this sumptuous usage of my time and youth, I'd have a novel, maybe, when all was over—a not inconsiderable achievement. It was a bargain I was only too happy to enter.

Thinking back on 1971, I am even more convinced now than I could've been then. Not that a commanding philosophy of the writer's life was forged on this one decision. I still wanted my work published—that was the only way it would ever get read. This was simply a matter of practical protocol: I decided I could do my best *at a distance* from the preoccupations and the institutions and the thin solaces and the misfires of publication. Said another way, failure at publishing stories where I wanted and tried vigorously to publish them turned me back to my work, which is what's important. "Success," which I still calibrate in readers, was withheld, and I somehow was encouraged—even if it felt different at the time. And it did feel different.

I dignify my decision now by believing that publication of those first stories might've just plain shot me in the foot by conferring approval—of some kind—on work I wanted to be good but that wasn't very good. When I look around in literary bookstores now, and in the back ad pages of magazines, it seems that with patience and resourcefulness *every* writer can find a publisher for everything that's written—good, bad, mediocre. And while I won't wag a finger at publishing too fast or publishing your buddies or publishing the famous because they're thought to be "lightning rods of the culture" (as a famous editor recently admitted) or even just publishing a magazine that nobody but the editors and their parents will ever read—a young Joyce might always be lurking, and who cares, anyway—I have written enough stories myself that "aren't right for us" or that "showed promise" or that "would surely find a home elsewhere" so as to feel sovereignty over this one opinion: publishing work that's no good probably isn't a very good idea for writers and publishers, either one, no matter where along the literary ladder they happen to be clinging. For writers, it's hard when no one likes your work, and hard in another way when things begin finally to break for you, but it's best to try and set your own high standards for what's good and what isn't—even if, God knows, you happen to have written the stuff yourself.

Finally, small presses, literary magazines, university reviews, do still have a place in my writing life. On occasion they have been willing to publish what—by my own standards—have been stories as good as I can write after years of trying. I do not, however, believe that small presses or literary journals are "where it's at" for writing in this country, any more than I believe the *New Yorker* or *Esquire* are. I've never been convinced or seen evidence that the audiences for quarterlies with 1,800 readers are any more perceptive or appreciative or forgiving than other putative audiences, or that their editors are any more open-minded, generally willing to take risks, less capricious, less victims of cronyism, or had their ears more finely tuned to excellent writing than anybody else who sets up as a public literary arbiter. True, those slick magazines are run to the tune of profits. Money. But one fellow's profit is likely to be another man's principle. Who's to say whose god is meaner, coarser?

Where it's *at* for literature in this country is where it's always been, of course—with writers, and what th write. Writing is dark and lon work, and no one has to do it. one will even care much if it does get done at all, so that choosing to it and to try to do it well is enough an existential errand, enough o first step, and for whatever my mo and counsel's worth, enough of a step too.

August Index Sources

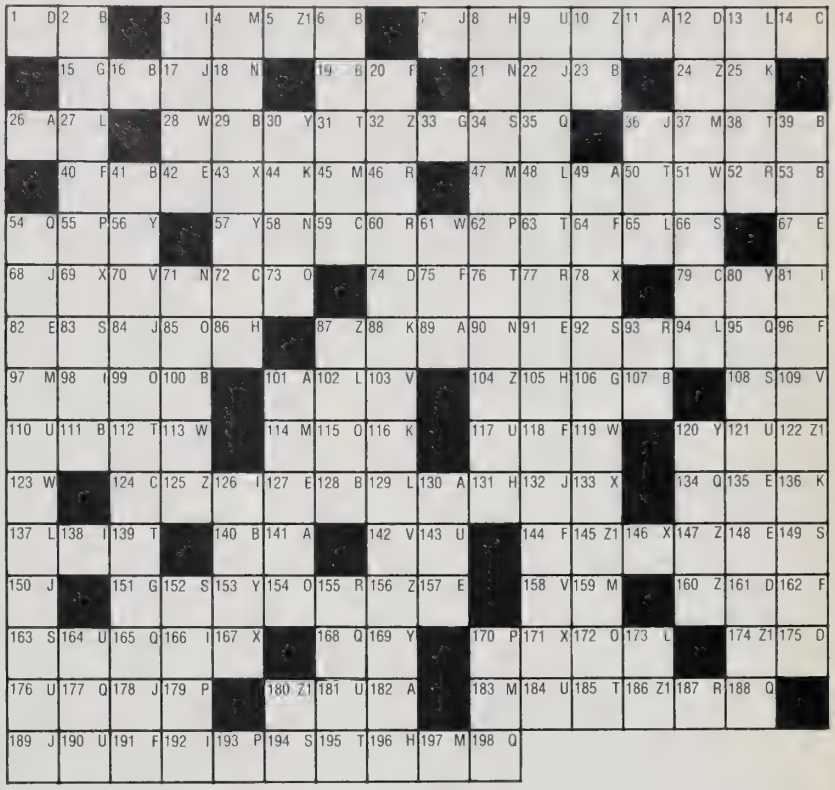
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DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 68

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 74.



CLUES

A. Invaders of the U.S., according to Orson Welles in 1938 — 89 11 182 130 26 / 101 141 49

B. 1942 Noël Coward film (4 wds.) — 41 107 19 39 140 53 16 6 / 23 100 111 29 128 2

C. Invigorating dose — 59 14 72 124 79

D. Top — 74 161 175 1 12

E. Free samples, e.g. — 135 148 42 157 127 91 82 67

F. Former — 162 75 191 96 118 144 64 40 / 20

G. Obscene — 33 106 15 151

H. Lead-colored — 86 196 105 131 8

I. Observes; considers (2 wds.) — 81 98 192 3 138 166 126

J. Where Portia thinks young Falconbridge bought his behavior (*Merchant of Venice*, I,ii) — 7 132 178 84 150 36 68 17 / 189 22

K. German-born American (1763–1848) who arrived penniless in the U.S. and later became fabulously wealthy — 44 116 25 88 136

L. Title of Chapter 14 in *Moby-Dick* — 65 129 102 13 137 94 173 48 / 27

M. Having an animating effect — 97 197 159 183 37 47 114 4 / 45

N. Cap. of Gard dept., S. France — 18 71 90 58 21

O. What Carl Hubell and Willie Mays were — 73 154 85 99 115 172

P. Tendencies; drifts; rotations — 170 193 62 55 179

Q. Tending to excite unrestrained emotion — 168 188 198 54 95 35 134 165 / 177

R. Frankfurters — 60 93 46 155 187 52 77

S. Foster; hearten; support — 34 92 149 108 83 194 163 66 / 152

T. Rhizome — 112 76 50 139 31 38 185 195 / 63

U. In disrepair; unsuitable; not according to rules (3 wds.) — 121 9 164 181 110 117 184 143 / 190 176

V. Unit of capacitance — 109 158 70 142 103

W. Limits — 28 61 51 119 123 113

X. Obliquely — 69 78 43 171 167 146 133

Y. Polishing — 120 80 153 169 30 57 56

Z. Out of the ordinary; odd; unconventional — 156 87 160 104 125 32 147 24 / 10

Z1. Remove by cutting (2 wds.) — 122 145 186 5 180 174

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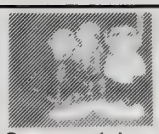
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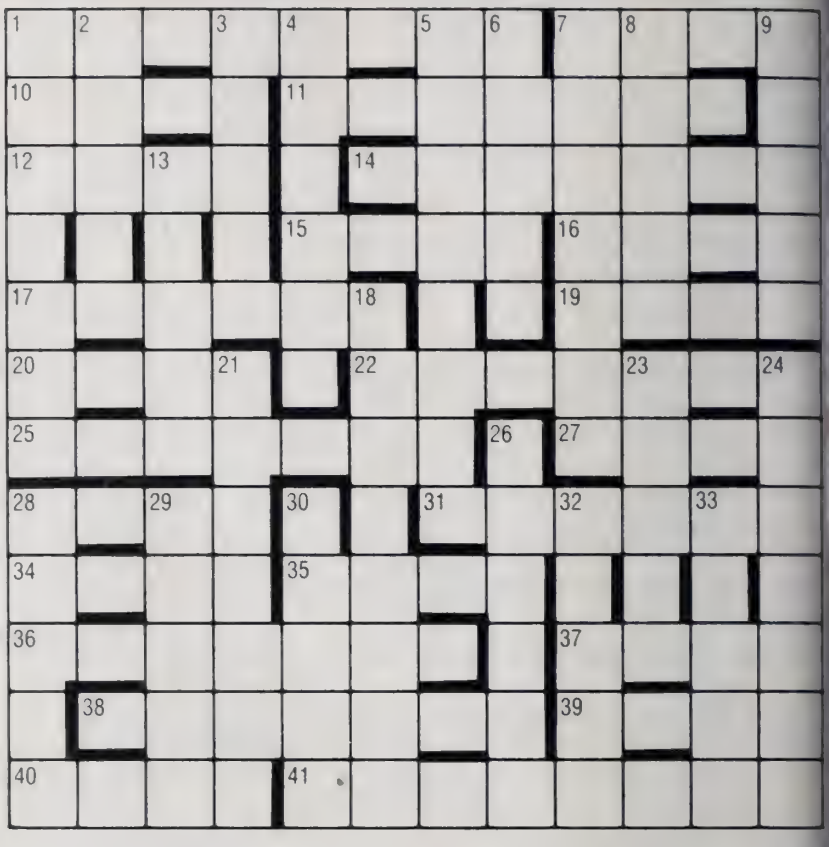
PUZZLE

Superfluities

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Be prepared to follow instructions to the letter. Each clue contains one superfluous word, located anywhere at all in the clue. Remove it and the clue will be complete as a clue (though it may not remain grammatically defensible). However, the solver will find that none of the clue answers will fit in the diagram, because of length or other discrepancies . . . and may therefore suspect that the extra word is not superfluous after all. (All diagram entries are words, however.)

Clue answers include four proper names, and an uncommon word (35A). Diagram entries include three proper names, one of them uncommon (37A), and other uncommon words at 20A, 22A, and 13D. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 74.



Across

1. Pleading a muscular problem, boots bum goal (7)
7. The crew is informed after second shifts (4)
10. Notate interpretative ledger which holds back raise? (8)
11. Nin licenses "raveled sleave" (6)
12. No banal hot rock is brought back by Funicello's co-star (6)
14. Go elsewhere, Marie—get gout doctors (8)
15. Unmarried woman departs . . . men around to help (6)
16. Warrant officer, North's attaché, turned over at this point in time (3)
17. Stages of development seen in climber ascending Andes (4)
19. One hears golf supports cute flirt (5)
20. Don't allow con to overturn arrest (3)
22. Provoke pronounced, rounder climax (5)
25. Insults rousted guest or a bum (8)
27. He's no good, lending resistance after copper appears (3)
28. Customs heading off scrape with philosophers (5)
31. Herb and I getting bashed around church building (8)
34. This is nonsense: Conservative bank upset . . . (5)
35. . . . insiders beginning to utilize old note (2)
36. Affronted, rebuff a bleeding heart's story (5)
37. Clay once made of tin, aluminum, and iodine (3)
38. To contemplate meat diet upset baronet (8)
39. Waxed gloss now so faint (5)
40. Look like, for instance, Earl Turner (4)
41. Object Rasputin destroyed in night (5)

Down

1. Bounder left in lead position (5)
2. Sharp cleaver cleaves heartlessly (6)
3. Reds detoured Crimean's cargoes (8)
4. Made sheep braised? Bedlam could result (6)
5. Doubles Georgia digs for girls on the street (7)
6. Sluggish and patient, six in bout to study hard (6)
7. Recluse mistaken, compromising the crime (8)
8. Inform long-hair the article is comprehended by me (4)
9. Mover checks stocks (5)
13. Algerian port tending to be two-thirds citrus (4)
18. Non-religious converts padded curse about Los Angeles (7)
21. One of Caesar's enemies detailed part of Seneca's cabal (5)
23. Five out of ten quit disturbed parent (7)
24. A member, upset, glowered over can of light dessert (7)
26. Concludes five bucks covers one indisposed lady (8)
28. Homosexual stopped military plot (4)
29. Sometimes he's putting lout back to whip again? (6)
30. Sad news: intruder attacked by dog following ring (4)
32. Not quite the plush bottom lands for grazing (4)
33. Noël Coward dropping guard . . . only left officer (7)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Superfluities," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the October issue. Winners of the June puzzle, "Eight to the Bar," are Howard M. Einspahr, Kalamazoo, Michigan; Geoff Haynes, Cardiff, Wales; and Tom O'Brien, Seattle, Washington.



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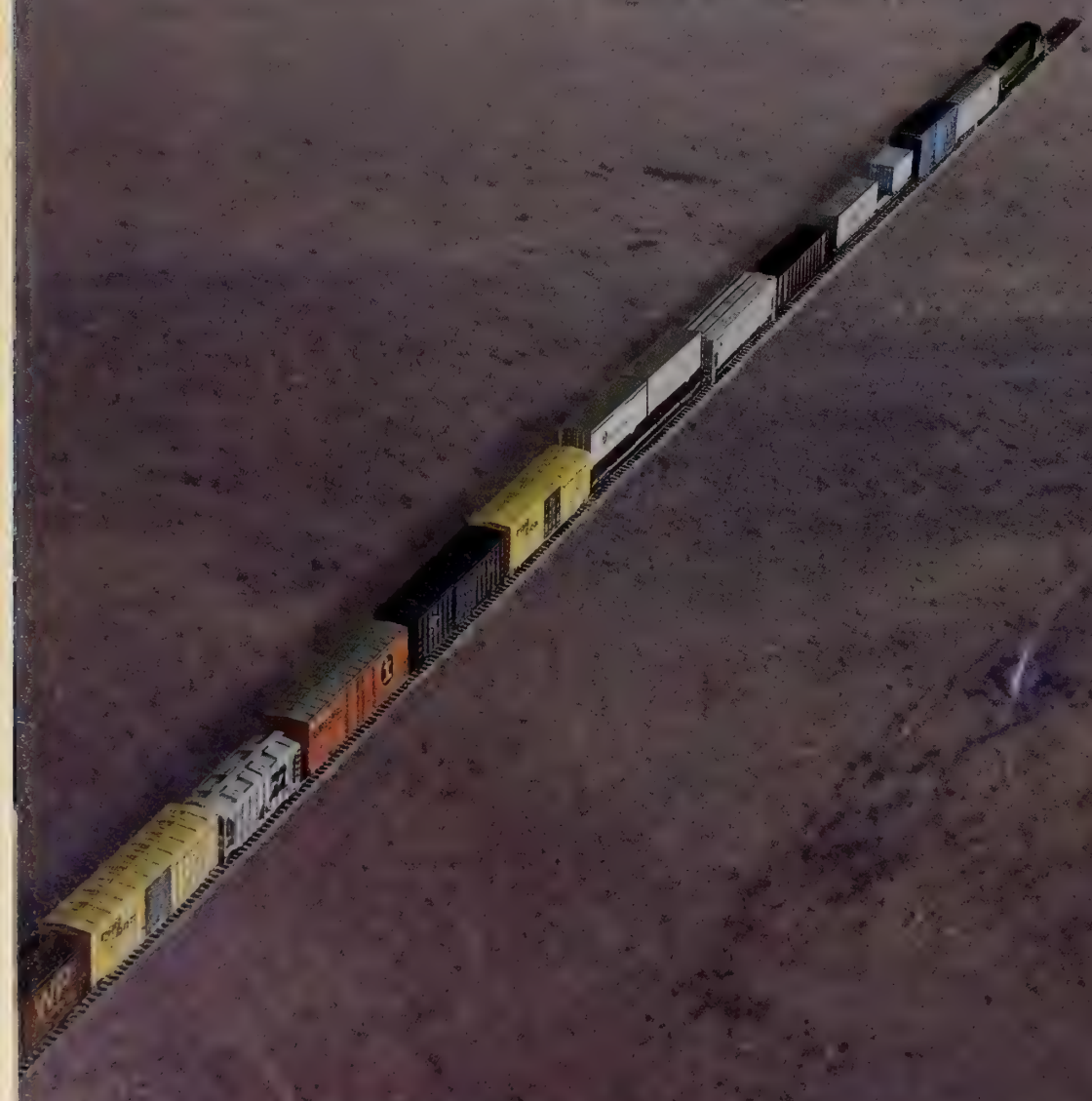
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Cover: Detail of a photograph by C. Patricia Williams

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Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Please send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (614) 383-3141, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. *Harper's Magazine* does not publish unsolicited poetry.

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LETTERS

The Story of a Story

I don't know what the view is from other planets, but I thought it customary here on earth to provide some sort of acknowledgment when deliberately incorporating another writer's work into one's own. Imagine my surprise, then, when I came across Lee K. Abbott's short story ["The View of Me From Mars," June], in which, for about a third of the story, the narrator purports to take his inspiration and subject from my story "Mirrors"—as well as paraphrasing, summarizing, and quoting directly from it. "Mirrors" was first published in *Epoch* in 1975 and again in 1984 as the first chapter of my novel *In Another Country* (Penguin Contemporary American Fiction series).

Let's face it, "Mirrors" is not so well known that the title alone suffices for full acknowledgment. Not to attribute authorship implies that the story within the story is as much a part of Abbott's fiction as the rest of "The View of Me From Mars." This view is fostered by Abbott's fictionalizing certain aspects of my story, such as moving the location from Ohio to "Iowa or Nebraska or Kansas," altering the girl's age, and furnishing background and reflection not found in the original. The most curious of these changes is the narrator's account of reading the story eighteen years ago, five years before "Mirrors" was actually published. These alterations do not obviate the necessity for attribution; they only blur the distinction between reality (that the story "Mirrors" actually does exist as a separate fictional entity) and fiction (that "Mirrors" is in all respects as Abbott's narrator remembers it).

But let's give everyone the benefit of the doubt, blur the line between fiction and reality even further, and assume that the explanation for the lack of attribution is that Abbott's memory is as vague as his narrator's about the details of where and when he first read the story. Still, it would have been easy to add the statement "by an author whose name I can't remember and couldn't find when I tried to look it up." Though such obscurity might have appeared somewhat uncomplimentary to me, and marred what was probably intended as the sincerest form of flattery, I would have preferred it to the resulting ambiguity.

Susan Kenney
Waterville, Me.

Lee K. Abbott responds:

I take this issue of artistic responsibility as seriously as Susan Kenney does. First, however, let me note that I did not write "The View of Me From Mars" to flatter Kenney; rather, I wrote it to honor the connection that is sometimes made between story and reader, author and audience, writer and character—a connection Kenney's work made with me about

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

o years ago when a friend loaned
her novel *In Another Country*.
nically, and unhappily, I read only
ew pages of "Mirrors"; I stopped af-
the title is explained, completely
isfied that Kenney had said, clev-
y and accurately, all there was to
ow about these people and their
uation.

I do not know how my story came
be. The first sentence appeared
ite out of the blue, in the language
d personality of a narrator alien to
. He had been moved by "Mirrors"
d aimed to tell the world how.
as, he told it badly: he set it in the
ong state, changed ages, provided
oments that had not occurred at
. Finally I wrote more about his
action than about the story itself
which is largely the point about a
aracter like him.

Nevertheless, mindful of Kenney's
ork I sought to acknowledge my in-
btedness by mentioning the title
d putting in quotation marks any
nguage I feared might have come
om her text. I did not say the story
as mine, nor did I wish to imply it.
it neither did I intend my story to
anything so modern as fiction
out fiction: I did—and this seems
ucial to our debate—intend mine
be a story, reverential in the main,
out fiction's vital importance to re-
ity. No tricks were played, no de-
it practiced, for there is too much
stake in story writing to do either.

Before I mailed the story, I "tried it
it" on two writer-friends, one of
hom was familiar with "Mirrors."
No problem," they each said. I won-
ered if other works of fiction had
ursued a similar strategy; I sought
nalogues in E.L. Doctorow's *Rag-
me*, Woody Allen's *What's Up Ti-
r Lily?* and Truman Capote's *In
old Blood*, among others—all of
hich I imagined might be fitting
xamples for the architecture I had
dopted. I thought of dedicating my
ory to Kenney, but in the end de-
ded that I didn't want that distrac-
on. I even had her name in one
raft but decided that such specific-
y seemed inconsistent with my
haracter.

I can see now that I have not done
nough. Accordingly and respectful-
y, I offer apologies to Kenney (and

You deserve to know the facts about. . .

Mubarak Awad

Was Israel justified in expelling him?

For the last few months, there have been almost daily stories about Mubarak Awad, an American citizen of Arab-Palestinian heritage. The Israeli government expelled Awad and returned him to his adopted country—the United States. Our government has taken interest in the case and has expressed its concern to Israel about this matter. It's easy to get confused.

What are the facts?

■ Mubarak Awad is an Arab, born in the eastern sector of Jerusalem. In 1969, Awad emigrated to the United States and became an American citizen by naturalization. Israeli law stipulates that a non-citizen resident who lives outside the area for seven years loses his resident status. Availing himself of his U.S. citizenship, Awad started making periodic visits to Israel. During his sojourns as a "tourist" and under the cover of his U.S. citizenship, Awad organized the "Palestine Center for the Study of Non-Violence." That organization promotes general civil rebellion of the Arab population of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza.

■ Having exhausted the forbearance of the Israeli authorities, the government of Israel decided to expel him and to send him back to the United States, of which he is a citizen. One basic attribute of sovereignty is that a nation can determine which foreigners may or may not reside in its country. It's a sovereign country's prerogative to expel anybody whom they consider undesirable; and they, of course, have to be the judges as to who is and who is not undesirable. The United States routinely refuses entry into the country to those whose political activities we think of as being contrary to our interests. Until recently, we even barred those whose sexual orientation did not conform to the norm. And we routinely expel those who are here illegally, or who are engaged in activities that are contrary to the interests of our country.

■ How then can the Israeli government possibly be faulted for expelling Awad? They would have been quite within their rights not to allow him to enter the country in the first place. But they allowed him to stay and expelled him ultimately only after he emerged as one of the top leaders of the current Arab uprising against Israeli authority.

■ Those who are determined to bestow the mantle of martyrdom on Mubarak Awad call him an "apostle of non-violence" and compare him to Gandhi and Martin Luther King. But the reality is quite different. Dr. King deeply loved America and tried to strengthen it through his campaign of non-violence. By explicitly supporting the terrorist PLO, by declaring violence to be a legitimate means of advancing Palestinian political goals, by viewing non-violence as a tactical complement to violence in the Palestinian uprising, and by subscribing to the PLO's concept of "armed struggle" and to the ultimate liquidation of Israel, he revealed himself as what he really is: a revolutionary to whom "non-violence" is only one of many revolutionary weapons.

■ As Americans we must be particularly concerned about Awad's misuse of his American citizenship. In becoming an American citizen, he took an oath to forswear all foreign allegiances and to reside permanently in the United States. He clearly broke his oath on at least those two counts. Before the Israeli Supreme Court, he declared that he had used his "American citizenship and passport solely for bureaucratic reasons of convenience, without attaching any importance and weight whatsoever," and that he "viewed Jerusalem as his place of residence, always." He made statements to the same effect on the MacNeil/Lehrer Report of Tuesday, June 14. Mubarak Awad treated the priceless gift of American citizenship with disdain and cynically used it for his political purposes and his foreign entanglements. How fortunate for Awad that we Americans are such good-natured, forgiving and patient people! Any other country would at the very least have stripped him of the citizenship that he had acquired by swearing falsely and with the obligations of which he never intended to comply.

It is clear that Israel was totally within its rights to expel Mubarak Awad, a rabble-rouser who used the cover of his U.S. citizenship to foment revolution in Israel and in the territories administered by Israel. Israel would have been fully justified in expelling him summarily. But they gave him every legal opportunity to have the expulsion order rescinded. Awad's assumed role as a latter-day Gandhi or Martin Luther King is a sham. Disregarding all other aspects of this case, his true personality is revealed in his cynical misuse of his American citizenship.

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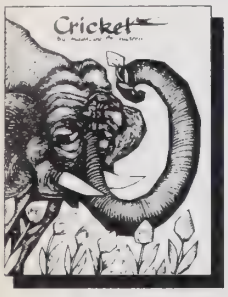
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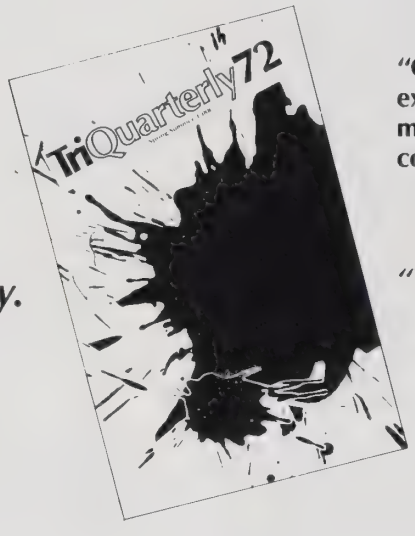
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to the readers of *Harper's Magazin* for my naïveté.

Lapham's Israel

Lewis Lapham has written a vig ously pro-Israel column in the Ju issue ["The Road to Shaaraim"].

Those who are truly concerned t the future of Israel and the Jewi people, including many Jews like m self, will recognize that criticizing rael's current imperialist and rac policies can only be constructive. every Jew should know, such polic don't work. If they did, the Je would have been wiped out centur ago. What's amazing is that Hen Kissinger and other advocates realpolitik miss that point. For ther brutality is its own reward. But t future lasts a long time, and the f ture of Israel and the Jews cannot secured by imitating losers.

R.M. Koster
Miami, Fla.

I was struck by the banality of Le is Lapham's diatribe against Israe Given the sea of ink that has be devoted to the Palestinian uprising Lapham should recognize the des ability of saying something origin Instead, he reiterates the usu gripes: the press is biased in Israe favor, and America needs reconsider its moral and econom support for Israel.

I suggest that editors ban the use the past tense in articles about t Middle East. Surely, we have hea enough about the wrongs visited each side against the other witho bringing the Bible into it. A mo useful discussion would be to propo workable solutions.

Gail Dreyfuss
Madison, Wis.

I was extremely disappointed the June Notebook. It's not Lev Lapham's citing of some indefensib events that took place during Israe sometimes fumbled response to t Palestinian revolt that I object t Rather, it is his abdication of an i formed intellectual stance in favor a narrow view. Lapham exhibits su

gross disregard for history when nsidering the region's recent ents that his essay seems naive and sterical in its name-calling.

His limited opinions will persuade one to reevaluate his or her posi-n. Does he expect any of the twen-odd Arab nations currently in a te of war with Israel to abruptly de-re peace? Or does he expect the y percentage of the Israeli popula-n that lives in the administered ritories to suddenly see the folly of ir ways and unilaterally move out?

wrence Fast
llette, N.J.

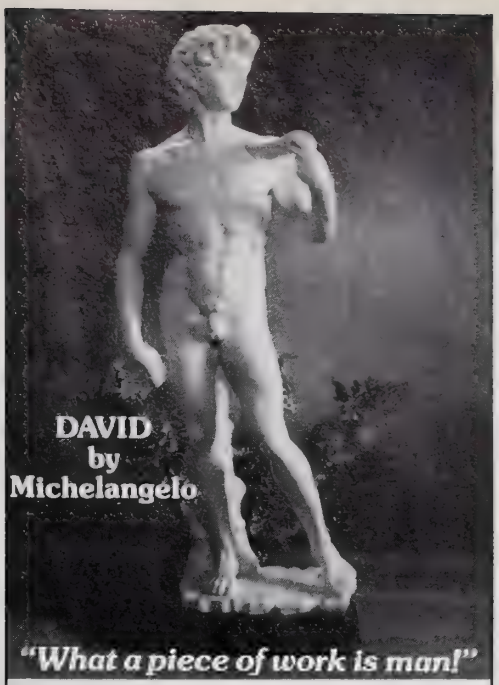
he Competition

I am up here in the idyllic sur-undings of the Catskill Mountains th 500 manuscripts to read for a ajor magazine's fiction contest. Oc-sionally I allow myself a modest eak from caring for my child and ading the stories (the last one of nich involved a conversation be-een two cadavers in the hands of umsy medical students). And so it as to *Harper's Magazine* that I rned for intellectual sustenance d diversion, a respite from pages d pages of fiction that all too often gin: "The sunlight seared my eye-lls as the telephone thundered into y sleep. 'Damn,' I said."

I found myself immediately ab-rbed in "America Competes," the ort story by Allan Gurganus [July]. hen I read how the intrepid author the Jenny the Wren classics dis-vered poor Kermit Waley, the con-st judge, in his hideaway, I began sweat. Now I live in fear that an thor in my magazine's competi-on—most likely the one whose sto- begins, "Minutely buttocked and icroscopically bosomed Ophelia E. verheart"—will discover that *I* am judge and that *I can be found.*

On a good day I would have only raise for "America Competes." But y magazine has just asked me to ke on another 500 manuscripts, nd the very prospect has reduced me a state no mother of an eleven-nonth-old should be found in.

arbara Bedway
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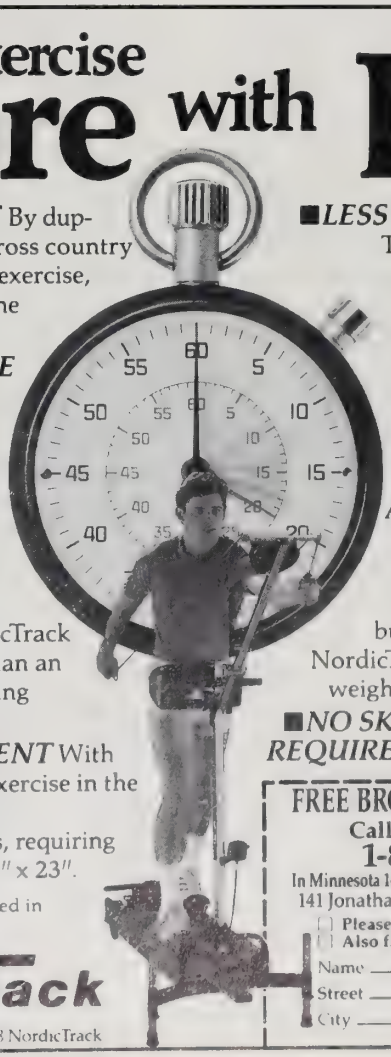
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NOTEBOOK

Leviathan in trouble

By Lewis H. Lapham

Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back.

—John Maynard Keynes

During the summer of a presidential campaign the national media abandon themselves to their passion—always present but not always so rapturously expressed—for the American national security state. In story after story and newscast after newscast, as incessantly as the cicadas singing in the acacia trees, the media murmur their anthem of praise to the great and inexpressible power likely to shift, like the golden serpent in Apollo's golden cave, on the morning of November 8.

The intensity of the current belief in the power of the sovereign state would have surprised even so practiced a skeptic as George Orwell. Never mind that the belief bears little or no resemblance to the facts, or that the witnesses to the revelation might as well be testifying to their faith in the wizardry of elves. Never mind that the genius of twentieth-century technology has rendered the pretensions to nineteenth-century empire as defunct as General George Custer. The authors of the country's news wish to believe in the existence of a state sufficiently omnipotent to see the world as a reflection of itself and to change the singing of insects into a stately music for stringed instruments and drums.

Ever since World War II it has been customary to believe that the world is held in thrall by Leviathan. Grotesque bureaucracies in six or seven cities presumably make all the decisions of consequence. The poor, helpless sap of an individual doesn't stand a chance against the omnipotence and implacable inhumanity of the modern state. Orwell had said so, and so had Kafka; Henry Kissinger believed them, and so did three generations of English professors.

As the reader no doubt will remember from English 104, Orwell's satirical novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four* presupposed a world divided between three totalitarian states, each of them imposing on its subject population the conditions normal to a penal colony. The food was bad; so was the water and the conversation. Nobody was permitted to think, make love, or take notes.

So omnipotent had these states become, so efficient and sure-handed in the techniques of oppression, that no mere individual would dare to commit an act of the imagination. The reigning despots presided over bureaucracies so perfect that they could make both time and the world stand still.

But in the world outside the wall of words, the Orwellian portrait bears so little resemblance to the prevailing facts that, were it not taken so seriously by the keepers of the American conscience, it might be seen as the satire that Orwell intended.

For some years now this literary revelation has failed to correspond to the text of events. Although the news apparently hasn't been widely circulated among the American political cadres, it isn't as if anybody has been trying to withhold classified information. Within the last generation, the Chinese have endured at least two revolutions, the Soviets have been put to considerable trouble and expense to preserve the semblance of empire, and the Americans have failed to impose their theory of democracy on a single one of the Central American States.

Even within the precincts of Washington, the federal government h trouble enforcing the disciplines the national security state. On Ca itol Hill a House subcommittee la year held hearings at which tw prominent American corporatio (General Motors and General Ele tric) sought permission to negotia their own treaties with the Sovi Union. Both companies manufactu communications satellites, but th United States at present cannot pr vide them with a means of lifting th satellites into space. The Sovi Union, however, offers launchings o seven different types of rockets prices as reasonable as $30 millio and the American companies wishe to sign contracts and entrust their sa ellites to the engineers at Tyuratam Soviet Kazakhstan.

American law forbids the hiring Soviet space vehicles, on the groun that the practice might compromi the nation's security. Both G.M. an G.E. dismissed the objection as jing istic nonsense and asked that th State Department rescind the la Their executives argued, in effec that the American government ob structs the free expression of free en terprise. Besides, they said, if the postpone deployment of commerci satellites, they will lose the busine to the Japanese or the French.

Their testimony suggested that th United States now stands in the sam relation to its larger corporations the United Nations stands in relatio to the United States—i.e., that th smaller and more coherent pow (I.B.M., say, or Mobil) consents the fictional dominion of the nom nally larger but more diffuse pow (the United States) in return for th right to do as it damn well pleases.

By sapping the authority of the cen tralized state, the new technologi have shifted the locus of decisive ac tion to the more modest concentr

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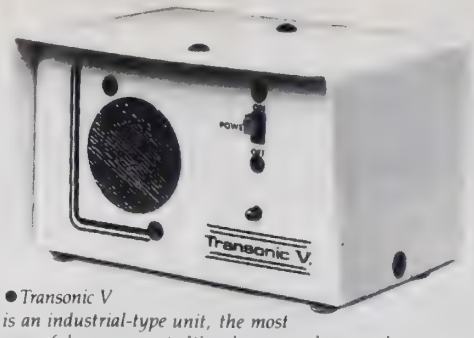
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tions of intellect and will. The smaller organisms can be defined the transnational corporation, as t merchant city-state (Singapo Taiwan, Hong Kong), as milita causes (the PLO or the IRA), even individuals as intransigent as Man Noriega or Muammar Qaddafi. Isra tank commanders, Colombian dr dealers, African despots, Turkish sassins, and Lebanese terrorists— these unlicensed individuals blith carry on their wars and *coups d'é* without receiving so much as a wr ten excuse from the faculty deans Washington, Beijing, or Moscow. yet nobody has drawn a map that flects the new order, but if someb were to do so, I suspect that it wo look more like medieval France th nineteenth-century Europe.

Despite the systems of mode communications (or perhaps beca of them), the hierarchies of inter tional capitalism resemble the feu arrangements under which an Itali noble might swear fealty to a Germ prince, or a Norman duke decl himself the vassal of an English ki The lords and barons of the transn tional corporation become lieges the larger fiefs and holding com nies, owing their allegiance less t government (any government) th to Sony or McDonnell Douglas Citicorp. It is the company that p their pensions, insures their liv bestows on them their titles a badges of identity.

The frontiers run between mark and spheres of commercial inter not along the boundaries of sovere states. If a company is large enou and rich enough (commanding ass worth several billion dollars and e ploying more people than lived fourteenth-century Venice), the co pany, of necessity, conducts its o foreign policy. In part this is beca the nation-state can make good or few of its promises.

What nation can defend its bord against disease, ballistic missiles, drug trade, or the transmission of s versive images? What nation can h harmless its air or its water against acid rain drifting east across Can or the radioactive cloud blowing w from Chernobyl? What nation protect its currency against predat

eculations on the world's money arkets?

Central bankers returning from road wish they could find even a rap of evidence for Orwell's theo- tical stasis. They talk instead about e chaotic entangling of the interna- nal lines of trade and credit, about e aboriginal bankrupts of the Third orld holding the civilized banks stage like so many missionaries sit- g in cannibal pots. In the sciences, e news is the same. The correspon- nts on the frontiers—of physics, of ology, of astronomy, of genetics— eak of violent revolution, of funda- ental changes following so fast, one on the other, that nobody can con- ive of a reality so tidy as Orwell's talitarian housing development.

Even within the arena of American olitics, where the sorrowing profes- rs find all too many proofs of the Or- ellian truths, the levers of power fall to the hands of men from nowhere, ho, like Presidents Carter and Rea- n, mount their campaigns on little ore than ideological enthusiasm, e sweetness of a voice, or the ear- estness of a smile. In this year's emocratic primaries Michael Duka- s represented a constituency not uch larger than his own ambition, nd Jesse Jackson cast himself as the ader of a Third World nation that appens to be located within the oundaries of the continental United ates. He appears before the faithful an American Nkrumah or shombe, a charismatic figure in a sa- ri suit embracing Yassir or Fidel, aking overtures to Syria and the andinistas not on behalf of the Unit- d States but on behalf of the imagi- ary state of *l'Amérique Noire*.

Why then, against the evidence ailable on any city street, do the in- llectual classes insist on the dark nd terrible beauty of Orwell's ico- graphy? Partly, I suspect, it is be- use *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is one of e few books that the schools forced n two generations of recruits to the nners of the Cold War. It is also kely that the Orwellian state repre- nts, although unfortunately in a align form, a view of the world so tisfying to the literary and political ind, in which words take prece- ence over things. ■

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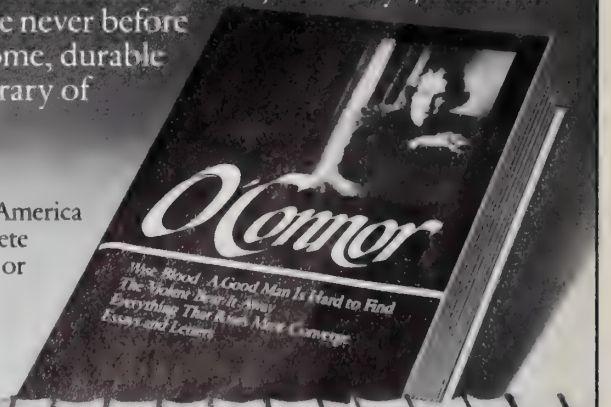
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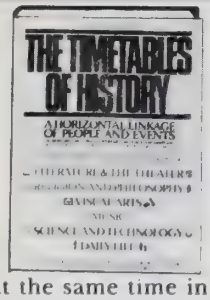
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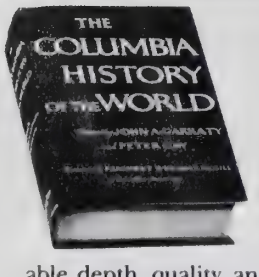
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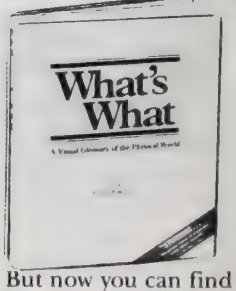
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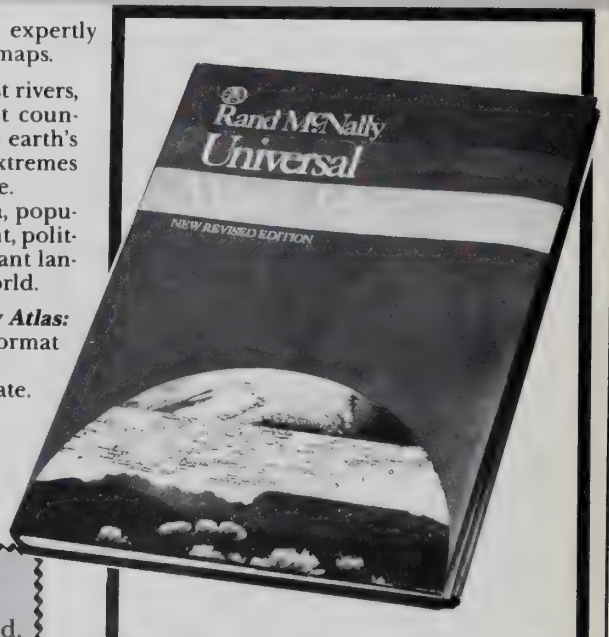
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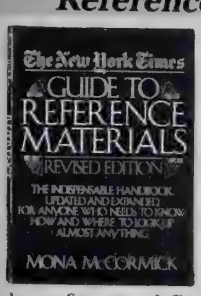
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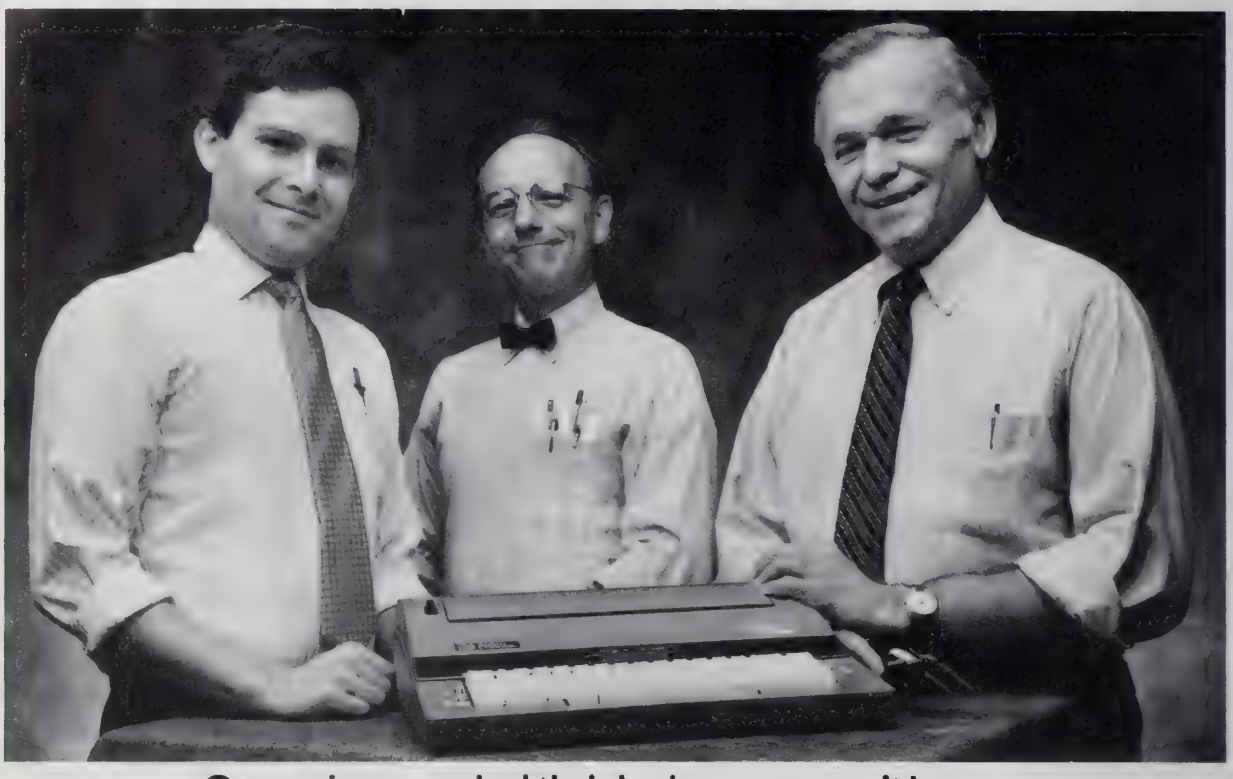
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HARPER'S INDEX

Amount the Justice Department has spent to prosecute the Iran-*contra* case : $7,792,849
Amount the government spent to protect Oliver North during last year's congressional hearings : $1,200,000
Amount the four Iran-*contra* defendants allegedly diverted to the *contras* : $3,800,000
Amount the federal government paid outside consultants last year : $4,100,000,000
Number of Salvadorans killed by death squads in 1987 : 24
In the first six months of 1988 : 35
Percentage of Americans who say that El Salvador's government is a pro-Soviet regime : 35
Number of months it took Ronald Reagan to read Mikhail Gorbachev's book *Perestroika* : 6
Number of lines in Ronald Reagan's entry in the 1988–89 edition of *Who's Who* : 8
Number of lines in Nancy Reagan's : 24
In George Bush's : 14
Percentage of Texas voters who say they do not consider George Bush "a real Texan" : 57
Percentage of all voters who had an unfavorable opinion of George Bush in July 1988 : 40
Percentage of voters who had an unfavorable opinion of Walter Mondale in July 1984 : 29
Number of Democratic National Committee staffers whose job title is Press Office Liaison to Celebrities : 1
Rank of Princess Di, Bruce Willis, and Michael J. Fox in number of magazine cover appearances last year : 1,2,3
Number of the nine athletes that have appeared most frequently on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* who are white : 5
Number of major league baseball games that were rained out in the first half of the 1987 season : 18
In the first half of the 1988 season : 31
Projected decrease in government subsidies that will be paid this year to farmers : $7,000,000,000
Projected increase in government payments to farmers this year for drought relief : $7,000,000,000
Portion of all U.S. cropland that the government pays farmers not to plant each year : 1/4
Ratio of new square feet of shopping center to births in the United States since 1986 : 54:1
Reported cases of toothbrush swallowing in Durham, North Carolina, since 1981 : 4
Cases in all of medical literature : 31
Average number of years that an American spends looking for misplaced objects, in the course of a lifetime : 1
Average number of months that an American spends waiting for red lights to change, in the course of a lifetime : 6
Members of Loners on Wheels, a recreational-vehicle singles club : 3,025
Amount Ravalli County, Montana, fined itself after one of its truck drivers committed a loading violation : $350
Amount paid to local attorneys hired to prosecute and defend the county : $1,175
Average fine in Bavaria, West Germany, for calling a traffic officer a *damischer Bulle* (stupid bull) : $1,710
For calling a traffic officer a *Stinkstiefel* (smelly boot) : $51
Average number of days a West German man goes without changing his underwear : 7
Number of West Berlin prostitutes the government has placed in other lines of work : 60
Number of condoms the rock group Poison will bring on its 1988 U.S. tour : 1,367
Number of band-aids : 2,482
Number of the 10,182 supermarket products introduced last year that were condiments : 1,367
That were health and beauty items : 2,039
Amount the Reverend Al Sharpton spends on hair care each year at PrimaDonna beauty salon in Brooklyn : $1,910
Melting point of Dippity-do : 122° F

Figures cited are the latest available as of July 1988. Sources are listed on page 76.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

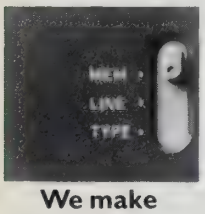
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READINGS

[Essay]

ARE THE HOMELESS CRAZY?

From "Distancing the Homeless," by Jonathan Kozol, in the Winter 1988 issue of the Yale Review. *Kozol's most recent book is* Rachel and Her Children. *He lives in Massachusetts.*

It is commonly believed by many journalists and politicians that the homeless of America are, in large part, former patients of large mental hospitals who were deinstitutionalized in the 1970s—the consequence, it is sometimes said, of misguided liberal opinion that favored the treatment of such persons in community-based centers. It is argued that this policy, and the subsequent failure of society to build such centers or to provide them in sufficient number, is the primary cause of homelessness in the United States.

Those who work among the homeless do not find that explanation satisfactory. While conceding that a certain number of the homeless are or have been mentally unwell, they believe that, in the case of most unsheltered people, the primary reason is economic rather than clinical. The cause of homelessness, they say with disarming logic, is the lack of homes and of income with which to rent or acquire them.

They point to the loss of traditional jobs in industry (2 million every year since 1980) and to the fact that half of those who are laid off end up in work that pays a poverty-level wage. They point out that since 1968 the number of children living in poverty has grown by 3 million, while welfare benefits to families with children have declined by 35 percent.

And they note, too, that these developments have occurred during a time in which the shortage of low-income housing has intensified as the gentrification of our major cities has accelerated. Half a million units of low-income housing are lost each year to condominium conversion as well as to arson, demolition, or abandonment. Between 1978 and 1980, median rents climbed 30 percent for people in the lowest income sector, driving many of these families into the streets. Since 1980, rents have risen at even faster rates.

Hard numbers, in this instance, would appear to be of greater help than psychiatric labels in telling us why so many people become homeless. Eight million American families now use half or more of their income to pay their rent or mortgage. At the same time, federal support for low-income housing dropped from $30 billion (1980) to $7.5 billion (1988). Under Presidents Ford and Carter, 500,000 subsidized private housing units were constructed. By President Reagan's second term, the number had dropped to 25,000.

In our rush to explain the homeless as a psychiatric problem even the words of medical practitioners who care for homeless people have been curiously ignored. A study published by the Massachusetts Medical Society, for instance, has noted that, with the exceptions of alcohol and drug use, the most frequent illnesses among a sample of the homeless population were trauma (31 percent), upper-respiratory disorders (28 percent), limb disorders (19 percent), mental illness (16 percent), skin diseases

(15 percent), hypertension (14 percent), and neurological illnesses (12 percent). Why, we may ask, of all these calamities, does mental illness command so much political and press attention? The answer may be that the label of mental illness places the destitute outside the sphere of ordinary life. It personalizes an anguish that is public in its genesis; it individualizes a misery that is both general in cause and general in application.

There is another reason to assign labels to the destitute and single out mental illness from among their many afflictions. All these other problems—tuberculosis, asthma, scabies, diarrhea, bleeding gums, impacted teeth, etc.—bear no stigma, and mental illness does. It conveys a stigma in the United States. It conveys a stigma in the Soviet Union as well. In both nations the label is used, whether as a matter of deliberate policy or not, to isolate and treat as special cases those who, by deed or word or by sheer presence, represent a threat to national complacence. The two situations are obviously not identical, but they are enough alike to give Americans reason for concern.

The notion that the homeless are largely psychotics who belong in institutions, rather than victims of displacement at the hands of enterprising realtors, spares us from the need to offer realistic solutions to the deep and widening extremes of wealth and poverty in the United States. It also enables us to tell ourselves that the despair of homeless people bears no intimate connection to the privileged existence we enjoy—when, for example, we rent or purchase one of those restored town houses that once provided shelter for people now huddled in the street.

What is to be made, then, of the supposition that the homeless are primarily the former residents of mental hospitals, persons who were carelessly released during the 1970s? Many of them are, to be sure. Among the older men and women in the streets and shelters, as many as one-third (some believe as many as one-half) may be chronically disturbed, and a number of these people were deinstitutionalized during the 1970s. But to operate on that assumption in a city such as New York—where nearly half the homeless are small children whose average age is six—makes no sense. Their parents, with an average age of twenty-seven, are not likely to have been hospitalized in the 1970s, either.

A frequently cited set of figures tells us that in 1955 the average daily census of non-federal psychiatric institutions was 677,000, and that by 1984 the number had dropped to 151,000. But these people didn't go directly from a hospital room to the street. The bulk of those who had been psychiatric patients and were released from hospitals during the 1960s and early 1970s had been living in low-income housing, many in skid-row hotels or boardinghouses. Such housing—commonly known as SRO (single-room occupancy) units—was drastically diminished by the gentrification of our cities that began in the early '70s. Almost 50 percent of SRO housing was replaced by luxury apartments or office buildings between 1970 and 1980, and the remaining units have been disappearing even more rapidly.

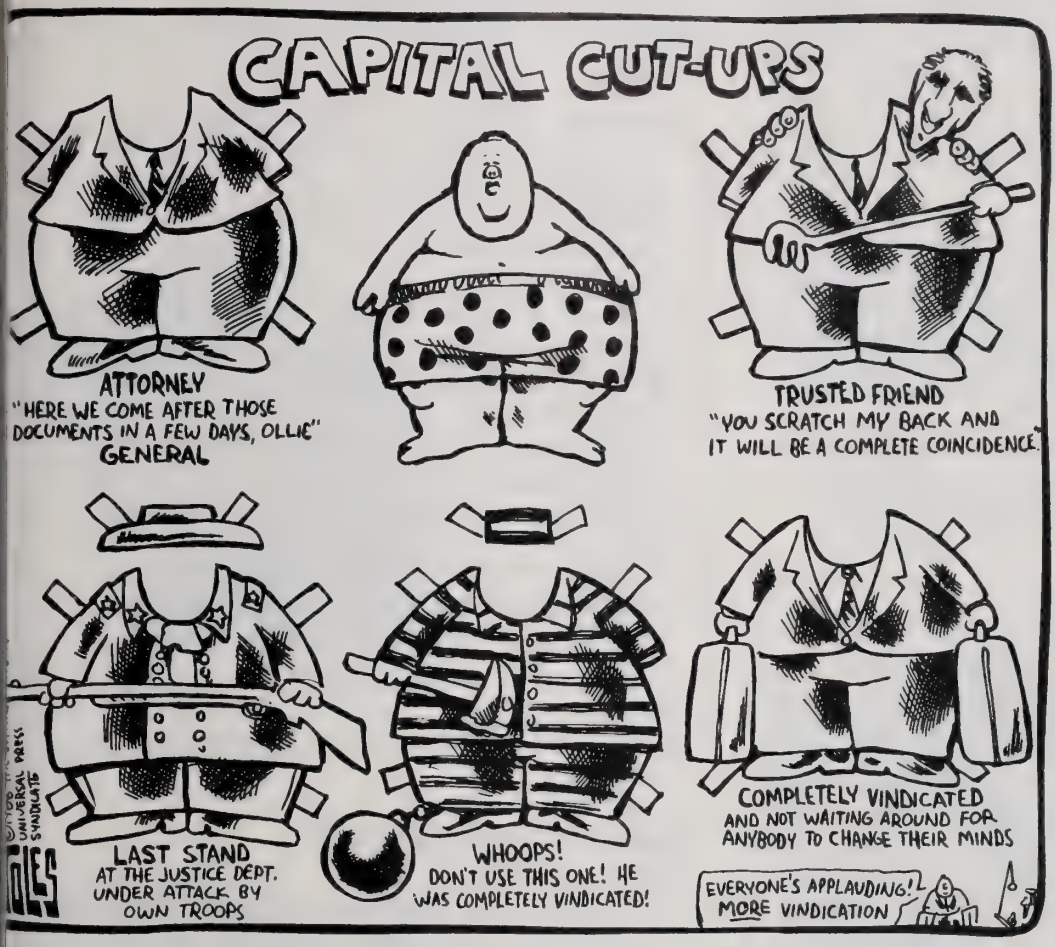
Even for those persons who are ill and were deinstitutionalized during the decades before 1980, the precipitating cause of homelessness in 1987 is not illness but loss of housing. SRO housing offered low-cost sanctuaries for the homeless, providing a degree of safety and mutual support for those who lived within them. They were a demeaning version of the community health centers that society had promised; they were the de facto "halfway houses" of the 1970s. For these people too—at most half of the homeless single persons in America—the cause of homelessness is lack of housing.

Even in those cases where mental instability is apparent, homelessness itself is often the precipitating factor. For example, many pregnant women without homes are denied prenatal care because they constantly travel from one shelter to another. Many are anemic. Many are denied essential dietary supplements by recent federal cuts. As a consequence, some of their children do not live to see their second year of life. Do these mothers sometimes show signs of stress? Do they appear disorganized, depressed, disordered? Frequently. They are immobilized by pain, traumatized by fear. So it is no surprise that when researchers enter the scene to ask them how they "feel," the resulting reports tell us that the homeless are emotionally unwell. The reports do not tell us that we have *made* these people ill. They do not tell us that illness is a natural response to intolerable conditions. Nor do they tell us of the strength and the resilience that so many of these people retain despite the miseries they must endure.

A writer in the *New York Times* describes a homeless woman standing on a traffic island in Manhattan. "She was evicted from her small room in the hotel just across the street," and she is determined to get revenge. Until she does, "nothing will move her from that spot. . . . Her argumentativeness and her angry fixation on revenge, along with the apparent absence of hallucinations, mark her as a paranoid." Most physicans, I imagine, would be more reserved in passing judgment with so little evidence, but this reporter makes his diagnosis without hesitation. "The paranoids of the street," he says, "are

[Cartoon]

THE LAST MEESE CARTOON



From the Buffalo News.

among the most difficult to help."

Perhaps so. But does it depend on who is offering the help? Is anyone offering to help this woman get back her home? Is it crazy to seek vengeance for being thrown into the street? The absence of anger, some psychiatrists believe, might indicate much greater illness.

"No one will be turned away," says the mayor of New York City, as hundreds of young mothers with their infants are turned from the doors of shelters season after season. That may sound to some like a denial of reality. "Now you're hearing all kinds of horror stories," says the President of the United States as he denies that anyone is cold or hungry or unhoused. On another occasion he says that the unsheltered "are homeless, you might say, by choice." That sounds every bit as self-deceiving.

The woman standing on the traffic island screaming for revenge until her room has been restored to her sounds relatively healthy by comparison. If 3 million homeless people did the same, and all at the same time, we might finally be forced to listen.

[Dress Code]

LEAVE YOUR FUR AT THE DOOR

From the Mumford High School Dress Code. These regulations will go into effect at the Detroit high school this fall.

A materialistic society that ascribes higher status to monetary symbols than to intellectual prowess has produced a generation of misguided youth. In the city of Detroit, the teenage quest for an illusion of wealth has resulted in a high dropout rate, a pervasive drug subculture, a staggering crime rate, and a level of academic achievement far below the national norm.

In high schools, this lust for money and its perceived power poses a formidable threat to teaching and learning. Misdirected students preen about, modeling flashy, expensive clothing and exerting little energy in their academic pursuits. At the same time, many students feel

humiliated, intimidated, or alienated if they do not possess these accoutrements. Consequently, the school climate is fraught with conflict over superficial, frivolous, worldly goods.

In an effort to counteract and combat the current trend among youth to concentrate more on wearing apparel and less on scholarly endeavors, Mumford High School will institute a mandatory dress code.

NOT PERMITTED

Outer garments

Garments which are in style and may endanger the health and safety of students
Leather coats and jackets
Sheepskin or animal-hide coats and jackets
Fur coats and jackets
Coats and jackets with fur collars
Jogging suits

Below-the-waist apparel

Expensive gym shoes or boots with snakeskin, lizard skin, leather, or other ornaments
Jeans and slacks with noticeable decorative ornaments, such as leather, snakeskin, etc.
Skirts more than two inches above the knee
Shorts of any kind or length
Tight-fitting jeans and slacks
High heels that exceed two inches

Jewelry

Neckwear, bracelets: gold or gold-plated, silver or silver-plated precious metal chains and/or ropes
Rings: more than one ring per hand; any ring more than a half inch (vertically and horizontally)
Large belt buckles: designer or custom-made, snakeskin, alligator, lizard skin, or sealskin
Briefcases: designer or custom-made, snakeskin, alligator, lizard skin, or sealskin
Glasses: designer glasses, such as Cazal, Emanuelle, Kahn, etc.
Designer jeans or leather-style matching outfits

Above-the-waist and full-body apparel

Any hat, sweatshirt, T-shirt, or apparel printed with a vulgar or obscene statement related to the use of drugs and/or alcohol
Halter tops
Fishnet and other transparent garments
Half-shirts
Tank tops
Suede and leather tops
Dark-tinted glasses
Unbuttoned shirts and blouses
Sweatbands
Scarves worn around the head
Bib overalls (straps not connected and hanging loosely from shoulder)
Bedtime attire, such as rollers, pins, pajamas, and undershirts

[Invitation]

AN EVENING IN JAIL

From an invitation to a fund-raising event for the Bay Area Victim-Witness Centers.

Daniel B. Vasquez,
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[Commentary]

AGAINST HEALTH FASCISM

Excerpted from "Warning: Anti-Smoking Crusade Dangerous to Your Rights," in the May 20 issue of Workers Vanguard, *a Marxist biweekly published by the Spartacist League in New York City.*

In the past few months, an anti-smoking crusade has been rapidly gathering force. Smoking has been banned from all domestic flights of two hours or less. The Surgeon General has issued a scientifically dubious report declaring that smoking is an addiction. Buoyed by this report, municipalities across the country have passed anti-smoking laws. In New York City, a hotbed of the new health fascism, the Clean Indoor Air

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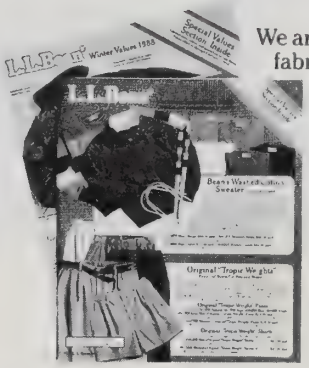


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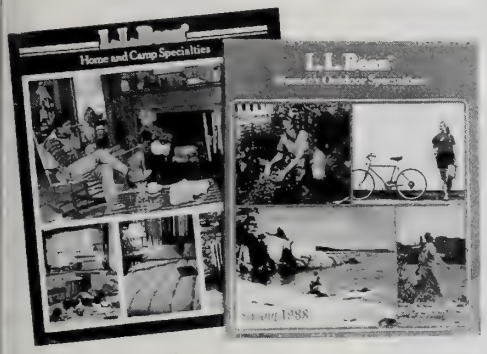
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Act outlaws smoking in practically every indoor area imaginable. "This is going to be one of the best self-enforced laws in the country," crowed the city's hysterical mayor, Ed Koch.

How grotesque. New York City currently leads the United States in carbon monoxide pollution, and barely missed forfeiting millions in federal aid for failing to meet the standards of the Clean Air Act. And they want to blame the smoker for the rotten air quality in the Big Apple! They're taking aim at cigarette vending machines and talking about licensing tobacco sellers. This is a move to enforce social conformity. Using the pretext that "secondary smoke" harms others, they're going to treat smokers as official "addicts."

There are powerful interests at work here. Behind Big Brother is Big Business, rubbing its hands in anticipation of a profitable speedup—particularly for the nation's 33 million office workers—encouraged by the U.S. Surgeon General, the Meese police, and yuppie power prudes.

Today, volunteer "smokeout" cops are being mobilized around the country for an ideological crusade whose goal is not health but a *wholesale regimentation of the work force* in order to increase productivity. And these aren't Moral Majority backwoods bigots. They are the '70s "Me Generation," '80s yuppies, and quite a few liberal civil libertarians—the same people who were all for legalizing marijuana a few years back—joined in an unholy alliance with the Reagan administration to wipe out the "evil weed," tobacco.

There is a strong class bias in the various anti-smoking laws and regulations: those in the private office retain their rights while those on the shop floor or in the typing pool must snuff their butts, or else. And in this racist society, cigarette bans will no doubt fuel discrimination against blacks and Latins, since they smoke in greater numbers.

The bosses' concern is not for our health but for *their balance sheets*. The name of the game is "Increasing Productivity Through On-Site Smoking Control," the title of an April 1985 article in *Health Care Strategic Management* that claims that "approximately 92 non-smokers can accomplish the same work load as 100 smokers." Over and over, articles aimed at managers stress that by making workers quit smoking, companies can save from $300 to $1,000 per smoker annually. And, as a nice bonus, corporations get a made-to-order mechanism for all-out repression of the work force.

Business has never been overly concerned with job-related health risks; from the now notorious asbestos industry abuses to the horrible conditions of meat-packing houses, business's attitude has always been "it's part of the job." But given a chance to control the private lives of members of the work force, the ruling class—killers of tens of thousands of workers—screams bloody murder about "liability" for "secondary" smoke. *Profit*, not health, is the bottom line of the anti-smoking crusade.

The airlines, for instance, gleefully jumped on the anti-smoking bandwagon. Northwest

[Advisory]

LABOR PAINS

This advisory, prepared by the Office of Safety and Health of the U.S. Department of Labor, was distributed to all department employees earlier this year.

What statistical data have been gathered for slips, trips, and falls?

Slips, trips, and falls have been a leading type of accident for all agencies within the Department of Labor for the past several years. In fiscal year 1987, they accounted for 43 percent of the department's accidents, with total losses of more than $13 million.

What are slips, trips, and falls?

SLIPS are downward motions caused by insufficient traction between one's feet and the walking surface that result in a loss of balance—e.g., a person slipping on a wet floor.

TRIPS are downward motions caused by an object stopping or inhibiting one's forward motion—e.g., boxes or cords in a walkway.

FALLS are the result of moving too far off one's center of gravity, resulting in downward motion to the walking surface or to another level—e.g., a person falling off a ladder.

How to avoid slips, trips, and falls.

SLIPS can be avoided by removing wet spots on the floor, removing carpeting or tiles that are loose or need to be fastened down, and using caution when walking on loose pavement or floorboards.

TRIPS can be avoided by making sure electrical cords are secured to the floor, storing hazardous materials in cabinets instead of hallways and aisles, and not leaving drawers open.

FALLS can be avoided by replacing or repairing stair treads that are cracked or worn, carrying only those boxes which you can handle, and checking the lighting, especially in narrow stairwells.

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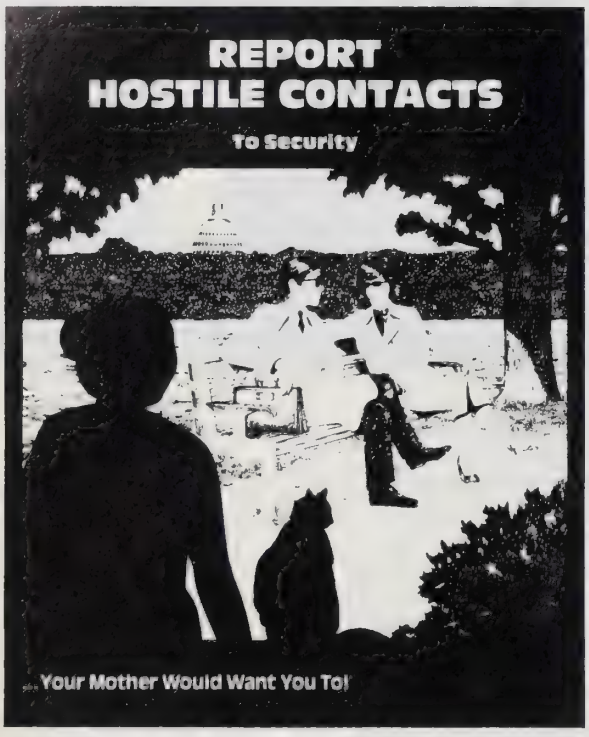
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[Poster]

SPOTTING SPOOKS



This poster was produced last spring by the U.S. Treasury Department's Office of Security. Two thousand of the posters are displayed in offices, cafeterias, hallways, and lobbies of the Treasury Department, Customs Service, IRS, and Secret Service.

Airlines, whose ads ballyhoo the great smoke-out in the sky as a boon to passengers, is actually concerned about "the cost of changing filters and cabin air outlets gummed up by tar and nicotine," as the *Christian Science Monitor* reported last March. Clean air for their passengers was never a high priority. It's completely within the power of modern technology to adequately ventilate airplanes. But that is expensive. We spoke to the flight attendants' union and several Federal Aviation Administration officials who confirmed that the airlines typically use only part of their air-conditioning capacity in the interests of "fuel efficiency." *You* get lousy air quality so that the board of directors can breathe easy.

With all the yuppie yapping about health through clean living, why aren't they complaining about the truly murderous respiratory problems caused by polluted air at industrial job sites? Millions of workers spend more than forty-three hours a week in atmospheres infinitely more poisonous than the air-conditioned offices where people smoke.

Across the country, cowed smokers now retreat to stairwells, fire escapes, and back alleys to enjoy a cigarette. Soon job applications will read, "Are you now, or have you ever been, a smoker?" The attempt to make smoking into an anti-social activity ominously recalls the days of McCarthy and the '50s ditty "If Your Mommy Is a Commie, Turn Her In."

Blaming the power of the tobacco industry misses the point. Yes, cigarette ads used to claim that smoking was good for the lungs and stomach, and the companies poured a lot of money into "research" that attempted to deny the real risks of smoking. But all that proves is that the tobacco industry's "moral standards" are no better than those of any other capitalist enterprise—which is to say that they're for profit first, last, and all the time.

[Interviews]

INSIDER NUKESPEAK

From Minds at War: Nuclear Reality and the Inner Conflicts of Defense Policymakers, *by Steven Kull, to be published this month by Basic Books. Kull, a psychologist and arms-policy analyst, is a research fellow at Stanford University. His study is based on interviews with eighty-four current and former U.S. defense policymakers, who spoke on condition that their identities not be revealed. The excerpt below is from a chapter entitled "Maintaining the Perception of Balance."*

When I raised questions with defense policymakers about the American policy of maintaining a balance of nuclear forces relative to the Soviet Union, many respondents recognized that given the condition of secure, flexible, and redundant second-strike capabilities on both sides (that is, overkill), it is not necessary, from a military standpoint, for the United States to maintain a balance of nuclear forces. Nevertheless they argued that a variety of key audiences still perceive the balance as having military significance. The policymakers I interviewed concluded that the United States should "play along" with these perceptions, even though they know that such behavior is not consistent with military reality.

A classic expression of this concept appeared in an interview with a former member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff:

A: I'm not really concerned about the military aspect of the nuclear balance, because the effect of exchanges would be so catastrophic to the Sovi-

ets—regardless of whether they chose to shoot first.... That being the case, though, it's necessary for us to maintain modern systems that are perceived [as formidable] not just in the minds of the Soviets but in Third World nations. That's why I say it's political. The other nations are watching this balance...

Q: Why are these nations concerned about the strategic balance if the balance is not important from a military point of view?

A: I don't think they get into it at that depth. I think they just count. And if the Russians say that they've got 1,500 missiles and the United States has only got 1,000... [throws up his hands]

Q: So what does that mean to them?

A: Well, then they think, "The Soviets must be more powerful, and maybe we'd better not oppose them in any way."... All they do is [look at] your numbers.

When I asked a former staff member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee why it was necessary to add to American hard-target kill capabilities, he answered:

We need 'em 'cause they got 'em. That's the only reason for having 'em. One should match them point for point for every weapon they have. They aren't useful for military purposes. They're only useful for psychological and political purposes.

What I found particularly striking was how easily many individuals, even members of the current administration, would blithely dismiss the military value of weapons proposed or currently being deployed. Consider, for example, the following exchange with a high-level spokesman for the present administration:

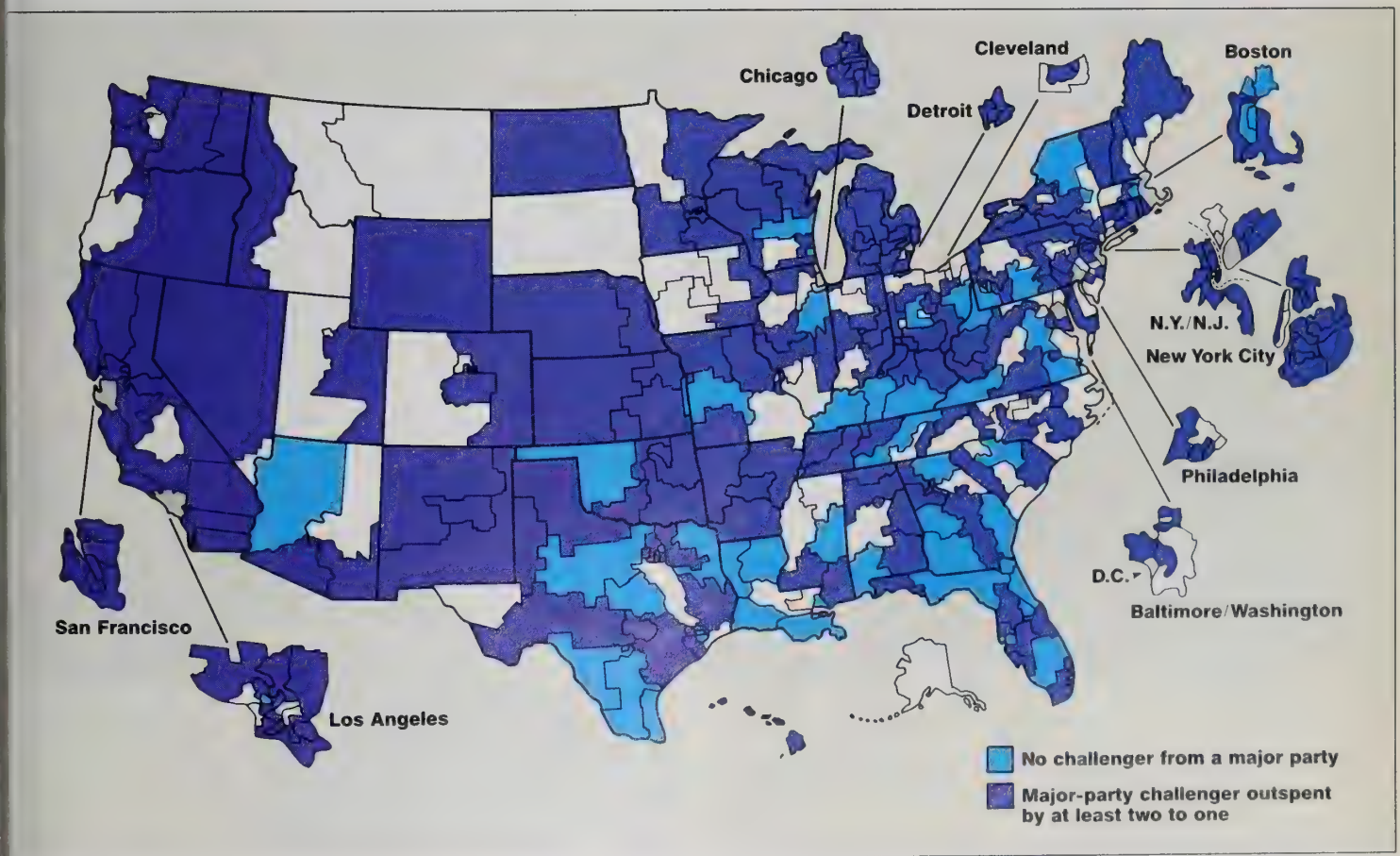
Q: What about the military purpose of the Pershing missiles and ground-launched cruise missiles [GLCMs]?

A: Well, that's sort of a phony issue.... I think it's fairly well known that if we did not have the Pershings and we did not have GLCMs we would target those targets some other way.

Several individuals who played key roles in developing the window-of-vulnerability concept also clarified that their real concern was not military vulnerability but political per-

[Map]

THE GEOGRAPHY OF ONE-PARTY RULE



From The American Chartbook, *a forthcoming collection of maps by Rodger Doyle. This map, based on 1986 election data, shows the congressional districts in which the party in power faced no major-party challenge (in blue), and the districts in which the major-party challenger was outspent by at least two to one (in purple). Competitive races took place in the districts shown in white.*

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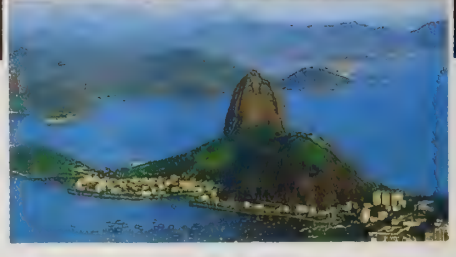


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ceptions. One of these individuals explained the emergence of the window-of-vulnerability concept:

A: The indicators showed there was a strong possibility that if [the Soviets] decided to attack with, say, the SS-18 force . . . a substantial portion of the U.S. ICBM force would have probably been destroyed. So what it said to me was that there was definitely a window of vulnerability coming up.

Q: So that window of vulnerability only applied to our land-based ICBMs—it wasn't relevant to American deterrent capability or American retaliatory capability?

A: Right. It didn't address the question of a sane approach . . . . it's invalid when one takes into consideration the other survivable forces in the triad—the SLBMs [sea-launched ballistic missiles] and the bomber force. If you take those things into account, then you say, no, there is no such thing as a complete vulnerability because there's always the capability for retaliation with what's left.

He then clarified that his real concern was for perceptions of relative capabilities.

A: The window of vulnerability then comes to bear only in terms of the perception that one gives it, the importance that one gives it.

Q: These are perceptions that the Soviets are having?

A: The Soviets. And we're also giving them perceptions in the international arena. If the world—Third World particularly, and everybody else, even our own allies—perceives that the Soviets are inferior to us, it's more likely to acquiesce to us. Whereas if they feel that the Soviets have strategic forces equivalent to ours, they may be a little bit more careful [about] their policy in relationship to them.

Another respondent who was involved in developing the window-of-vulnerability concept described the process with remarkable lucidity. Early in the interview he had dismissed military rationales for weapons deployments, emphasizing instead the concern for perceptions. When he described how he had become involved in the window-of-vulnerability idea, he told of gradually accepting a belief that he had not taken seriously at first. Speaking of the call for a strategic buildup in the late 1970s, he said:

A: It did make sense then . . . . Those were the good old days of the window of vulnerability. Until we wished it out of existence with the Scowcroft commission . . .

Q: Did you buy the window-of-vulnerability idea?

A: No, not entirely. It was invented in part in my office. . . . [We] discovered it in 1975, I distinctly remember it . . .

Q: You don't seem to think the problem they focused on was a real problem.

A: [*Nods affirmatively*]

Q: Do you think most of the people involved with that thinking also recognize that it wasn't really a problem?

A: I think for a while I did believe it. I think for a while a lot of us believed it . . . I think that we probably ended up scaring ourselves a bit. Sort of like the tales children tell themselves—"Hey, let's really get scared." And then you do your old "Geez, it's terrible."

Q: Did you know you were doing that?

A: [*Under his breath*] Did we know we were doing that? In part, probably, yes. The trouble with intellectuals is that they get seized by the power of their ideas and then say, "Gee, this is fun." Or you play "what-if" and then . . . you forget at a certain point that you're playing what-if.

[Brochure]

BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE

From "Peace Shield Meditation/Prayer Campaign: Spiritual Defense Initiative," a brochure distributed by the Pentagon Meditation Club. About two hundred Defense Department employees have participated in Friday lunchtime meditation sessions at the Pentagon.

The purpose and vision of Peace Shield is to give each of us the opportunity and inspiration to contribute to Peace.

What is this Spiritual Defense System? In the spirit of brotherhood and unity among representatives of many different spiritual paths, we are drawing attention to a simple, effective plan for experiencing peace within ourselves, our community, and the world.

The Peace Shield Meditation is an alternative, citizen-based spiritual program, fostering a person-to-person and nation-to-nation atmosphere of loving cooperation. It offers a *meditative strategy* that will produce a collective, world-affirmative vision as a basis for peace.

Peace Shield's way of healing what we may perceive to be "threats to security" is to create a "peace treaty within" each individual.

The goal of unity between North and South and East and West is still only a vision of the future, of what can be. The principal accomplishment of the "global village" in this generation can be peace, harmony, and unity in the family of nations for all generations to come. The vision can be realized when positive changes can be sustained for every nation without any nation losing stability.

The Peace Shield Meditation Campaign is based on the understanding that peace is created when:

we think and act with balance and in harmony with nature;

we first are at peace with ourselves;

we recognize that all unloving acts are a call for love;

we resolve conflict via peaceful means;

we wield power with compassion and justice;

we support what sustains peace, rather than assail what does not.

The Peace Shield Campaign therefore:

presents a "defense plan" of a loving posture which is a powerful "strategy" in resolving interpersonal and international conflicts;

shows that a clear, loving heart can pierce the "armor" of imagined differences between individuals, groups, and nations;

realizes that fear is a basis of "defense" and that love can remove in others the need for structures and thought patterns believed to be "fortifications," and weapons believed to produce "security";

practices *détente within* to pave the way for the international cooperation which *must* follow;

is the *high touch,* counterbalancing human response to the "high tech" defense systems that we have traditionally relied on for "security";

offers *heart* energy to balance the power of "arms" and reduce tensions.

Here's how to do it: Sit comfortably and begin by taking a few deep breaths. Imagine air entering the lungs and center your awareness in your heart. Allow any thoughts or feelings that come to you to pass effortlessly from your mind without judging, resisting, or dwelling on them.

[Narrative]

SEOUL WITH GAS

From "Kwangju and After," a report by James Fenton in Granta, *No. 24. The report also appears in* All the Wrong Places, *Fenton's account of his travels in Asia, which Atlantic Monthly Press will publish next month.*

June 1987

"They don't use guns or truncheons, particularly," said somebody's ambassador, "but they do use an awful lot of tear gas. And it's terrible. It sticks to your clothes and your skin. And they fire it practically at point-blank range." The ambassador sneezed. "There," he said as he looked vaguely out of the sealed window, "it's begun already."

I couldn't smell anything. I could hear in the distance the amplified voices of the opposition, calling out like muezzins over downtown Seoul, but this was hours before the demonstration was due to begin. My companion sniffed again. "Oh," he said, "in this place, whenever somebody sneezes they think it's tear gas."

He began to elaborate, very elegantly, on a line of argument that was not uncommon among foreigners in Seoul: in the West, the two Kims (Kim Young Sam and Kim Dae Jung), being opposition leaders, were identified with the cause of democracy; but it would be wrong to assume that if either of them took power there would be democracy in South Korea. You had only to look at the way they dealt with their own followers to see that they were autocratic and uncompromising. A political party in South Korea is not a group of people with a common platform—it is a loose coalition formed around certain personalities aiming at power.

And indeed you had only to look at the way Kim Dae Jung's followers behaved to feel that such an argument had merit. There was a kind of awe with which he was treated, within the confines of his house arrest. He was a king in his own living room.

And yet it seemed incomprehensible that the argument between the ruling party and the opposition was simply about power. Why would Kim Dae Jung have risked his life for so long? Why would the supporters of the Kims risk theirs? Why were so many people—people who enjoyed no protection from international opinion or from the United States—prepared to risk everything: not just the possibility of torture and death, but the certainty that, if arrested, they would be banished to the margin of the society?

I tried to put this to the ambassador but we did not get very far. A remarkable thing began to happen to him as we talked. He appeared to have been teargassed. At first he was too polite to show it, but soon he was coughing and his eyes were watering. I thanked him very much and left.

Back in my hotel room, I looked down at the adjacent building site, a deep pit cut in the rock. Every afternoon they would set off little explosive charges all over its surface, and I was fascinated watching the progress of the work.

With prosperity has come a generation of high-rise building schemes that are obliterating the city's original street plan. The old entertainment district, which I remembered from my first visit, seems to have disappeared beneath these prestige ventures, or to have moved either upmarket or elsewhere.

No doubt somewhere in this great exploded hole beneath me they would accommodate the "room-restaurants" and high-class saunas for

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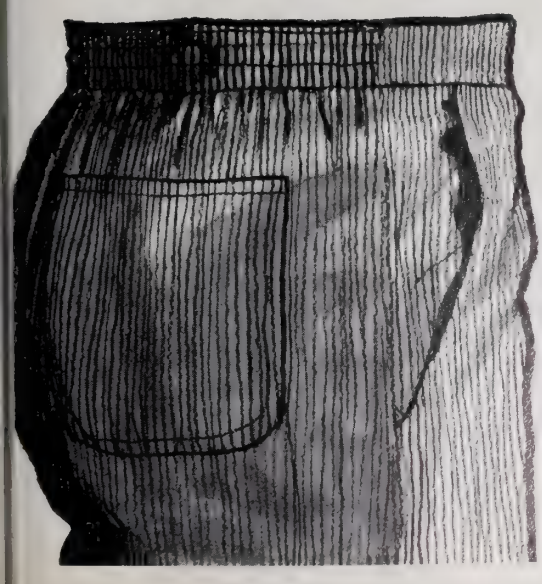
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From The Border: Life on the Line, *by Douglas Kent Hall, published by Abbeville. This photograph was taken in Sonoita, a border town in Mexico.*

the daily comfort of the salarymen, along with the proliferating luxury shops. The tendency of the city, as it modernized, has been to drive the street life, literally, underground, into the extraordinary network of granite-lined underpasses. You can walk through much of Seoul without emerging into the daylight more than once or twice.

Should the city be bombed or shelled, this complex underground could be either a shelter or a death trap. Its role in the defense of the city is demonstrated during the regular monthly defense routines, when the sirens clear the streets in a trice. But during the weeks of rioting, the tear gas made parts of the underground intolerable.

At the hub of one of these underground arcade systems rises the Lotte Hotel, which was built by a chewing-gum magnate of a romantic disposition. (He named the chewing gum, and the hotel, after the heroine of Goethe's *Werther*.) I would never dream of staying at the Lotte, but on a cold day it is an excellent place to take a walk—visit the department store, the arcades, the bakery, the dentist, the health farm, whatever you fancy.

Hotels like the Lotte are built to impress the Japanese (Seoul really doesn't bother to impress the Americans anymore—money seeks to impress money). The Lotte's showpiece is the atrium lobby-lounge, with its large picture window behind which a waterfall cascades over a natural arrangement of rocks and trees. Late at night, when the band has finished playing and the bar closes down, someone throws a switch and turns off the waterfall.

On this day, a demonstration was to start outside the Lotte Hotel at 5:00 P.M. and make its way to the Anglican cathedral, just the other side of City Hall. But the cathedral had already been cordoned off the previous day, and the plaza in front of City Hall was off-limits, as usual, to demonstrators. There were rows of riot police, the Kagemusha brigade, as we used to call them, with their black leather lobster-tail helmets.

In the morning, the Kagemushas were joined by the snatch squads, the plainclothes police in crash helmets and matching parkas. Tens of thousands of police were going to stop the demonstrators from reaching the Anglican cathedral—a simple enough task, since the cathedral is on a tiny back street. But the authorities were taking no chances. The government had declared the demonstration "impure." Anything was impure that gave comfort to the enemy. Anything at all could be said to give such comfort.

Shortly before five, I put on my paper smog-mask and began to stroll toward City Hall,

looking for demonstrators. The police were everywhere, and the tear gas was already strong. I was not properly kitted out. The journalists and photographers, by now used to the rules of rioting, had taken to wearing hard hats, gas masks, and plastic armbands identifying them as press. My paper mask was inadequate.

And it felt odd to be in a large city looking for a riot, when all you could see was a thin sprinkling of civilians and a thick sprinkling of riot police. I looked down the broad streets and wondered: Who are those troops in medieval armor actually attacking? Nobody's attacking them—with their personal mini–fire extinguishers tied to their belts, and their side-vented gas masks giving them the look of cubist wolves.

It was only later that I began to understand that the police were not necessarily wrong to consider every bystander a rioter, for the Korean crowd on these occasions had cultivated the habit of loitering innocently, and then suddenly attacking opportunistically. And it was true, too, in those days, that the most respectably dressed salaryman might suddenly turn into a demonstrator. The buzz was that this time the middle class was siding with the students, and it was rumored that the students themselves had taken to dressing up like salarymen in order to reinforce this impression.

Still, the most committed of the demonstrators were instantly recognizable. The skin of their faces was burned and bleached from the gas. They wore plastic wrap over their eyes, or they smeared toothpaste on their cheeks. When they ran away from an attack, they ran backwards so they would not be hit by the lobbed shells. Every civilian knew that you must never rub your eyes when they sting. Everyone carried handkerchiefs.

When the tear gas hits you and you burst into tears, the first thing you feel is sorry for yourself. You think: my god, I'm crying—a tragedy must have befallen me. Then, if you can bear to think at all, this weeping strikes you as funny—this sudden illusion of grief. And then, *then* you really do feel sorry for yourself.

Outside the Lotte Hotel, I began to recognize members of the opposition. The demonstration was about to begin in earnest. But such was the strength of the gas, as the demonstrators moved past me with their faces in their hands, that I gave up. I couldn't see anymore.

I went into the hotel. I needed to talk to people. I had an article to write that night. But the trouble is, in those circumstances, you can't bear to go up to somebody who has been gassed because you know that the stuff (which is in fact a fine powder) will be all over his clothes. And since you've been gassed you don't want to approach someone who has not been, because you will be doing him a disservice.

Now I saw that it would be hard to leave the hotel because the crowds were rushing the revolving doors. I could see that even if I got into the revolving compartment, I might get stuck there, revolving, with a host of other people drenched in gas. A hideous fate.

I turned to the atrium lounge, with its high ceiling and its welcome open space. A few foreign businessmen and tourists were sitting drinking, served by beautiful ladies in teapot skirts. Sitting as far away from them as I could, I stank and wept by myself. The understanding ladies brought handkerchiefs, peanuts, and beer. An absurd range of fancy drinks was available. The demonstration came smellably closer, the foreigners departed, and the ladies burst into tears.

[Editorial]

PUNK NICARAGUA

From "Nicaragua Is Punk Rock," by Jane Guskin, in the June issue of MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL, *a punk rock magazine published in Berkeley, California.*

If you're a punk, go to Nicaragua. See what a punk government is like. Go and paint graffiti all over the walls, if you want, without getting arrested or even told off. Graffiti is okay in Nicaragua. Everyone does it, including the government. See what punk means when it has nothing to do with music or clothes or bands or gigs or scenes or fanzines or records or tapes, and it has everything to do with the way people live their lives. See what war means when it isn't a lyric in a punk song. When it isn't a hollow word that echoes back and forth in your head. War. War. War. War.

Nicaragua is Punk Rock. Nicaraguans are Punk Rockers. They said fuck off to domination by imperialist pigs. They said we're not going to kiss your ass. They said okay so we don't know shit about running a government because we've never done it before and we don't have college degrees and we didn't go to law school, and all we know how to do is *think* and *fight*, but we can damn well run our own country better than some asshole who doesn't give a shit. We can learn. We can do it. If we got this far, we can take it the whole way. We are the people and we are going to win this struggle.

And now a riot broke out in the lobby. You could hear it, but if you walked from the high lounge into the lobby you literally couldn't see a thing. You were blinded. You could hear scuffling. You could hear people singing patriotic songs and the Korean version of "We Shall Overcome." It was hard to imagine how anyone could sing under such conditions.

The wall of tear gas advanced. I found myself backed up against that gigantic plate-glass picture window, looking out at the waterfall, the miniature pines, the Japanese maples, the pretty rocks, and the koi carp in the pool. I wished I could get out of there, but we were all trapped.

There was a great racket of fighting in the lobby, and suddenly a nimble figure with plastic wrap over his eyes vaulted a rococo glass-and-metal barrier and rushed across the lounge in my direction, looking over his shoulder as if in fear of pursuit. Reaching my chair, he crouched behind it, trembling and breathing heavily. I made him understand that the best thing for him to do (since no one had yet pursued him) was to sit down and join me for a drink.

Taking the plastic wrap off his eyes, the student (he was in business management) suddenly became formal and respectful. He accepted an orange juice and calmed down.

When the time came to talk, I asked him the question which had been at the back of my mind all day: Did he and people like him believe that with one of the two Kims they would get democracy?

What he said was just this: He didn't believe the victory of either Kim would guarantee anything—it was simply that, under them, the country had a better *chance* for democracy. Nothing more.

Such were the people who were facing the tear gas and the police snatch squads that June.

[Jeremiad]

THE UGLY TOURIST

From A Small Place, *by Jamaica Kincaid, published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Kincaid was born in St. John's, Antigua, and lives in Vermont.*

The thing you have always suspected about yourself the minute you become a tourist is true: a tourist is an ugly human being. You are not an ugly person all the time; you are not an ugly person ordinarily; you are not an ugly person day to day. From day to day, you are a nice person. From day to day, all the people who are supposed to love you on the whole do. From day to day, as you walk down a busy street in the large and modern and prosperous city in which you work and live, dismayed, puzzled (a cliché, but only a cliché can explain you) at how alone you feel in this crowd, how awful it is to go unnoticed, how awful it is to go unloved, even as you are surrounded by more people than you could possibly get to know in a lifetime that lasted for millennia, and then out of the corner of your eye you see someone looking at you and absolute pleasure is written all over that person's face, and then you realize that you are not as revolting a presence as you think you are (for that look just told you so). And so, ordinarily, you are a nice person, an attractive person, a person capable of drawing to yourself the affection of other people (people just like you), a person at home in your own skin (sort of; I mean, in a way; I mean, your dismay and puzzlement are natural to you, because people like you just seem to be like that, and so many of the things people like you find admirable about yourselves—the things you think about, the things you think really define you—seem rooted in these feelings): a person at home in your own house (and all its nice house things), with its nice back yard (and its nice back-yard things), at home on your street, your church, in community activities, your job, at home with your family, your relatives, your friends—you are a whole person. But one day, when you are sitting somewhere, alone in that crowd, and that awful feeling of displacedness comes over you, and really, as an ordinary person you are not well equipped to look too far inward and set yourself aright, because being ordinary is already so taxing, and being ordinary takes all you have out of you, and though the words "I must get away" do not actually pass across your lips, you make a leap from being that nice blob just sitting like a boob in your amniotic sac of the modern experience to being a person visiting heaps of death and ruin and feeling alive and inspired at the sight of it; to being a person lying on some faraway beach, your stilled body stinking and glistening in the sand, looking like something first forgotten, then remembered, then not important enough to go back for; to being a person marvelling at the harmony (ordinarily, what you would say is the backwardness) and the union these other people (and they are other people) have with nature. And you look at the things they can do with a piece of ordinary cloth, the things they fashion out of cheap, vulgarly coloured (to you) twine, the way they squat down over a hole they have made in the ground, the hole itself is something to marvel at, and since you are being an ugly person this ugly but joyful thought will swell inside you: their ancestors were not clever in the way yours were and not ruthless in the

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[Poem]

DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM

By Bruce Weigl. From Song of Napalm, *a collection of his poems to be published this month by Atlantic Monthly Press. Weigl served in Vietnam from 1967 to 1968; he visited Vietnam in 1985 as the guest of a retired North Vietnamese general.*

Through dark tenements and fallen temples
we wander into Old Hanoi,
oil lamps glowing in small
storefronts and restaurants
where those, so long ago my enemy,
sit on low chairs and praise the simple evening.
On one block
the rich steam from *pho,*
their morning and evening soup, rises,
on another
brown smoked ducks are strung up in a row.
The people talk and smoke,
men hold each other's hands again in that
old way
and children,
their black and white laughter all around us,
kick the weighted feather
with such grace into the air
because the bombs have stopped. And further

to the Long Bien bridge
where we meet a man
filling buckets
hung across his back's yoke
to bring cool water to his corn
in the moonlight.
When we ask our questions
he points to a stone and stick
house beyond the dikes
one thousand meters from the bridge
our great planes
could not finally knock down.
He doesn't say
how he must have huddled
those nights with his family,
how he must have spread himself
over them
until the village bell
called them back to their beds.
There are questions which
people who have everything
ask people who have nothing
and they do not understand.

Hanoi, December 1985

way yours were, for then would it not be you who would be in harmony with nature and backwards in that charming way? An ugly thing, that is what you are when you become a tourist, an ugly, empty thing, a stupid thing, a piece of rubbish pausing here and there to gaze at this and taste that, and it will never occur to you that the people who inhabit the place in which you have just paused cannot stand you, that behind their closed doors they laugh at your strangeness (you do not look the way they look); the physical sight of you does not please them; you have bad manners (it is their custom to eat their food with their hands; you try eating their way, you look silly; you try eating the way you always eat, you look silly); they do not like the way you speak (you have an accent); they collapse helpless from laughter, mimicking the way they imagine you must look as you carry out some everyday bodily function. They do not like you. *They do not like me!* That thought never actually occurs to you. Still, you feel a little uneasy. Still, you feel a little foolish. Still, you feel a little out of place. But the banality of your own life is very real to you; it drove you to this extreme, spending your days and your nights in the company of people who despise you, people you do not like really, people you would not want to have as your actual neighbour. And so you must devote yourself to puzzling out how much of what you are told is really, really true (Is ground-up bottle glass in peanut sauce really a delicacy around here, or will it do just what you think ground-up bottle glass will do? Is this rare, multicoloured, snout-mouthed fish really an aphrodisiac, or will it cause you to fall asleep permanently?). Oh, the hard work all of this is, and is it any wonder, then, that on your return home you feel the need of a long rest, so that you can recover from your life as a tourist?

That the native does not like the tourist is not hard to explain. For every native of every place is a potential tourist, and every tourist is a native of somewhere. Every native everywhere lives a life of overwhelming and crushing banality and boredom and desperation and depression, and every deed, good and bad, is an attempt to forget this. Every native would like to find a way out, every native would like a rest, every native would like a tour. But some natives—most natives in the world—cannot go anywhere. They are too poor. They are too poor to escape the reality of their lives; and they are too poor to live properly in the place where they live, which is the very place you, the tourist, want to go—so when the natives see you, the tourist, they envy you, they envy your ability to leave your own banality and boredom, they envy your ability to turn their own banality and boredom into a source of pleasure for yourself.

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The Magician Baron Lavelle in His Home Theater *(1962), by Stern J. Bramson. From an exhibition of his photographs at San Francisco's Fraenkel Gallery this summer. Bramson is a commercial photographer who worked in and around Louisville, Kentucky, from the 1940s to the 1960s.*

[Story]

THEOLOGY

By Margaret Atwood. From the Spring 1988 issue of Translation, *a bi-annual journal published by the Translation Center at Columbia University in New York City. Atwood's most recent novel is* The Handmaid's Tale.

At school we prayed a lot. There was nothing to it. Every morning in the homeroom, a little scriptural reading too, and more in assemblies, the principal pious over the P.A. system, the auditorium light green like a hospital, whispering and shuffling among the rows of quite-new seats, and after the prayer the daily exhortation to pick up your gum wrappers. This was in the age of ducktails; there was a lot of gum around.

Once the Latin teacher said in a horrified voice: Don't put the attendance slip *there*! Not on top of the *Bible*!

Here is what I would think about during the prayers, and sometimes in Latin class too. If Heaven is a good place and preferable to earth, why is murdering good people bad? Wouldn't you be doing them a favor, since that way they'd get up there sooner? Only murdering bad people should be bad, since they weren't about to go to Heaven anyway. But if they were bad enough, surely they deserved to be murdered. So murdering both good people and bad people was actually quite good, all things considered: to the good people you'd be giving a helping hand, to the bad ones their just deserts.

I told some of this to my friend S., on the way home from school, past the Bayview movie theater with its ceiling pocked with spitballs, past Kresge's with its dim lighting and wooden floors and brooches made from dyed feathers and gilt picture frames containing, for display purposes, murkily colored photographs of movie stars from ten years before; where, it was rumored, you would end up working if you flunked your year or slipped up badly in a backseat. We wore pencil skirts then, shortie coats, velveteen ballerina shoes that caved out at the arches after a few wearings.

What interested me was the thought of all those righteous murders, and the people who'd do them. I had my ideas about that; even among the high-school teachers you could tell who wouldn't, who would enjoy it, who would say it

was all for the best. Religion, it seemed to me, could get out of hand.

My friend S. went to the Unitarians, who sang badly but had kind ideas. At Christmas her family did their tree in a theme, all blue gauze or all silver balls, not haphazard like the rest of us.

S. thought about the murder theory, but not for long. She did not think I was being serious.

God is the good in people, she would say, from time to time.

Like vitamins in milk? I'd ask. So if everyone died that would be the end of God?

No, she would say. I don't know. I need a cigarette. Don't make me dizzy.

[Interview]

THROUGH A GLASS, CLEANLY

From "And Now, a Few Words From Emma," in the January/February 1987 American Window Cleaner *newsletter, an issue devoted to squeegees. Emma Steccone is the widow of Ettore Steccone, who invented the modern squeegee in the 1930s. The newsletter is published in Berkeley, California.*

He more or less got into it because he was disenchanted with the squeegee of that time, which, as a window washer, he had spent so much time working with.

We couldn't afford to advertise; we didn't have the money. We barely had money to buy the machinery and materials to make the squeegee. We gave it away free to every window-cleaning company. Ettore said, "You try the squeegee. If you try it, I know you'll come back." And that's what they did. Every one of them.

Once we were in Rome and my husband saw a window cleaner using a rag and chamois, even though he had a squeegee at his side. Ettore says, "How come you don't use your squeegee?" The man responded, "You must be kidding. My boss would fire me if I used this because I'd get done too fast." And then he added, "Besides, if I finish too quickly, what am I going to do the rest of the day?"

Ettore had a wrist bracelet for holding razor blades instead of putting them behind his ears. He had a bunch of projects. He invented a nice car squeegee that had a piece of steel inside that could flex to meet the shape of the window, but it was too expensive for the market.

He was basically a very progressive-type person. Whatever the young people were thinking at the time, he tended to think the same way. He didn't fall back on past years. Ettore liked people. He liked to go out dancing 'til he was eighty years old. He drove that red Alfa Romeo, drinking and dancing, 'til three in the morning. He had a good time.

[Declaration]

AGAINST PCs

"Why I Am Not Going to Buy a Computer," by Wendell Berry, in the Autumn 1987 issue of NER/BLQ. *Berry's novel* Remembering *is forthcoming from North Point Press.*

Like almost everybody else, I am hooked to the energy corporations, which I do not admire. I hope to become less hooked to them. In my work, I try to be as little hooked to them as possible. As a farmer, I do almost all of my work with horses. As a writer, I work with a pencil or a pen and a piece of paper.

My wife types my work on a Royal standard typewriter bought new in 1956, and as good now as it was then. As she types, she sees things that are wrong, and marks them with small checks in the margins. She is my best critic because she is the one most familiar with my habitual errors and weaknesses. She also understands, sometimes better than I do, what *ought* to be said. We have, I think, a literary cottage industry that works well and pleasantly. I do not see anything wrong with it.

A number of people, by now, have told me that I could greatly improve things by buying a computer. My answer is that I am not going to do it. I have several reasons, and they are good ones.

The first is the one I mentioned at the beginning. I would hate to think that my work as a writer could not be done without a direct dependence on strip-mined coal. How could I write conscientiously against the rape of nature if I were, in the act of writing, implicated in the rape? For the same reason, it matters to me that my writing is done in the daytime, without electric light.

I do not admire the computer manufacturers a great deal more than I admire the energy industries. I have seen their advertisements, attempting to seduce struggling or failing farmers into the belief that they can solve their problems by buying yet another piece of expensive equipment. I am familiar with their propaganda campaigns that have put computers into public schools that are in need of books. That comput-

ers are expected to become as common as TV sets in "the future" does not impress me or matter to me. I do not own a TV set. I do not see that computers are bringing us one step nearer to anything that does matter to me: peace, economic justice, ecological health, political honesty, family and community stability, good work.

What would a computer cost me? More money, for one thing, than I can afford, and more than I wish to pay to people whom I do not admire. But the cost would not be just monetary. It is well understood that technological innovation always requires the discarding of the "old model"—the "old model" in this case being not just our old Royal standard, but my wife, my critic, my closest reader, my fellow worker. Thus (and I think this is typical of present-day technological innovation), what would be superseded would be not only some thing, but some body. In order to be technologically up-to-date as a writer, I would have to sacrifice an association that I am dependent upon and that I treasure.

My final and perhaps my best reason for not owning a computer is that I do not wish to fool myself. I disbelieve, and therefore strongly resent, the assertion that I or anybody else could write better or more easily with a computer than with a pencil. I do not see why I should not be as scientific about this as the next fellow: When somebody has used a computer to write work that is demonstrably better than Dante's, and when this better is demonstrably attributable to the use of a computer, then I will speak of computers with a more respectful tone of voice, though I still will not buy one.

To make myself as plain as I can, I should give my standards for technological innovation in my own work. They are as follows:

1. The new tool should be cheaper than the one it replaces.
2. It should be at least as small in scale as the one it replaces.
3. It should do work that is clearly and demonstrably better than the one it replaces.
4. It should use less energy than the one it replaces.
5. If possible, it should use some form of solar energy, such as that of the body.
6. It should be repairable by a person of ordinary intelligence, provided that he or she has the necessary tools.
7. It should be purchasable and repairable as near to home as possible.
8. It should come from a small, privately owned shop or store that will take it back for maintenance and repair.
9. It should not replace or disrupt anything good that already exists, and this includes family and community relationships.

[Fiction]

INHERITANCE

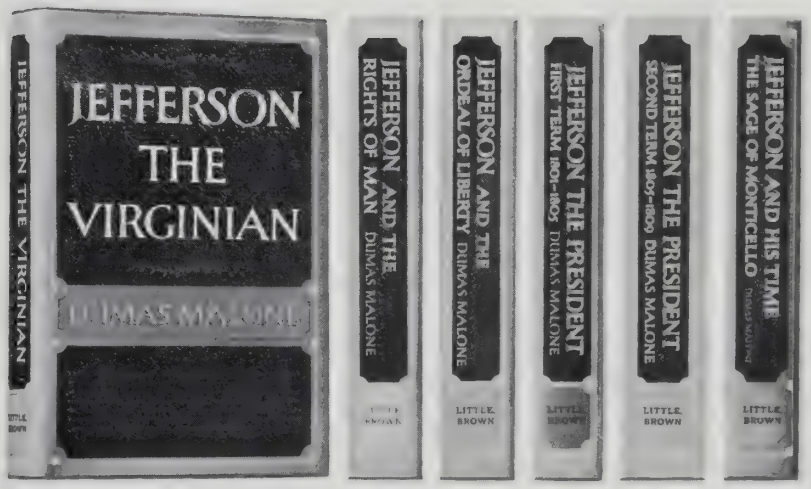
From the novel Born Brothers, *by Larry Woiwode, published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Woiwode divides his time between North Dakota and New York, where he teaches at the State University at Binghamton. He is the author of several novels, including* Beyond the Bedroom Wall.

Here, after twenty years of exile from this land, the unbroken blue of a frontier I can breathe: North Dakota. I start across the fields of our new farm and feel my bones, as giving as chocolate, compress, until I feel only inches tall, on wide weak legs about to give altogether. Everywhere in sight the countryside is dusted with snow, and I recall the first time I walked here, weeks after we'd moved in, in late October, when I had reached the inner adjustment that seemed necessary. My existence often seems a walk, yet for weeks I had put off walking these acres covered by our deed. The spread of the farm is deceptive; it lies below surrounding hills, and appears to be flat. Hogback buttes rise, gray-green, to the south, and three buttes stand along the north horizon like tepees—to my left now as I dip and lift on transformed legs, the way I did during my first walk here, over levels I never expect, in the midst of unaccountable hollows that bury the farm buildings and then bring them up in swoops at another spot, confusing my sense of direction, until I come to this end of the waterway, where high broom grass, applauding in the wind in winter sunlight, assaults my senses and I see, on a height enclosed by trees, the house and outbuildings with their roofs like wings in downbeat, alighted where they'll remain. At the sight of them, on that first walk, I felt suspended, treading water, and then a flash came from the house, the storm door catching the sun as someone opened it, and I realized that the door could be considered mine: the house and farm too much to contemplate.

I'm out of breath now, the recent snow's bitter rinse in the air, with stubble crushing underfoot as if sugared—sensations from that reservoir where everything is a reminder of something else: age. The more age permits my imagination to extend under this sky, the more the details beneath it register and lead me to understand that imagination is, indeed, memory. Crystals are clipped to yellow stems in overlapping conjunction. A spear of grass thrusts through a cap of snow on a tuft of stubble, the gold carcass of a grasshopper attached to the green wobbling blade. If the land is like a wom-

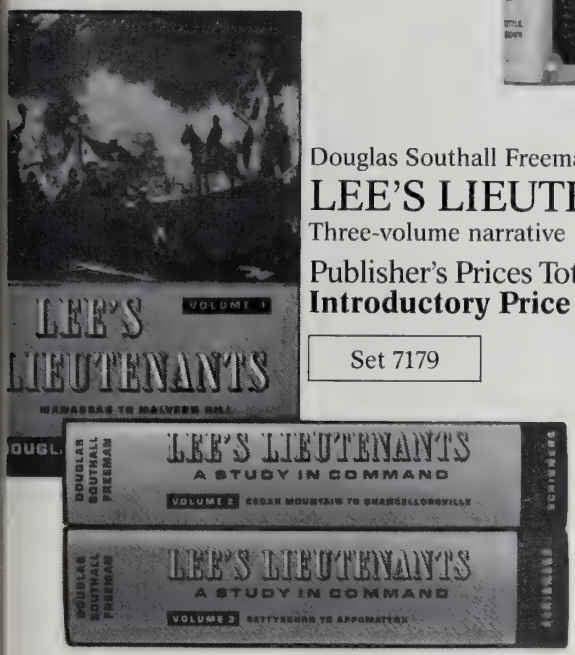
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an, it's a woman no one can tame. "And my spirit cannot be tamed by life," I hear my mother say, in one of those echoes that arrive with greater force the further I move from her death, down the corridors of memory.

I know now why academic technicians, out of a sacred kind of fear, resort to programs and chemicals to slap the land into shape; it has the power to undo anyone who depends on it in a single day. Beyond control. Stewardship is another story. The covenant with Adam commanded not only dominion but fruitfulness, multiplication, replenishment, filling out—all of which imply a relationship. Down on your knees like the most dedicated gardener. And so, at a time when mobility in America is viewed as one's birthright, I have settled here, unmoving, to establish that relationship. Not near the place where I was born, where memories contend with one another over every square centimeter, but two hundred miles west, in this rugged southern corner of the state adjacent to the Little Badlands.

In a dream I woke to this morning, I saw that certain of us will travel at the speed of light and be frozen at its speed in glory. But under this, like a supporting structure, was the darker dream that has remained for years and rises when it wishes, unbidden, as if to set in place the single pitfall along the way—an image that first appeared with such assurance I woke fighting for breath in a blank dark room that tasted sulfurous: a Central or South American, in sunglasses and a cap shapeless as a cloche, is staring over a battlement above the clouds, an arm lying on the rough stone, with an expression of intent on his face of the sort you see in people of terrible ambition and temper, who at last have the temper under control. His blank, cold look suggests the greatest stumbling block to anyone of intellect: neutrality. To suggest that thought can be drawn from the air, or straddle every fence, is to deny thought, or original thought, at least, and the face of this watchman is blank for a purpose: not to warn.

Now faint islands of drifting snow allow me to walk more easily across the depressions they've filled among freeze-hardened furrows and clods. I feel I've been in hiding for the months that we've lived here, although my hiding hasn't been purposeful, and I need fresh air. A bent-winged killdeer goes whistling up from underfoot, and I stop at the thought of my daughter. How will she be affected by our move? Or my son? He is one and a half, but by the time he is reading it will seem I'm still recovering from that killdeer, given my foreshortened sense of time, which this downhill side of life keeps tipping me toward.

"Why go back to North Dakota?" my older brother, a physician, recently asked me on the phone, from the southwestern city where he now practices, and I could sense his reservations, if not fear, about my family and I moving to this "godforsaken place," as he finally ended up calling it.

"Because I'm North Dakotan," I wanted to say, and laugh, since he is, too, by birth, and lived here for his first ten years. Because of—wherever I would look or point a finger. The plain details of each day, which are everybody's province, are the most important, it turns out, since everybody must contend with them. When I think of how I've resisted learning this, through experience, I want to hide in a corner of the granary I'm reroofing, and howl with the vow that I'll never again be that way; never drink, never lie, give pat answers, point out anybody's weaknesses, or fly apart like a ship torpedoed on its home run. As I have. A newspaper headline last week stated "11 Die as Storm Blizzards Plains," and I misread it as "I Die as Storm Blizzards Plains," trying to place the point of reference, when this had happened, and why a blizzard. A self-considering attitude I hope to be cured of here.

I walk off the edge of the field, into a swale where the waterway deepens so much you could bury a city block, houses and all, and go down in a slide. Impossible to mow this. Not only due to the slope, but these stones—red-yellow, with half-circle indentations down their edges, as if holes had been bored into layers of them, dynamite inserted, and whole strata blown apart. But this is the way they occur in their natural state. The grasses here, frosted at their tips, or bearing caps of ice, flay my clothes, then nip at my elbows—though I raise them nearly to my neck. This undaunted production of the land when it's permitted to return to a state even halfway natural.

Up the other slope, slipping on snow stained brown from blown sand, and I'm on a plateau, a small hay field in the far corner of the farm, a half mile from the house. A creek the waterway empties into has eroded away the other side of the field, ages ago, and there are pools down in a marshy corner where the fence lines meet and deer lie. Square bales stand in the field in pyramids of six, the bottom three with their cut sides down, so the twines won't decay or get gnawed by mice, the next two flat on top of those, and the sixth crowning these—the last of the hay, eighteen bales that we couldn't get on the hayrack the final evening of hauling, and haven't been back yet to pick up. The top bale of the one nearest me has been knocked off—by the wind, I assume, since the wind has been that strong.



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The dislodged bale lies on the ground at an angle to the pyramid, fine snow packed into fibers tight as a broom, and I push on it with my foot to tip it up. The grass underneath, crushed flat and dry, nearly as green as on the day this was baled, is preserved in a rectangle like an opening onto that actual October afternoon—late for haying, but the month we arrived, and we were unwilling to let this go to waste. I've brought a Bible along, a heavy one with a leather cover, and I set it out of the way below the pyramid, test the twines of the fallen bale, find that they're sound, and heave it up to its place on top. I sit on the lowest bale, my back against the others, facing south, out of the wind, my feet stretched out, and place the Bible in the lap of my heavy wool pants. No buildings visible here, only the tilt and buckle of land dim with snow—blue below blue with such a range of unpolluted yellows and browns and brown-purples and blondes and tans and every shade of gray rubbed through the surface that I could be in the center of a nineteenth-century painting: the palette for contemplation.

I flop open the Bible and its pages peel back in the wind as if tearing, a chatter I allow to continue, although it's noisy enough to—But who would hear it in this setting? I flip pages back and forth until I arrive at Ephesians. I've decided to memorize the book, as an elderly woman suggested the early Church must have done, but I haven't been able to manage even the first chapter, for some reason. The verse I should by now have moved beyond, which has been revolving in my mind as I walk, is: "In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who works all things after the counsel of his own will."

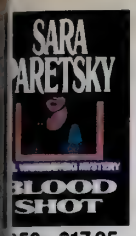
The verse lies raw on the sun-bright page beneath my memory of it, dusted with crystals of snow that cast hooded shadows over the print, and then travels down past psychic barriers in application. The sun has already warmed me—always present, even on the coldest days, even during snowstorms, when steel gray beams of it shuttle through swirls of flakes and appear to hold them in suspension. I close my eyes and picture such a snow, with sun penetrating it at glancing angles, like the snow that arrived earlier and was gone before this sugar-snow fell in its weighted dusting. The picture spreads cold over my back, although I'm out of the wind, and without vision the wind is white and smells of sage from the rectangle at my feet, and then the image of my dream returns to me: traveling at the speed of light yet stilled in glory.

I'm used to being alone, and so not deceived by the sensations that arrive when one is alone, but now I feel as if I'm a rower who has been working single-mindedly and looks out from the body of the boat to see it propelled by dozens of other oars, and in the silence I give thanks for the return here that has set my life in order.

I open my eyes. Stinging light. Rises and hummocks of dimness that swell in the distance, the tall grass I waded through swaying to one side with a new onslaught of wind—what my ancestors saw when they crossed the sea and then half this continent: waves to the horizon. A hogback butte to the south is like a creased blue island rising from this sea underfoot, in more upheaval than one of water, though with the same wallop of sound when a wind like this works up, the grasses clamoring as if to get out of the way and then parting like fur as they flatten; the sizzle up a beach of the foremost wave, which keeps curling ahead of the others although they're more massive, extensive, taller, weighted with an impact that can crush, and keep rolling in from farther out, like waves behind waves of wind on this countryside of grass. Or so I'm able to observe as long as I'm removed from the struggle with the wind and have leisure to watch: the tented shelter imagination provides to the free. Reality's incarnate application of each detail to the space each has been allotted within the framework of this place and time. Fantasy, a prisoner's urge to escape a cell you can't see.

There's no possibility of engaging reality in the endlessness to which it corresponds without understanding the life at the center of it, for its own glory; the snowflake on my eyelash blurs the beauty of its attenuated precision. Perfection. Unalloyed perfection, I think, and slip into one of those moments when infinity invades the present with such power the future is past, so that I know that in many ways I'll never move beyond this point in my life. I look up, composed enough to let my eyes rest on the roof above the snow, our new home, and the memorized verse prints itself out across its shingled roof.

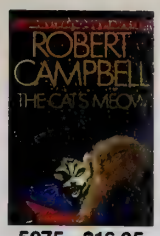
Oh, my brother, you who lived with me in this country over our early years, this dear and persevering realm of memory . . . Which wasn't how I intended to begin my letter of explanation to you. I wanted to tell you how our house looks overlaid with snow, how we are settling in here, and to let you know that as many degrees from the epicenter as two hundred miles are, I've come home again. It can be done. If one can sustain the impact of the move, and survive these times of helpless return to the condition of a worm on whom the whole is lost in his crawl across magnified detail, clod on clod, it can be done. New beginnings sink down and wash off across the tided caverns of the original loss. ■



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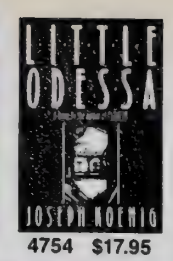


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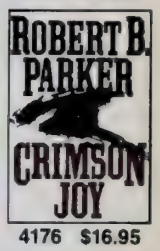


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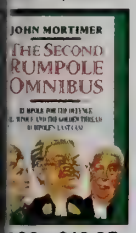
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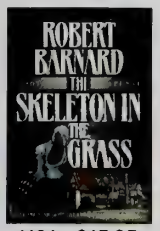
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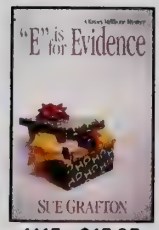
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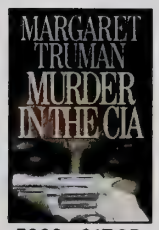
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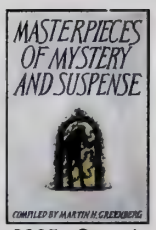
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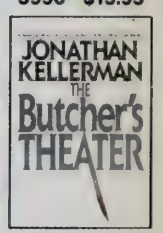
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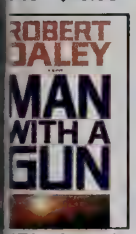
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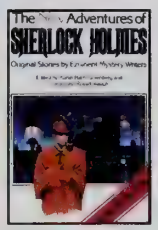
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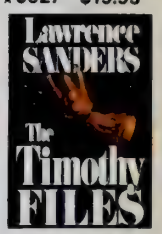
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PLOTTING THE PERFECT MURDER

Perhaps it is because the crime has become too cheap or too easy or commonplace. Or maybe it is because the streets have become too dangerous—the statistics on random violence rise as steadily as the price of crack declines. Whatever the reason, hardly anybody takes pleasure anymore in the well-told tale of a well-performed murder. All discussion of elegant homicide—the first love of Sherlock Holmes—has been abandoned to the whispers of street-gang chieftains and Mafia underlings. Even the practice of murder has been reduced to generic killing: in the city, people simply get tossed in front of subway cars, and in the country, they're shot between the eyes.

Imaginative murder needs to reclaim its proper place. As Alfred Hitchcock said, upon moving his art to the small screen of television, "Murder should be put back in the home—where it belongs." To facilitate murder's renascence in America's more refined conversations, *Harper's Magazine* recently asked five mystery writers to conjure up the details of a domestic killing both beautiful and baroque—that philosophers' stone of crime: the perfect murder.

The following forum is based on a discussion held at the Union Club, in New York City. Jack Hitt served as moderator.

JACK HITT
is a senior editor at Harper's Magazine.

SARAH CAUDWELL
read law at Oxford. She is the author of Thus Was Adonis Murdered *and* The Shortest Way to Hades. *Her newest book,* The Sirens Sang of Murder, *will be published next year.*

TONY HILLERMAN
is a former police reporter and the author of ten mystery novels, all of which concern the Navajo Travel Police. His most recent book, A Thief of Time, *was published this summer by Harper & Row.*

PETER LOVESEY
created Sergeant Cribb, the Victorian policeman who is featured in the Mystery! *television series. His latest book,* Bertie and the Tinman, *published by the Mysterious Press, casts King Edward VII as a detective.*

NANCY PICKARD
has won the Anthony and Macavity awards. Her fifth novel, Dead Crazy, *was published this month by Scribner's.*

DONALD E. WESTLAKE
has written more than fifty mystery novels. His latest, Trust Me on This, *was recently published by the Mysterious Press.*

JACK HITT: Let us suppose that my name is Carl. I have been married to Linda for five years. Linda is a wealthy woman and has made me the sole beneficiary of her will. I recently discovered that she is having an affair with my best friend, Blazes Boylan. I have also learned that Linda has a meeting scheduled with her attorney in two weeks in which she intends to file for divorce and rewrite her will—taking me out of it. Instead of letting that happen, I have decided to kill her, take the inheritance, and cleverly set up the murder so that the blame falls to my erstwhile friend, Blazes. Like any man of breeding, I wish to kill her with élan, and therefore I need a retinue of advisers, consultants, and stage managers. That is why I have called you here today.

SARAH CAUDWELL: It would be a pity to rush into murder in just two weeks if you didn't have to, and I don't think a great murderer would want to. Let Linda make her will, and presumably she'll make it in favor of the wicked Blazes so he gets the money. But if we can arrange a foolproof way of getting Blazes convicted for her murder, no court of law will let him profit by it. So the will in his favor fails, Linda dies intestate, and you get the loot. Best of all, it looks far more suspicious for Blazes if she dies after she's changed the will, and less suspicious for you.

TONY HILLERMAN: The time limit doesn't pose a problem for me. Having occasionally worked with lawyers, I know that when a lawyer tells you he'll have the will ready in two weeks, he never does. I'd say you have plenty of time.

But let's consider Carl's peculiar problem. He is obviously the person who killed his wife. He has the motive. The police will suspect him instantly. Therefore, make it even more obvious that he killed Linda.

Take your time and build a frame, so that when the police look for what they call the "theory of the crime," they see a murder so suicidally obvious that they begin to wonder. Make the police do the work for you, and have them conclude that Blazes was indeed framing Carl with murder.

CAUDWELL: You might prepare the ground a little bit by saying to a neighbor, "Oh, dear, I'll let Linda go if that's what she wants. But I wish I didn't know the things I know about Blazes and how he treats women. I'm really worried about what might happen to Linda."

HILLERMAN: Tell Blazes that you bought a pistol at the gun shop and get him to pick it up. Then the gun-shop owner remembers him. This is how you build the frame that the police will run into. We set up Blazes to look as if he is framing you, but actually you are framing Blazes.

HITT: Isn't using a gun an easy way of getting caught?

HILLERMAN: But we don't even use the gun, see? I'm assuming this is a murder that strives for the effects of a novel, not a short story. The gun is part of the frame. For the actual murder, I'd like to use some mushrooms I recently heard about. They are not only lethal but untraceable. So while Blazes is getting the gun and the gunsmith is forming his own suspicions, you kill Linda with the mushrooms. You hate to waste anything this good, right?

DONALD WESTLAKE: I do know of an actual book—one of those large picture books—of mushrooms, beautiful color photographs of mushrooms. It's in English but it was done in Japan. There's an errata sheet; apparently about twelve of the mushrooms have been misidentified. Of course the errata sheet is unattached to the book, just sort of slipped in at the back. And it says things like, "The mushroom described as edible on page 20 is actually poisonous . . ." I have the book at home! I don't plan my menus from it. But I think for our purposes we could have the errata sheet found in Blazes's pocket. If you're going to kill with mushrooms, there's nothing better than a false authoritative source.

HILLERMAN: I agree. But I was going beyond a single killing. Now these mushrooms take from thirty-six hours to three days to take effect. The victim falls into an irreversible coma—there's no antidote. So here's my idea: get a bunch of these 'shrooms and dump them into the Safeway mushroom bin.

WESTLAKE: I like it.

HILLERMAN: So you put them in the mushroom bin and you have a mass murder. Then you make certain that Linda has a few of these mushrooms in her soup before the dying starts. She is among the first to go. Later the whole neighborhood is also wiped out!

CAUDWELL: I love that.

NANCY PICKARD: Intriguing.

HITT: How do we pin that on Blazes? Do we set him up as a mushroom collector?

HILLERMAN: Wait, so now you've got a dead wife.

HITT: And no neighborhood.

WESTLAKE: And the property value of Linda's estate is shot.

HILLERMAN: You can see why I never outline my books.

PETER LOVESEY: I like Tony's idea. It's good because it's done on the grand scale. That's what we're looking for. Something that Carl can write about in his memoirs years later. Something really memorable. I think that a mass killing might do it.

CAUDWELL: I don't think that a mass murder offers much pleasure in the way of revenge. I think you want to set up a situation where it is Blazes who actually kills Linda. He is the man with the weapon. I know it's difficult to set up, but it is more satisfying than poison. Say, a knife or a gun or a bludgeon. Maybe Blazes knifes something he thinks is a dead animal, or he's cutting it up, or he thinks it's a cushion. Maybe he fires at a target in target practice and she is hidden behind it. Those are not very good ideas in themselves but you want to create that situation—where Blazes strikes the blow himself.

WESTLAKE: I think this connects with one of my ideas. If you go to Blazes and say, "You've been my best friend since we were two and a half years old. And you know that I am unhappily married. Well, old friend, I know that Linda is seeing someone else. Isn't that awful? But I don't know who it is. And since Linda has all the money, I can't leave her. So I want to avenge myself. I'm going to kill her and I want you to help me." Now Blazes is in the position of not being able to tell the truth about anything. Since he is the lover, his tendency is to say, "Oh, sure, tell me more." Because if he doesn't help, perhaps, you will get someone else. So he will go to Linda and say, "Believe it or not, he's intending to do away with you." Now Blazes has to kill you. Then you tell him, "You'll be here and I'll be there and Linda will be there. And we'll do it." Ultimately, when he thinks he's killing you, he's actually killing her.

HILLERMAN: First, you motivate him, as my editors are always telling me. In addition, Carl tells Blazes, "I'm either going to kill Linda or I am going to fight this divorce all the way."

WESTLAKE: Or, "I'm going to get a private detective to find out who the guy is."

HILLERMAN: So Blazes is motivated to take advantage of this opportunity.

PICKARD: What about inveigling Blazes to be, in essence, the private investigator to find the man that the wife is having the affair with? You tell him, "My wife is having an affair. I need you to follow her around and tell me who this guy is." Then he's got to come up with something. This way you draw Blazes into your frame. Although,

as everyone knows, you can always get a wife, but you can't always get a best friend.

CAUDWELL: You Americans assume that you can easily persuade people to kill one another. Not in England. You assume that as Blazes finds out you're going to try to kill her, he will immediately react by being willing to kill you. I think he might just get the police, which would spoil everything.

WESTLAKE: Hmmm.

HILLERMAN: Good point.

HITT: Say I wanted to get rid of both of them. Can you arrange a murder-suicide for me, one in which Blazes appears to have killed my wife and then takes his own life?

WESTLAKE: Why would Blazes feel that it was best to leave and take her with him? If he's on the verge of taking her away from you and getting her and all the money, it seems as though he's doing pretty well.

CAUDWELL: Suicide-murders are fairly easy to set up actually. But your real problem, Carl, is that you are vain. You want to have a cunning story of murder for your memoirs. If you were a simple, economical man and you did not want to have a nice story, you could easily kill them both. It's much easier to kill if Blazes doesn't survive. Let's face it. If Blazes survives he at least is there to say, but I didn't do it. If they're both dead, it's entirely too easy.

Although there was a real case of this in England, a perfectly executed suicide-murder, except for one silly mistake. The murderer's adopted sister was supposed to have shot their two wealthy parents and her own children and then shot herself. The ground was laid perfectly by circumstances. The parents had always told the neighbors that they had "one good son and one bad daughter, who is wicked and unstable." So one day, when the son ran off to the neighbors crying, "Something dreadful has happened at home, and my sister has completely lost all reason. Please, can somebody come around?" they were prepared for this dreadful scene. And of course they said, "Oh yes, she shot the whole

TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1892

BUCHANAN ARRESTED.

Charged with Murdering His Wife by Giving Her Poison.

THE BODY EXHUMED AND AN AUTOPSY HELD AT THE GRAVE.

Yesterday afternoon Dr. Robert Buchanan was arrested on a warrant sworn to by District-Attorney Nicoll, on information furnished by THE WORLD, charging him with the murder of his wife. Mr. Nicoll had caused the body to be disinterred, and the autopsy at the grave showed that Mrs. Buchanan had not come to her death from cerebral hemorrhage—the cause assigned by her husband.

THE WORLD discovered the motive for the murder. Dr. Buchanan and his wife had quarrelled. The dead woman had declared her determination to leave his home on West Eleventh Street, this city, and go back to her friends in Newark. Mrs. Buchanan had for ten years been the proprietress of a notorious establishment in Newark. It was as a casual patron of this resort that Buchanan met the woman. She had accumulated a considerable fortune from her establishment, and the doctor married her, but not until she had made her will, leaving her property to her prospective husband.

A motive being evident, the reporters then began to gather testimony. Mrs. Buchanan's death certificate was signed by two physicians. To THE WORLD reporters they angrily said that the woman had been sick and died of cerebral hemorrhage, that there were no symptoms of poison, and finally that she could not have died of morphine poisoning.

It was then suspected that Dr. Buchanan had used belladonna to counteract the visible effects of morphine. One of the signs of morphine poisoning is the contraction of the pupils of the eyes. Belladonna, as is well known, is used by oculists to enlarge the pupil. If, then, Dr. Buchanan had administered the poison and had carefully followed it by an application of belladonna, it would have deceived the doctors.

Inquiry at a drug store near West Eleventh Street revealed the medicine prescribed by the physicians while Mrs. Buchanan was sick. It was a tasteless compound.

Next day THE WORLD reporters learned from Mrs. Buchanan's nurse that she had seen the sick woman swallow a spoonful of the medicine handed her by her husband and then ask quickly for a sweet orange to take the taste out of her mouth. If Dr. Buchanan had dosed the medicine with morphine it would have left a very bitter taste.

Learning of the nurse's testimony, Dr. Buchanan took pains to say to all who called on him that his wife was unfortunately addicted to morphine. THE WORLD reporters at once began to search for evidence on this point. The druggist near her old home in Newark, who always filled all prescriptions for her and the inmates of her house, said he had never sold her any morphine. Former servants in her employ testified to the same thing. Why did Dr. Buchanan say that his dead wife was addicted to the drug?

The order to exhume Mrs. Buchanan's body was granted Saturday. The autopsy was performed by Dr. Loomis and Dr. Doremus.

The body was in a remarkable state of preservation. No odor could be detected, and the only indication that decomposition might have set in was a little green mould about the eyes, nose, and mouth. When the brain was removed it was found to be perfectly solid and intact. It was taken out without a break in it and cut in small sections. There were no clots of blood in the brain, and Dr. Loomis found no traces of cerebral hemorrhage or lesions on the brain whatever. He also found nothing in the condition of the other parts of the body that would indicate that death was caused by natural disease.

The autopsy had not progressed far before Dr. Loomis told his associates that he thought it would be a wise precaution to telegraph to District-Attorney Nicoll to place Dr. Buchanan under arrest.

In 1892, a prominent New York doctor used an ingenious combination of morphine and belladonna to kill his wife. The murder was almost perfect—except for one detail recollected by the victim's nurse. This article and the two that follow chronicle the events from the wife's death to the husband's execution for murder. The articles are condensed from the originals, which appeared in Joseph Pulitzer's daily, the World, *on June 7, 1892; March 29, 1893; and July 2, 1895.*

family." The police almost didn't investigate. Weeks later, someone noticed that the daughter, who had committed "suicide," had shot herself three times in the heart.

HITT: Is there some way to set up Blazes so that when I kill both him and Linda, I will appear innocent?

WESTLAKE: You could begin by creating doubt in Blazes's mind. Say to Blazes, "I think Linda is seeing somebody, but I don't know who. I've never seen him." Then describe an incident when you know Blazes was not with Linda. So he thinks, "My God, if she fools around with me, maybe she'll fool around with somebody else as well." Drive a wedge between them.

PICKARD: Now he's got a real motive.

HILLERMAN: And if we give him opportunities, he might do it. If you, Carl, keep saying, "I'm on the brink of killing her," and feeding Blazes different murder methods, you plant the idea. Say, "I was thinking I would knife her. I was thinking I would shoot her. I was thinking I would poison her." At the same time you're driving that wedge deeper with small details. Tell him that you followed her around—it's a guy in a Cadillac. Give him little details.

WESTLAKE: Make it easy for him to pin it on you. Let him know where your gun is.

CAUDWELL: I would stress also that you must build on firmer ground, just in case Blazes doesn't murder her and you have to. Carl and Blazes must have friends in common. Go back to them, go back to your old schoolmasters, and say, "You remember how violent and unstable Blazes was at school." He probably wasn't, but you can remind people of almost anything and they will remember it.

WESTLAKE: There is a wonderful short story by Stephen Crane. A farmer comes into the house at dinnertime and murders his wife with an ax in front of the children. He leaves and comes back half an hour later and says, "My God, what happened to Mother?" And they say, "Daddy, you came and killed her." And he says, "A man who looked like me?" He keeps talking to them: "Was he as tall as I am? Shorter? Was his hair a little more red than mine?" Gradually they question their own convictions and they give a completely different description of the killer. It's no longer Daddy who did it. But the ending of the story is that the jury—composed entirely of adults—convicts him and he is hanged. That's a lovely story.

PICKARD: Sometimes Linda has to spend time with her husband, right? So one day after she's told Blazes that she's been with her husband, Carl says, "No, Blazes, I wasn't with Linda then."

WESTLAKE: There you go.

CAUDWELL: You can plant physical evidence as well. Blazes might open her handbag and find a pouch of tobacco, knowing that neither she nor Carl smokes.

LOVESEY: What about the attorney? Can we bring him in? He's an amorous type. Could we make Blazes jealous of him?

WESTLAKE: An amorous attorney? The problem with fiction is it must be credible, able to stand the test of verisimilitude.

HILLERMAN: Besides, everyone suspects his own attorney. For good reason.

PICKARD: I think we should keep this simple. Carl plants the idea; he denies being with Linda when she says she's with him. We shouldn't introduce any other real suspect.

CAUDWELL: I think that's right because then there is nothing that she can disprove. When Blazes accuses her and says, "You have been having an affair, you slut, you whore," she says, "No, no!" He says, "Yes, I know you weren't in your office last Tuesday." She says, "Really, ask my secretary. I was away on business." But if Blazes doesn't know exact details, he can't make specific accusations, so she can never rebut a specific accusation. That will make it far more difficult for her to dissuade him.

PICKARD: And she'll be trying harder and harder to prove she loves him, and be more willing to speed up the signing of the will. We can get this murder over within a week.

LOVESEY: Very tidy.

PICKARD: But wait, doesn't somebody else have to know of this affair? Otherwise, Blazes's suspicions would rest exclusively on the husband's word.

HILLERMAN: Let the copy editor work that out.

WESTLAKE: Since Blazes is a businessman, he must have a personal secretary who is privy to most of his business. So make certain that she is aware of most of the information you are giving to Blazes. She's in the room when you speak. Or you call his office when you know that Blazes

and Linda are out separately, and say, "When Blazes comes in, would you tell him I am worried about Linda. She didn't come home last night." The secretary has a double purpose for Carl: she thinks that Linda is having an affair and that Carl is completely innocent.

LOVESEY: This is nice but it's not baroque. I thought Carl wanted to stun the world with his cleverness. The letter inviting us here today charged us: "This cannot be just any old perfect murder. It must aspire to greatness. It must reach for homicidal grandeur. It must be baroque, rococo in detail."

CAUDWELL: Well, I had a notion about these two old friends. Carl would obviously know all Blazes's terrors and phobias. I thought perhaps Blazes might have a phobia about snakes, which would make him react violently when there was a snake in the room. You might perhaps give Linda a beautiful negligee for her birthday, which you have had specially woven. It would be one of those gowns that have woven into it luminous threads, which you can't see by daylight, but you can see with a little moonlight. The image would be a huge cobra winding down the back of her negligee. You then set up a scene where you are all staying in the same country house, and you have time alone with her. She's being respectable; she's staying in the matrimonial suite. But you have a row with her late at night, and she sweeps out of the bedroom and goes to Blazes's suite, as you know perfectly well she will. She lies down on Blazes's bed, and—as you've arranged—he is out late. She falls asleep (Linda always sleeps on her stomach) before he gets back. When he returns to his dimly lit bedroom, there, crawling on his bed, is this gleaming and horrible snake. And he strikes out at it wildly, bludgeoning and bludgeoning until by the time he's finished, there isn't much left of Linda. Then the screams are heard, and the whole household comes upon it.

HILLERMAN: So all Blazes sees is the snake.

CAUDWELL: Yes, and I don't think even competent police, when they see this bludgeoned woman, will test the fabric of her nightdress to see whether it has luminous threads.

HILLERMAN: You could even make the luminosity temporary.

CAUDWELL: Absolutely.

PICKARD: Diabolical.

LOVESEY: I like it.

HILLERMAN: Very nice. Does Carl know any weavers?

LOVESEY: I think Tony's idea of mass murder still has a certain grandeur about it.

HILLERMAN: It's good if Carl wants to start his memoirs, "Remember the week we depopulated Newport with mushroom poisoning, 72,000 simultaneous funerals . . ."

HITT: But mass murder is kind of a blunt instrument, isn't it? Just to rid myself of one wife.

CAUDWELL: Well, you could render her unconscious and have her placed in one of those marvelous ice confections. A huge centerpiece at a banquet. And you are wondering, where is Linda? But in the end you don't delay your guests and you invite your guest of honor, who is your best friend, Blazes, to cut the first slice of this confection. And he plunges in the knife and it goes straight through her heart.

HILLERMAN: What happens if Blazes stabs her instep or something?

CAUDWELL: Well, this superb confection has a special place at the center where the knife must go in. It is clearly marked. It is just above Linda's heart.

HILLERMAN: This is some confection.

CAUDWELL: A confection of considerable scope. It may even be in the shape of Linda, like a waxwork.

LOVESEY: But this sort of thing has been done before. Cora Pearl, the famous Parisian courtesan of, well, many distinctions, was served to King Edward VII on a covered platter. When the lid was taken off she was naked.

HILLERMAN: Could Linda be alive under this confection? I mean, I assume it's mainly ice cream.

CAUDWELL: She'd have to be drugged. But alive.

LOVESEY: Maybe Linda has been persuaded that she can make a good impression by doing this.

CAUDWELL: She is trying to advance her career as an actress. And she is going to have a fantastic moment at which she arises naked from the confection. You feed the idea to Linda so that she tells others who think it is her idea. Of course, Blazes can't know, otherwise he wouldn't plunge the knife into her. It must be Linda, who thinks it will all be a great erotic scene.

LOVESEY: These ideas are okay but it seems to me that they're not on the grand scale. I think Tony was going along the right lines when he talked about a mass murder. My inclination would be to murder Linda on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera in front of 4,000 people during a performance of *Aida*. Here's how you could do it.

I know of a nerve gas that is quite undetectable. Very dangerous, I wouldn't like anyone else in this group to know about it. It is called DMWTS, but that's just the name toxicologists give it. It's a secret chemical formula. Don't mess with this stuff.

Suppose Linda is an opera singer of some note but not the star of the Met. We will create a situation whereby she, the understudy, plays Aida on the big night. She will wear a necklace with a pendant in the form of a scarab that will contain a small gelatine capsule of this nerve gas. It is the last act, when the couple is being entombed in the crypt and the stones are coming down. As the scene demands, Aida rushes into the arms of the great tenor, Enrico Enormoso. The heat from the pressure of their embrace melts the gelatine capsule and releases the nerve gas, and they both die to the thunderous applause of the audience.

PICKARD: Quite good.

HILLERMAN: I like it. But maybe, instead of *Aida*, it's a trendy new version of *Otello*, directed by Peter Sellars. Otello is a mugger in this hip interpretation. The woman who must die is not the prima donna but a supernumerary, played by Linda. Early on in the opera, our mugger sees a gold chain around Linda's neck. It's a breakaway chain, except we've woven a piece of piano wire into it, see. Blazes Boylan is the talented tenor, who, in this case, is playing Otello. He grabs this breakaway chain, only it doesn't seem to be immediately breaking away. But he's determined; he's not going to blow this part. So he rips the chain off! It's not only dramatic, but it's a public decapitation. We haven't seen one of those in years.

LOVESEY: I like that.

WESTLAKE: Very nice.

PICKARD: But it's not mass murder.

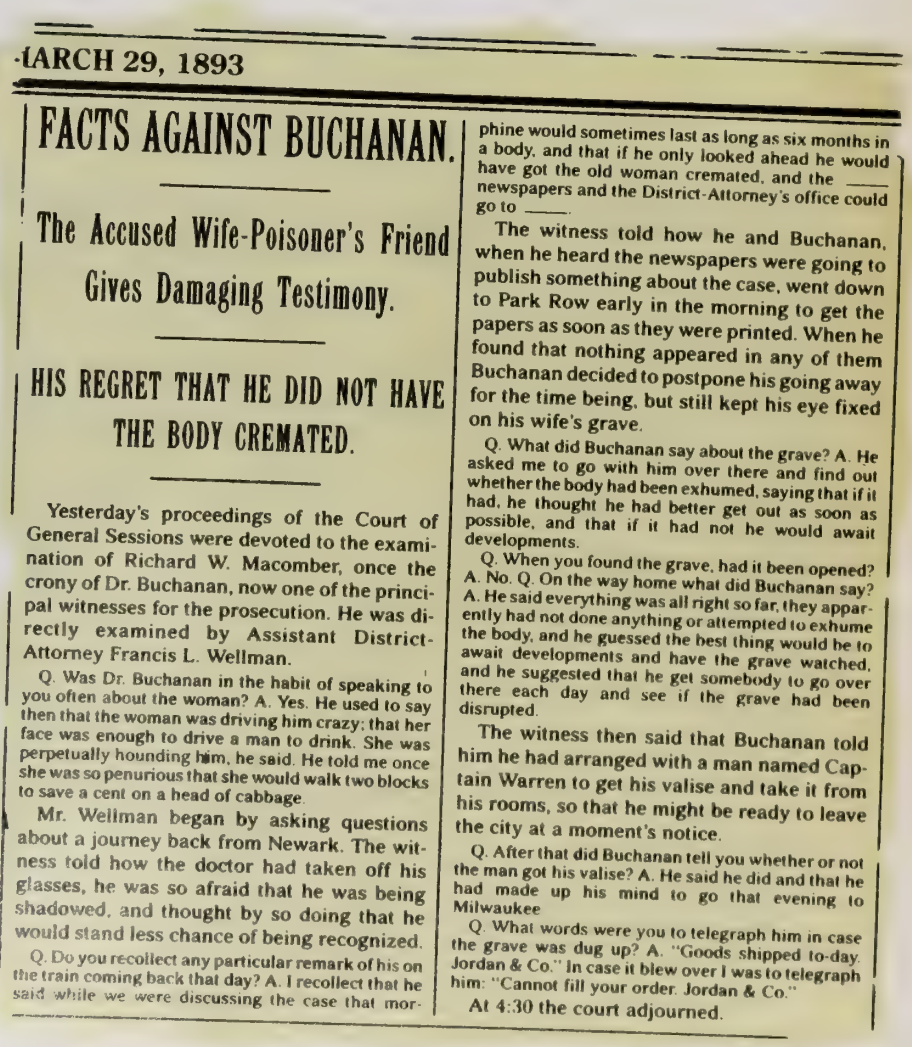
WESTLAKE: No, but it has the virtue of mass revulsion.

HITT: A New York audience would love it.

HILLERMAN: And even if Blazes is not dead, and even if he's not charged with murder, at least his reputation is besmirched.

CAUDWELL: I'm not sure. There was a story of one Otello in England who strangled three Desdemonas and it didn't ruin his career at all. But I'm worried because if someone is killed on the public stage, you don't suspect the obvious murderer. The fact is that when you know something has gone wrong in a stage performance, you then say of the chap who did it, "Of course, he's not the man who really did it. Poor chap. Terrible accident." I don't think that satisfies your desire for revenge.

HITT: Maybe the thing to do is cast myself as Otello and I pull the chain. According to your logic,



·IARCH 29, 1893

FACTS AGAINST BUCHANAN.

The Accused Wife-Poisoner's Friend Gives Damaging Testimony.

HIS REGRET THAT HE DID NOT HAVE THE BODY CREMATED.

Yesterday's proceedings of the Court of General Sessions were devoted to the examination of Richard W. Macomber, once the crony of Dr. Buchanan, now one of the principal witnesses for the prosecution. He was directly examined by Assistant District-Attorney Francis L. Wellman.

Q. Was Dr. Buchanan in the habit of speaking to you often about the woman? A. Yes. He used to say then that the woman was driving him crazy; that her face was enough to drive a man to drink. She was perpetually hounding him, he said. He told me once she was so penurious that she would walk two blocks to save a cent on a head of cabbage.

Mr. Wellman began by asking questions about a journey back from Newark. The witness told how the doctor had taken off his glasses, he was so afraid that he was being shadowed, and thought by so doing that he would stand less chance of being recognized.

Q. Do you recollect any particular remark of his on the train coming back that day? A. I recollect that he said while we were discussing the case that morphine would sometimes last as long as six months in a body, and that if he only looked ahead he would have got the old woman cremated, and the —— newspapers and the District-Attorney's office could go to ——.

The witness told how he and Buchanan, when he heard the newspapers were going to publish something about the case, went down to Park Row early in the morning to get the papers as soon as they were printed. When he found that nothing appeared in any of them Buchanan decided to postpone his going away for the time being, but still kept his eye fixed on his wife's grave.

Q. What did Buchanan say about the grave? A. He asked me to go with him over there and find out whether the body had been exhumed, saying that if it had, he thought he had better get out as soon as possible, and that if it had not he would await developments.

Q. When you found the grave, had it been opened? A. No. Q. On the way home what did Buchanan say? A. He said everything was all right so far, they apparently had not done anything or attempted to exhume the body, and he guessed the best thing would be to await developments and have the grave watched, and he suggested that he get somebody to go over there each day and see if the grave had been disrupted.

The witness then said that Buchanan told him he had arranged with a man named Captain Warren to get his valise and take it from his rooms, so that he might be ready to leave the city at a moment's notice.

Q. After that did Buchanan tell you whether or not the man got his valise? A. He said he did and that he had made up his mind to go that evening to Milwaukee.

Q. What words were you to telegraph him in case the grave was dug up? A. "Goods shipped to-day. Jordan & Co." In case it blew over I was to telegraph him: "Cannot fill your order. Jordan & Co."

At 4:30 the court adjourned.

then it would be obvious that I was not the killer.

HILLERMAN: There you go. You're catching on.

LOVESEY: I can't see Blazes as a tenor. I see him as a stagehand in *Aida* who has been responsible for these great stones which come down and entomb the couple. You know Blazes is responsible for the stones, and you, Carl, cut the rope short by about a foot. Then when they're singing the beautiful duet at the end, the thing comes down with a thump or too soon and ruins the tenor's part. He insists that Blazes be dismissed. Now Blazes has a big grudge against the tenor.

HILLERMAN: So this sets up Blazes to kill my wife?

LOVESEY: No. Blazes is now motivated to kill the tenor. In the meantime, Linda, who is the understudy for the lead, has never gone on the stage herself. You can play off that frustration by convincing her that the only way she will ever sing is if the lead gets ill. So you suggest to Linda that she put some cascara in the soprano's cappuccino. Now where did she get the cascara from? She gets Blazes to get it for her. "What do you want with that?" Blazes might ask. And she might even tell him. But later on when he starts buying cascara tablets, then he looks like a really guilty character, doesn' he?

HITT: What is cascara?

LOVESEY: In opera, you say a show will have a lor run. Well, cascara makes you have a lot of sho runs, you see?

HITT: Ah!

LOVESEY: Cascara makes it impossible for the le to go on.

HILLERMAN: I think you've hit upon the way can really make this work. I really like this id much better than mushrooms.

LOVESEY: And are you prepared to go along wi my nerve gas? I do so like the idea of somethi being squeezed between them when they sort press up to each other in the final scene, a they die appropriately in the tomb. There is pleasant unity about it all.

HILLERMAN: This is good because you don't wa Carl to look like the mastermind. You want it look like a clumsy attempt to kill the tenor th accidentally kills both the tenor and the star in because the prima donna is indisposed.

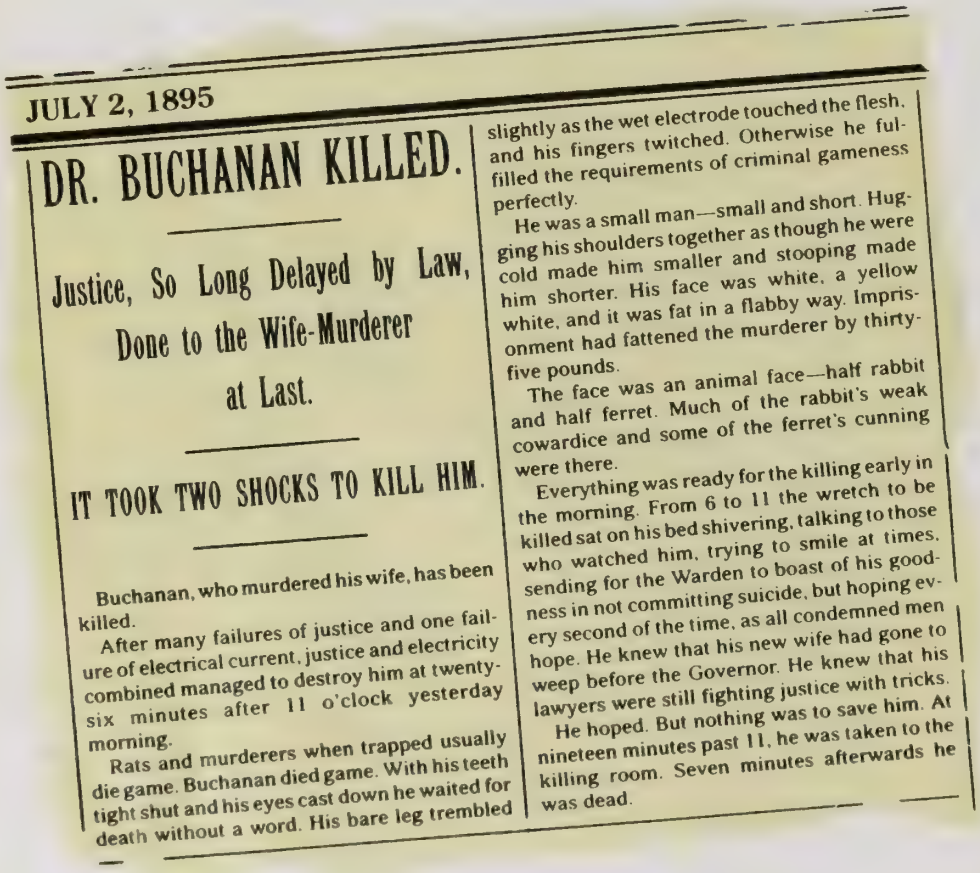
HITT: What about an alibi?

LOVESEY: You can be away. Y needn't even be there. Y are spending time with yo friend, the chief of polic Spending the evening playi cards.

PICKARD: I think Carl wou want to be there in t audience.

HILLERMAN: Oh, yes. Natura Alibis are overrated. would want to be there, joying his work. Ponder the clever phrasings of memoirs.

CAUDWELL: Absolutely. W wouldn't want to be the Besides, I have it on the thority of a New York cri nal attorney of considera experience: the farther a the spouse is at the time death, the more certain t it's murder.



JULY 2, 1895

DR. BUCHANAN KILLED.

Justice, So Long Delayed by Law, Done to the Wife-Murderer at Last.

IT TOOK TWO SHOCKS TO KILL HIM.

Buchanan, who murdered his wife, has been killed.

After many failures of justice and one failure of electrical current, justice and electricity combined managed to destroy him at twenty-six minutes after 11 o'clock yesterday morning.

Rats and murderers when trapped usually die game. Buchanan died game. With his teeth tight shut and his eyes cast down he waited for death without a word. His bare leg trembled slightly as the wet electrode touched the flesh, and his fingers twitched. Otherwise he fulfilled the requirements of criminal gameness perfectly.

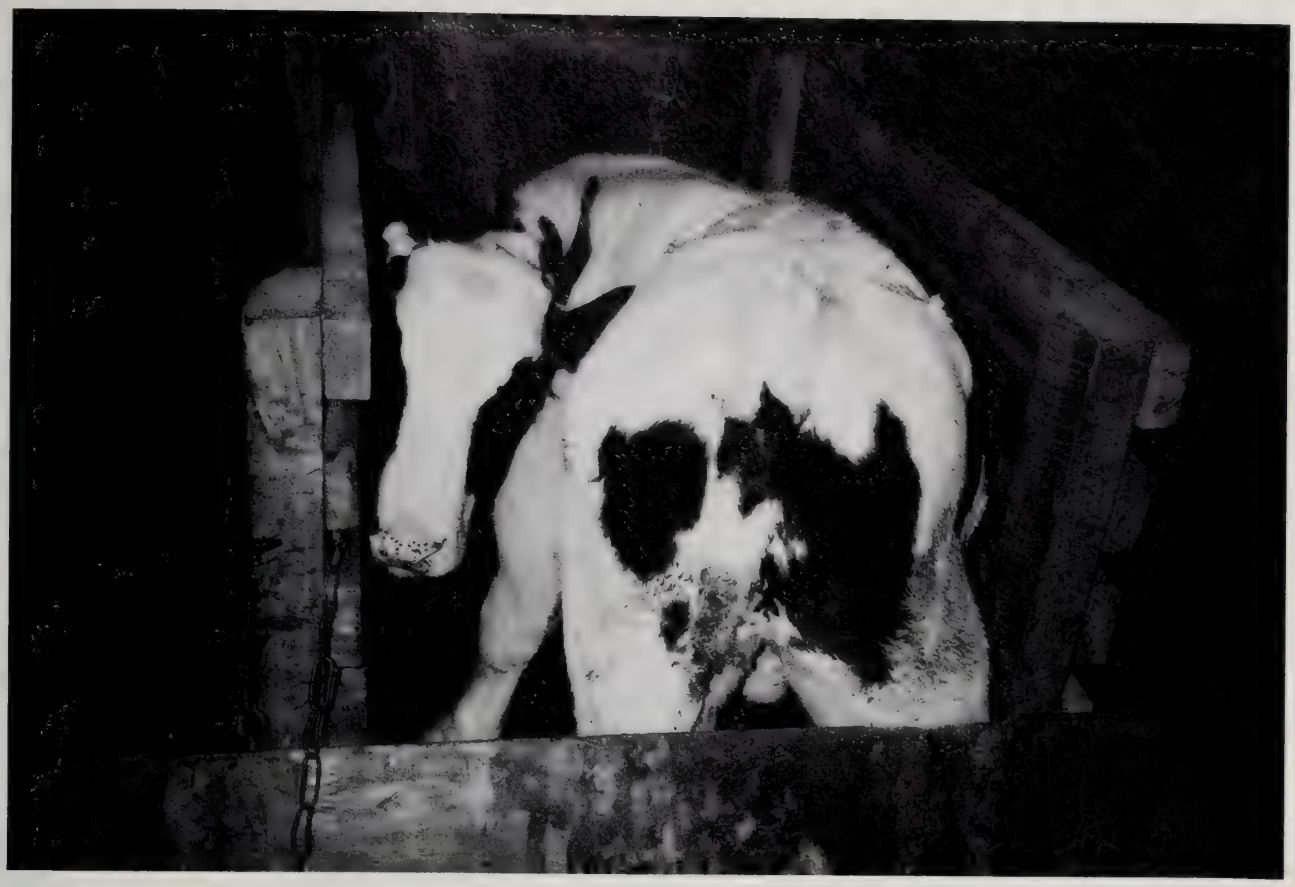
He was a small man—small and short. Hugging his shoulders together as though he were cold made him smaller and stooping made him shorter. His face was white, a yellow white, and it was fat in a flabby way. Imprisonment had fattened the murderer by thirty-five pounds.

The face was an animal face—half rabbit and half ferret. Much of the rabbit's weak cowardice and some of the ferret's cunning were there.

Everything was ready for the killing early in the morning. From 6 to 11 the wretch to be killed sat on his bed shivering, talking to those who watched him, trying to smile at times, sending for the Warden to boast of his goodness in not committing suicide, but hoping every second of the time, as all condemned men hope. He knew that his new wife had gone to weep before the Governor. He knew that his lawyers were still fighting justice with tricks.

He hoped. But nothing was to save him. At nineteen minutes past 11, he was taken to the killing room. Seven minutes afterwards he was dead.

Q: Why can't this veal calf walk?



A: He has only two feet.

tually, less than two feet. Twenty two inches to be ıct. His entire life is spent chained in a wooden box ·asuring only 22 inches wide and 56 inches long. The x is so small that the calf can't walk or even turn ɔund.

ɔst people think animal abuse is illegal. It isn't. In ıl factories, it's business as usual. "Milk-fed" veal is tained by making a calf anemic. The calf is *not* fed ɔther's milk. He's fed an antibiotic laced formula that ıses severe diarrhea. He must lie in his own excrement hoking on the ammonia gases. He's chained in a rkened building with hundreds of other baby calves ffering the same fate. They are immobilized, sick, d anemic.



Toxic Veal

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t doesn't the USDA prevent tainted veal from being d? Absolutely not. The USDA itself admits that most ıl is never checked for toxic residue.

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IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH, YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND.

IS THERE A EUROPE?

After empire, Yalta, and malaise

By Peter Schneider

Where has Europe been? Where has it gone? Does it still exist? I am not sure. From the West Coast, where I spent some time a couple of years ago, Europe seemed so far away—the Far East was much closer. And this is the case too in New York City, I think. Looking in the *New York Times* to try to find out what was going on in the Old World, what news there was tended to be in small stories on the inside pages. Only two types of stories grabbed the headlines: either a terrorist attack in some European city (especially if there were American victims), or a boring election in one or another European nation claiming to be a state just because it has four or five million inhabitants. I imagine Americans reading about Europe as they read about everywhere else: Do they have highways? Air-conditioning?

The only characteristic of Europeans that has been discussed during the Reagan years is our halfheartedness. Americans might not know what we are thinking, but who doesn't know how we first raised a hue and cry about Soviet SS-20 intermediate-range missiles, which resulted in the Americans sending over cruise and Pershing missiles to make us feel better, and how we then turned around and demanded—feeling more threatened by the protection—that the Americans take back the dreadful things? Our patient American friends agreed: they signed a treaty with the Soviets to destroy the missiles—and what happened? Europe felt forsaken. Really, does Europe know what it wants? Does it know what it stands for?

Interestingly, Europeans have been asking similar questions. After their adventures in the 1960s and '70s, which more often than not led them to the far corners of the earth, Europeans (or at least a few of them) returned to rediscover their native habitat. There is much talk and excitement about "1992," when the European Common Market becomes truly (Western) European, with open borders for trade among all nations on the western side of the Wall. But what I have in mind is the *idea* of Europe, its character. The European capitals are overrun with writers conferring on the subject. This Europe appears at conferences under such billings as "Existe-t-il une identité culturelle européenne?" and "Ein Traum von Euro-

Peter Schneider is the author of The Wall Jumper. *He lives in Berlin. His last essay for* Harper's Magazine, *"Hitler's Shadow," appeared in the September 1987 issue.*

It will probably take longer to tear down the Wall in our heads than the one made of concrete

pa." The mood of these conferences is a little melancholy. You will fin some who say that Europe must reassert itself. But the notion that, if ther is such a thing as Europe, it must finally and in some reasonable way com into its own is obviously an idea born of decline. This idea stands on th realization that all the other—the "intoxicating" and "heroic"—Europea dreams have been dreamed out: the dream of colonial domination of th rest of the world; the dream of British, Spanish, Dutch, French, and finall German hegemony; the dream of unobstructed pillage in countries held t underdevelopment. The Old World only freed itself from the last and mo fearsome nightmare vision of Europe, the German one, with the help the non-European peoples. Sadly, Europe—in some moment of blazing i sight—never simply renounced and relinquished its dreams. No, tho dreams were smashed by history.

This Europe, then, is one not of intoxication but of withdrawal and fre dom from addiction. It is shaped not by the heroic or triumphant or abs lute but by the doubts and self-doubts of sinners who have not necessari become wise through their suffering, but who are now at least cautious an able to listen. Of course, Europe will not fully clear its head until it shak itself from those other dreams, the ones we might call release or redem tion dreams. By these, I mean the hopes of many—specifically, man guilt-conscious Europeans—that the October Revolution, the Cultur Revolution, and the "Victorious People's War" in Vietnam would provi some kind of model for an old, tired-out Europe. However we choose t evaluate the results that these liberation dreams have produced so far, the monstrous costs can no longer be denied. Above all, it has become evide that most of these liberation dreams, like dreams of European hegemon are and have been, with shockingly few exceptions, dreams of maste and power. The expectation that the poor of the earth will absolve th wealthy industrial nations has been, from the very beginning, nothin more than a pious hope. Gradually the word has gotten around that w

Europeans will have to pull ourselves out of the morass n by Fidel's beard (or Ho Chi Minh's) but by our own thi ning locks.

Europe's rediscovery of itself has certainly produced surprises, b they aren't all pleasant ones. This is especially the case when the discove ers are writers and intellectuals. The new debate over Europe makes it cle that the political division of Europe after 1945 also caused a split in ways thinking. It's not just that the two social systems confronting each anoth at the Wall have produced their own intellectual toadies and iconogr phers—the split shows even in progressive thinking. There are East Eur pean writers who will risk their freedom for Solidarność or Charta 77, b don't want to hear about the unemployment in Western industrial societi or the exploitation of guest workers. There are West European dissiden who envy their counterparts beyond the Wall the privilege of being su jected to imprisonment or a publishing ban: Isn't that proof of how seriou ly they take literature in the East? One sometimes gets the impression th activist intellectuals replay the war of words between government spoke men by reversing roles: each of them tries to show that the social system which he *doesn't* live is the better one. The dialogue between West a East German authors has made it particularly clear that the cement a barbed-wire Wall corresponds to a mental one. It will probably take long to tear down the Wall in our heads than the one made of concrete.



There is another aspect of the East-West binary opposition in Europe: forces us to understand the effects of a long-running war of words. T following exchange occurred recently at a border crossing out of West B lin. An East German official asked my destination, and I said, "East B lin." The official promptly informed me I had gone astray. From here could certainly reach all points in the German Democratic Republic a could even travel to a capital named Berlin; but there was no way I cou

Photographs by C. Patricia Willi

For a long time now,
we have been
forgetting.
Everything is either
East or West,
communist or
anti-communist

et to "East Berlin" from his checkpoint. The man wasn't interested in my ference to the compass I had mounted in my car, which showed unquivocally that I was headed east. And I didn't improve my situation with he explanation that it wasn't ill will but the rules of geography that led me assume there must be, somewhere on this planet and probably in close oximity to a section of the city called "West Berlin," an eastern half. The rder guard forbade any further discussion and decided I would have to rget the points of the compass if I wanted to pass. I had to accept the fact at, driving steadily east from West Berlin, I had reached Berlin.

What was the sense of this lesson? Did the man want to challenge the agnetic pull of the North Pole? Did he want to convince me that the rld isn't round? Did he want to rename the points of the compass? The m of the lesson was, of course, something else. It was the guard's duty to ake me a party to the linguistic reordering that would uproot the memory how things were before the partition of Berlin. Once it has been deterined that the name "Berlin" applies only to the eastern part of the city ith a vestigial appendage inexplicably called "West Berlin"), then the erlin of 1920, or 1720, is eradicated. Berlin has no past, only a future.

The story wouldn't be worth mentioning if ploys like that of the East erman official didn't work. But they do. It is a fact that, for a long time w, we have been forgetting. Everything is East-West, communist–anti-mmunist. Not only officials but intellectuals and writers have, over the ars, developed a tendency to avoid certain "troublesome subjects" and, en more, certain "troublesome names." People care not so much what a ntence says or whether it's true, but whose company it puts you in. These ual disagreements have only this merit: in the middle of one, you begin see how anachronistic such a disagreement really is. Call someone an ti-communist, or be called one yourself, and you understand that you n now comfortably assign the notion of anti-communism to the category "null terms." Null terms are words whose meanings inexorably tend ward zero as a result of constant, inflationary misuse. It should be said at this is a genuine loss. It isn't so much that "anti-communism" doesn't ist; the problem is that so many people have used the term so indiscriminitely that it can't be taken seriously even when it does by chance hit the ark. Sadly, too, this progressive hollowing out of the term's actual meang spoils the fun for those who take pride in being "anti-communist." The ssenger who chose to open a conversation with his West Berlin cabbie by introducing himself as an anti-communist was stopped cold with the statement, "I don't care what kind of communist you are."

But I digress—with the best of intentions, I should say. I think it is portant that you understand what Europe is like today, with its tired chotomies between the empires of evil and good. However, this is sudnly changing: the writings of two men in particular have sparked this ange. First there was Milan Kundera's famous essay "Un Continent kidppé," which originally appeared in *Le Nouvel Observateur*. In this essay ndera castigates his Western European readers for forgetting about Cenl Europe, for idly watching its disappearance from the map of the West. he Hungarians, Czechs, and Poles are not simply members of the Soviet oc, he writes—this is not the essence of their identity. "Their nations ve always belonged to the part of Europe rooted in Roman Christianity. ey have participated in every period of its history. For them, the word urope' does not represent a phenomenon of geography but a spiritual tion synonymous with the word 'West.'" At the same time, on the other le of the Wall, György Konrád was writing his manifesto *Antipolitics*. nrád sees a world straitjacketed by Yalta. "The morality of Yalta is sime: those who have the bombs and tanks decide the social and political stem. Since the United States and the Soviet Union had the most bombs d tanks, they were called to lead the world." First and foremost, Konrád

I like the idea that Europe represents nothing more nor less than a cultural option, open in principle to anyone

argues, they divvied up Europe: now they maintain the divide with nuclear weapons. European countries must free themselves from this bondage—but how? Change will come only gradually. Western European nations should integrate, "strengthen their sense of European identity and revive the notion that Europe is the agent of its own destiny, with a strategy and political profile of its own." In time, this sense of identity will rub off on "East Central Europe," helping those nations to create for themselves more pluralistic political forms. And who will be the agents of such change? The "antipoliticians," scholars and writers actively involved politically as counter-powers against government officials—establishing independent networks, transcending national boundaries.

It is worth noting that the impetus for these new reflections on Europe came from Central Europe: Milan Kundera the Czech (living in Paris) and György Konrád the Hungarian. West European intellectuals have merely parried the thrust—a fact that presumably says something about the different interests of the two groups. I don't want to take sides in the argument unleashed by Kundera about whether Russia belongs to Europe. I mention it only to emphasize the impossibility of arriving at a universally acceptable definition of Europe that is merely geographic or historical. In this regard perhaps politicians are not as small-minded as writers. Morocco recently asked to be admitted to the European Economic Community. Word is that the application has been met with goodwill. Let's hope that the politicians don't stop at Morocco. What about Turkey, Algeria, Tunisia? What about the Indians, Iranians, Tamils, black Africans who for years—for decades—have lived and worked in Europe and yet are discriminated against as "transitory Europeans" and threatened with expulsion? I'm afraid that ultimately any neat definition of Europe or Europeans will be just as dumb and racist as the attempt by Hitler's race hygienists to identify the pure-blooded Aryan. I like the idea that Europe represents nothing more nor less than a cultural option, guaranteed in part by history, but open in principle to anyone who feels he belongs to Europe.

I would like to try to envision an alternate West. I'd like to search out a tiny delicate flower in the immense junk heap of European dreams and nightmares. In the European history of ideas, this flower has long been considered a weed, something undesirable. It is the weed of doubt. The first to identify it was René Descartes, who based his entire philosophy on doubt. To doubt is to work from the principle that all cannot be known. It is to live life not with a belief in timeless truths but with a curiosity about our own imperfections, and about the thoughts and lives of people who we imagine beyond our borders. That is why the skeptic is a notorious border-walker and reacts claustrophobically to closed rooms. He finds himself almost magically drawn to checkpoints and is always in conflict with the border authorities. Yet he becomes uneasy if he doesn't encounter a single checkpoint along a 10,000-kilometer stretch: he suspects that linguistic and cultural barriers have been brutally eliminated in that boundless, unvarying space.

There is one point about which the skeptic is merciless and tolerates no doubt. He is absolutely certain that all human discoveries, all opinions and intentions are necessarily partial and therefore open to change and refinement. Now, let us understand that this doubt does not lead inexorably to "decline" and "malaise." Doubt and planning, doubt and belief, doubt and action—not only are they *not* mutually exclusive but they are actually mutually *necessary*. Without intent, hope, will, there would be nothing to doubt, would there?

But doubt and absolute certainty, doubt and unshakability, doubt and fanaticism *are* mutually exclusive. The skeptic's natural enemies are those who proclaim the dream of infallibility and invulnerability. Obviously, the prophets of unshakable truths, the gurus of chosen peoples and superior races, the teachers of infallible laws that necessarily lead to the

ign of freedom, the architects of thousand-year Reichs have primarily one ing in mind: whatever the cost, they must pull up the weed of doubt that tches at *their* ankles, too.

Now, no one would want to argue that the philosophy of doubt has determined the fate of Europe. If this were the case, the Inquisition, colonialm, Stalinism, racism, fascism would never have been able to exercise eir destructive power. But it is a confirmed fact that the partisans of ubt have spoken out with remarkable regularity and usually at the onset every attack of totalitarian conviction. The historian Alan Bullock has awn the conclusion that "no other culture has produced so many heretics d rebels, from Socrates to Freud, and no other has found itself so ready, bsequently, to admit them to the Pantheon." (To which one should only ld that many confirmed doubters found it uncomfortable to live in such afty quarters and took refuge in the closed system of a new doctrine of lvation.)

It is among the saddest facts that a skeptic is powerless before the prophs and executors of absolute truth. A cynic might conclude that the skepcs' efforts are pointless. But today, with Europe's dreams of domination attered, it is clear that the skeptics are Europe's most confidencespiring ambassadors. Without their cautious dreams, the future would se its most significant options. One might even say—and this is my eam—that the shadow culture of doubt now has a chance to take control history—European history, anyway. It is apparent that doubt succeeds st where many ways of thinking, speaking, and living collide but no sine way predominates. Doubt is in its element in a social system where contradiction and dissent are not just the exceptions but stubborn habits. That why the doubter is an incorrigible proponent of democracy; on this point o he tolerates no doubt.

One can argue that doubt has given no support to great powers or their st armies. That is certainly true. It is also accurate to say that skeptics suffer from a pathological lack of charisma. But to a confessed skeptic, this argument speaks only against vast armies and great powers, not against doubt.

Europe's one universal, unchanging aspect is its many facets. Perps this can be attributed to the weeds of doubt—for what a true believer doubt cannot doubt is the right to self-determination, for individuals d for peoples. But to embrace a culture of doubt—however modest my sion may seem—would have serious implications for the intellectual and litical status quo. You see, many leaders and thinkers in Western Europe ve come to regard concepts such as "self-determination" and "freedom" old hat, as kitsch. And I can't deny that these terms have something out them of the null term.

But more troubling still is that in Western Europe such concepts are nited *geographically*. It is okay for the people of Chile or El Salvador to ve a right to freedom and self-determination. But if the claim should me from the other side of the Wall, it is not heard in the same way. It is ard as a threat to world peace. World peace *is* important; moreover, anye claiming to be the *guarantor* of self-determination for, say, the Poles ould seek psychiatric care. Still, if the people of Latin America have a ht to self-determination—and they do—this right belongs to Central d Eastern Europeans as well. The Poles and Czechs and Hungarians have is right—even if it takes them another hundred years to see it realized. It not enough simply to say one is for peace and leave it at that.

I am not at all convinced that our Western way of life has fulfilled its n desire for "democracy." And I doubt strongly that if the Central and stern Europeans had and could exercise the choice, they would follow r path. Remember that Europe is multifaceted. The illusion that all Eupeans mean the same thing when they speak of "freedom" or "democra" is maintained only by the Wall. ■

Today, with Europe's dreams of domination shattered, it is clear that the skeptics are Europe's most confidence-inspiring ambassadors



nslated from the German by Leigh Hafrey

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THE RUNNER

By Don DeLillo

The runner took the turn slowly, watching ducks collect near the footbridge where a girl was scattering bread. The path roughly followed the outline of the pond, meandering through stands of trees. The runner listened to his even breathing. He was young and knew he could go harder but didn't want to spoil the sense of easy effort in the dying light, all the day's voices and noises drained out in steady sweat.

Traffic skimmed past. The girl took bread in fragments from her father and pitched them over the rail, holding her hand open like someone signaling five. The runner eased across the bridge. There were two women thirty yards ahead, walking along a path that led out to the street. A pigeon quick-stepped across the grass when the runner approached, leaning into his turn. The sun was in the trees beyond the parkway.

He was a quarter of the way down the path at the west side of the pond when a car came off the road, bouncing onto the sloped lawn. A breeze stirred up and the runner lifted his arms out, feeling the air slip into his T-shirt. A man got out of the car, moving fast. The runner passed an old couple on a bench. They were putting together sections of the newspaper, getting ready to leave. Purple loosestrife was coming into bloom along the near bank. He thought he would do four more laps, close to the edge of his endurance. There was a disturbance back there, over his right shoulder, a jump to another level. He looked back as he ran, seeing the old couple rise from the bench, unaware, and then the car on the grass, out of place, and a woman standing on a blanket looking toward the car, her hands raised, framing her face. He turned forward and ran past the sign that said the park closes at sundown, although there were no gates, no effective way to keep people out. The closing was strictly in the mind.

The car was old and bruised, the right rear fender painted a rustproof copper, and he heard staccato bursts from the exhaust pipe when it drove off.

He rounded the south end, watching two boys on bikes to see if something in their faces might hint at what was happening. They went past him, one to either side, and music leaked from the headset one of them wore. He saw the girl and her father at the end of the footbridge. A line of brushed light passed across the water. He saw the woman on the slope turned the other way now, looking down the parkway, and there were three or four people looking in the same direction, others with dogs just walking. He saw cars streaming past in the northbound lanes.

The woman was a short broad figure stuck to the blanket. She turned to some people moving toward her and began to call to them, not understanding that they knew she was in distress. They were around the blanket now and the runner watched them gesture for calm. Her voice was harsh and thick, with the breathless stammer of damaged speech. He couldn't tell what she was saying.

At the foot of a mild rise the path was soft and moist. The father looked toward the slope, a hand extended in front of him, palm up, and the girl selected bits of bread and turned toward

Don DeLillo's new novel, Libra, *was published last month by Viking.*

the rail. Her face went tight in preparation. The runner approached the bridge. One of the men near the blanket came down to the path and jogged off toward the steps that led up to the street. He held his hand to his pocket to keep something from flying out. The girl wanted her father to watch her throw the bread.

Ten strides beyond the bridge the runner saw a woman coming toward him at an angle. She tilted her head in the hopeful way of a tourist who wishes to ask directions. He stopped but not completely, turning gradually so that they continued to face each other while he moved slowly backward on the path, legs still going in a runner's pump.

She said pleasantly, "Did you see what happened?"

"No. Just the car really. About two seconds."

"I saw the man."

"What happened?"

"I was leaving with my friend who lives just across the street here. We heard the car when it came over the curb. More or less bang on the grass. The father gets out and takes the little boy. No one had time to react. They get in the car and they're gone. I just said, 'Evelyn.' She went right off to telephone."

He was running in place now and she moved closer, a middle-aged woman with an inadvertent smile.

"I recognized you from the elevator," she said.

"How do you know it was his father?"

"It's all around us, isn't it? They have babies before they're ready. They don't know what they're getting into. It's one problem after another. Then they split up or the father gets in trouble with the police. Don't we see it all the time? He's unemployed, he uses drugs. One day he decides he's entitled to see more of his child. He wants to share custody. He broods for days. Then he comes around and they argue and he breaks up the furniture. The mother gets a court order. He has to stay away from the child."

They looked toward the slope, where the woman stood gesturing on the blanket. Another woman held some of her things, a sweater, a large cloth bag. A dog went bounding after seagulls down near the path and they lifted and settled again nearby.

"Look how heavy she is. We see more and more of this. Young women. They can't help it. It's a condition they're disposed to. How long are you in the building?"

"Four months."

"There are cases they walk in and start shooting. Common-law husbands. You can't separate a parent and expect everything works out. It's hard enough raising a child if you have the resources."

"But you can't be sure, can you?"

"I saw them both and I saw the child."

"Did she say anything?"

"She didn't have a chance. He grabbed the boy and got back in the car. I think she was totally frozen."

"Was anyone else in the car?"

"No. He dropped the boy on the seat and they were gone. I saw the whole thing. He wanted to share custody and the mother refused."

She was insistent, wincing in the light, and the runner remembered seeing her once in the laundry room, folding clothes with the same dazzled look.

"All right, we're looking at a woman in a terrible stricken state," he said. "But I don't see a common-law husband, I don't see a separation and I don't see a court order."

"How old are you?" she said.

"Twenty-three."

"Then you don't know."

He was surprised by the sharpness in her voice. He ran in place, unprepared and dripping, feeling heat rise from his chest. A police car swung up over the curbstone and everyone at the blanket turned and looked. The woman came near collapse when the policeman got out of the car. He moved in a practiced amble toward the group. She seemed to want to drop, to sink into the blanket and disappear. A sound came out of her, a desolation, and everyone moved a little closer, hands extended.

The runner used the moment to break off the dialogue. He went back to his laps, trying to recover the rhyme of stride and respiration. A work train passed beyond the trees on the other side of the pond, grave horn braying. He made the wide turn at the south end, feeling uneasy. He saw the small girl trail her father along a narrow path that led to an exit. He saw a second police car on the grass far to his left. The group was breaking up. He crossed the bridge, trying to spot the woman he'd been talking to. Ducks sailed in wobbly lines to the scattered bread.

Two more laps and he could call it quits.

He ran faster, still working at a cadence. The first police car left with the woman. He saw that the far end was empty now, sliding into deep shade. He made the turn, knowing he'd been wrong to cut the conversation so abruptly, even if she'd spoken sharply to him. A traffic cone jutted from the shallows. The runner approached the bridge.

Several strides into the last lap he veered onto the slope, gradually slowing to a walk. A policeman leaned on the door of the cruiser talking to the last witness, a man who stood with his back to the runner. Cars hurried past, some with headlights shining. The policeman

ked up from his notebook when the runner w near.

Sorry to interrupt, officer. I just wonder at the woman said. Was it her husband, neone she knew, who snatched the child?"

What did you see?"

Just the car. Blue with one discolored fend- Four-door. I didn't see the plates or notice make. The slightest glimpse of the man, ving kind of crouched."

The policeman went back to his notes.

It was a stranger," he said. "That's all she ld tell us."

The other man, the witness, had half-turned, now the three of them stood in a loose cir- uncomfortably caught, eyes not meeting. e runner felt he'd entered a rivalry of delicate ensions. He nodded no one in particular went back to the h. He started run- g again, going in a d of skelter, elbows ting. A cluster of s sat motionless on water.

The runner ap- ached the end of the . He stopped and ned over deeply, nds on hips. After moment he started king along the path. e police car was gone l tire marks cut oss the grass, three of curves that left ges of thick dirt. He nt out to the street walked across the rpass toward a row lighted shops. He er should have chal- ged her, no matter v neat and unyield- her version was. She'd only wanted to pro- them both. What would you rather believe, ther who comes to take his own child or neone lurching out of nowhere, out of dream- space? He looked for her on the benches side their building, where people often sat warm evenings. She'd tried to extend the nt in time, make it recognizable. Would you ner believe in a random shape, a man outside gining? He saw her sitting under a dogwood in an area to the right of the entrance.

I looked for you back there," he said.

I can't get it out of my mind."

I talked to a policeman."

Because actually seeing it, I couldn't really grasp. It was so farfetched. Seeing the child in that man's grip. I think it was more violent than guns. That poor woman watching it happen. How could she ever expect? I felt so weak and strange. I saw you coming along and I said I have to talk to someone. I know I just ranted."

"You were in complete control."

"I've been sitting here thinking there's no question about the elements. The car, the man, the mother, the child. Those are the parts. But how do the parts fit together? Because now that I've had some time to think, there's no explanation. A hole opened up in the air. That's how much sense it makes. There isn't a chance in a thousand I'll sleep tonight. It was all too awful, too enormous."

"She identified the man. It was definitely the father. She gave the police all the details. You had it just about totally right."



She looked at him carefully. He had a sudden sense of himself, rank and panting, cartoonish in orange shorts and a torn and faded top, and he felt a separation from the scene, as if he were watching from a place of concealment. She wore that odd pained smile. He backed up slightly, then leaned to shake her hand. This was how they said good night.

He went into the white lobby. The echo of the run hummed in his body. He stood waiting in a haze of weariness and thirst. The elevator arrived and the door slid open. He rode up alone through the heart of the building. ■

ration by David Moyers

THE SYSTEM THAT BR

Zeroing in on a Pentagon boondog

In the rush to judgment after the U.S. downing of Iran Air Flight 655, no guilty party was more carefully hidden in plain sight than Aegis, the high-tech radar system installed aboard the cruiser USS *Vincennes*. This most costly package of electronic complexity mistook an Airbus (length: 175 feet, 11 inches) for an F-14 (length: 62 feet, 8 inches), miscalculated the altitude of the plane by some 3,000 feet, and determined that the Airbus was descending when it was actually climbing (as can be gleaned from transcripts of radio calls between the jetliner and air controllers). So what is the problem with Aegis? As this letter displays, Aegis is simply the logical consequence of the present "defense" procurement system, dedicated to the simple principle: a bigger buck whatever the bang.

The "care" was mostly exerted to deceive Aegis's many critics. In one important series of tests, the Navy set up components of Aegis in a meadow near Exit 4 of the New Jersey Turnpike—"operational tests," the Navy called them. There Aegis performed such difficult tasks as monitoring the comings and goings of civilian air traffic over New York airports. As the Navy well knows, radar reflections off land are entirely different from those off water, and meadows don't pitch and roll—but then the object of the exercise was not any serious testing of Aegis but the extraction of more funds from Congress.

To counter missile attacks, ships such as the *Ticonderoga* and the *Vincennes* utilize the SLQ-32, an electronic system allied to Aegis that works like a Fuzzbuster—it identifies approaching ships and planes by the radar they emit. The SLQ-32 on the *Vincennes,* however, was unable to distinguish between the weather radar aboard an Airbus and the combat radar installed in an F-14.

THE

The Honorable Denny Smit
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

Dear Mr. Smith:

I am responding to
questioned the integrity
of operational testing o

Reports of inadequa
system are not correct.
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The capability TICONDERO
in the world. Further
ship's performance.

I appreciate your

Alexander Cockburn is a columnist for the Nation. *Ken Silverstein is a freelance journalist based in New York City.*

HT DOWN FLIGHT 655

nder Cockburn and Ken Silverstein

AVY

11 October 1983

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CG-47).

DEROGA and its AEGIS
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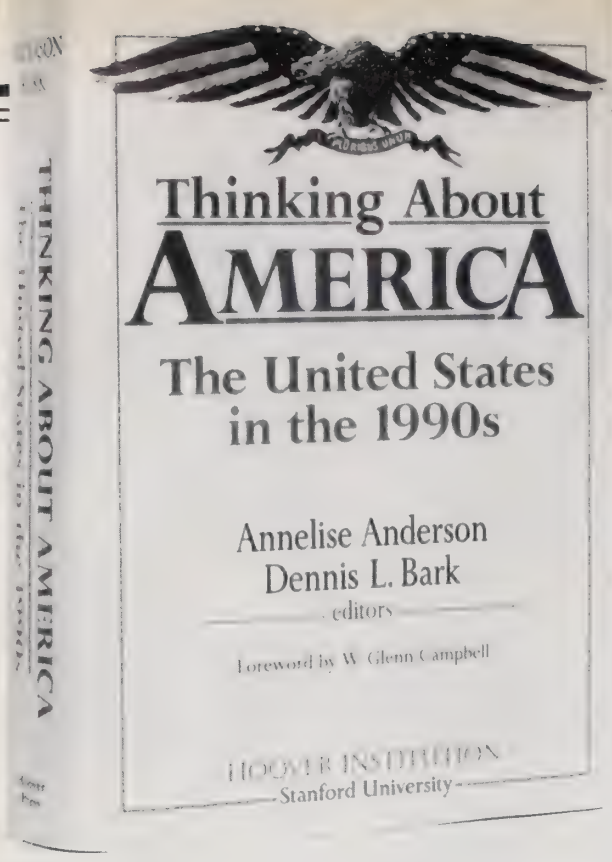
Representative Denny Smith, Republican from Oregon, forced a new round of tests of Aegis in May 1984 after actual sea tests a year earlier impressed no one but the Navy and RCA, the prime contractor. In these new tests, Aegis performed marvelously, "downing" ten of eleven drones sent its way. It was aided in this enterprise by the fact that those operating the system already knew the path and speed of the drones making up the "surprise" attack.

Nonsense. Aegis is particularly inept at detecting planes and missiles at low altitude, the most likely path of any aggressor. In two 1983 tests, Aegis missed six of seven low-altitude targets.

Aegis in fact imperils every ship on which it is installed. The system emits four megawatts of energy—equivalent to 40,000 100-watt light bulbs—the moment it is activated, turning the ship into a powerful electronic beacon and making it an easy target, especially for the radar-homing missiles the Soviets have sensibly developed.

Support indeed—each Aegis costs the taxpayers about $500 million, half the cost of the cruiser on which it is installed.

John Lehman—who as Secretary of the Navy was the patron and close friend of Melvyn Paisley, the key figure in the current procurement scandal under FBI investigation—thought the expense of the Aegis system "entirely justified." Admiral Thomas Davies, who before retiring tried to kill the program, calls the system "the greatest expenditure to get the least result in history"—which should be adopted as the motto of today's military procurement system. A pair of binoculars could have told the officers of the *Vincennes* what was flying overhead. But binoculars don't cost half a billion dollars. The more complex the weaponry, the deeper the pork barrel and the more swollen the bottom line. This is the system that produced Aegis, and did in the 290 passengers aboard Flight 655.



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Distributed to the trade by National Book Network
4720 Boston Way Lanham, Maryland 20706
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DIVE, HE SAID

Beneath the sea in a nuclear sub

By Fred Reed

We stood, the captain and I, high he sail—the rounded steel dorsal hat used to be called the conning er—as the sun rose red over the cade Mountains of the Pacific thwest. A bitter cold wind raced r the Hood Canal, leading to the n Pacific; the water was black and bled. Below us, for 560 feet, tched the USS *Florida*—a ballis- missile submarine, SSBN 728, d ship of the *Ohio* class, our est and deadliest. From our posi- above, she looked ugly, industri- the dull black of steel mills and way cars. Submarines are an ac- ed taste.

hould there be a next war, it is such bleak ships that we will t it—firing stumpy missiles that beneath the waves. The joy of le has given place to the conven- s of the boardroom, the dream of tial glory to the peculiar satisfac- s of remote, anonymous, abstract h. The world has for years been ing away from a glamorous notion ar, first to the squat green ugliness anks and now toward computer- bombs that go it alone in their e search for targets. The *Florida* is best and, just possibly, final arti- of the new anti-chivalry. If and n the call comes to kill the en- , the crew of the *Florida* will never them—and this suits the clinical ersonality of our times.

merican submarines, virtually all of them nuclear-powered, fall into two categories: missile boats, unambiguously called "boomers" in the Navy, and attack boats, which hunt other submarines. The United States now has ninety-six attack boats and thirty-six missile submarines, including eight of the *Ohio* class, which



have twenty-four launching tubes for missiles. The boomers spend their days loitering quietly in launch zones that put them in range of their Soviet targets. Their job is to not be found, and they are indeed very hard to find.

On the deck, if the rounded surface of a submarine can be called a deck, sailors readied the *Florida* to cast off from the dock at Bangor, Washington. A ship displacing 18,700 tons of water when submerged and costing a billion dollars does not take lightly to the sea.

"Single up all lines."

"All lines single, aye."

When the last lines were heaved ashore, sailors turned the cleats to which the ropes had been attached upside down and flipped them into the hull to present a smooth surface. Any projection causes flow noise. The crew of the *Florida* do not fear the Soviets, nor the terrible pressure of the depths, nor the acts of a hostile god. They fear noise.

Captain Robert Labrecque, a likable and thoughtful fellow in his early forties, father of two, chatted with me on the deck about torpedo technology and sonar while the mountain peaks turned molten pink and the wind whistled over the windshield. The windshield, along with radios and an antenna, detach for diving. Looking down, I noticed how very little wake the *Florida* left. Wakes are turbulence, and turbulence is noise.

Sailors in bright orange weather suits, their faces masked against the wind, kept up a constant chatter with the control room—"Helm bridge left 10 degrees, steady course 270." "Bridge helm, steady 270, aye." Captain Labrecque took little part. American naval practice relies on training and the delegation of authority; enlisted men of twenty-five often bear major responsibility for the safety of the ship. The crew continued their steady patter of commands.

"Mr. Reed," the captain said, "it is time to go below. We are going to dive."

We climbed down one frigid metal ladder after another, through a narrow vertical pipe, and debouched into the brightness and warmth of the control room. The contrast was startling. Men in shirtsleeves sat at panel after panel of switches, dials, gauges, and a

Reed is a Washington editor of Harper's *azine. His report "Tanked: Test-Driving Army's M-1" appeared in the February 6 issue.*

complex array of glowing indicators. From this small room the *Florida* is controlled; her speed, course, and depth determined; her twenty-four missiles (carrying 192 nuclear warheads) launched on their 4,600-mile trajectories. Only by massive preventive maintenance can such ships be kept in perfect running order.

"Coffee, sir?" asked a sailor. I nodded, still chilled. The courtesy, the ordinariness of these men was in the context somehow curious. There is nothing ordinary about the *Florida*—she is after all a doomsday machine.

The helmsman and planesman sat at their controls, rather like those of airliners; the diving officer sat behind them and gave orders in quiet tones. The atmosphere was attentive but relaxed. For them, the day was like any other. They were taking a billion-dollar ship, easily the most powerful weapon the planet has ever seen, down to the frigid depths where light is dim and color flees. Nothing interesting was happening, but sailors nonetheless watched the gauges with care. There are many things one wants to know when submerging a submarine—for example, whether one has closed all the hatches. The point is not facetious: submarines have been lost because of open hatches. The deep sea is not a forgiving place.

Men passed through the control room on the way to other destinations. The *Florida* is roomy for a submarine—forty-two feet wide—and she carries a lot of men, 165 normally. American naval philosophy discourages automation. The Navy believes that machines make more mistakes than people. At depth, a mistake can occur quickly and cause a shattering implosion that would strew the wreckage for miles. At thirty-four knots and a depth of 900 feet, typical figures for modern submarines, a faulty computer controlling the diving planes of an attack submarine could drive the ship below crush depth in seconds. The emphasis on safety pays off: the United States has lost only two nuclear subs—the *Thresher* in 1963 and the *Scorpion* in 1968.

"What do you think?" asked the executive officer, noticing a certain impassioned expression on my face. I am a certified technophile. Viewed purely as a machine, the *Florida* seemed to me the pinnacle of human achievement, and a very pretty one at that. Yet if I considered its purpose, I would think it a spectacularly successful embodiment of abject hormonal stupidity.

"I'm in love. I think I've got a First Amendment right to one of these things."

The officer smiled.

"All ahead two-thirds."

"All ahead, aye."

"Diving officer, submerge the ship."

Hands went to switches, indicators changed color, and soon the ballast tanks began to fill. The tone was easy-going, congenial. In the confined quarters of a submarine, congeniality is essential. But edginess starts about two weeks out. First, some men get irritable and snappish, then they calm down and others take it up. The *Florida* is a comfortable iron pipe, but an iron pipe nonetheless.

Minutes later we were submerged, a fact making no noticeable difference except on the gauges. A submarine is a closed world, normally unaffected by outside conditions. My escort officer was Lieutenant Edward Wilson, a pleasant young man who never seemed to be out of arm's reach. We walked through long corridors, the temperature unchangingly cool and the lighting unchangingly pleasant. The cream-colored walls of a submarine are lined with cables and pipes, sprinkled with valves and gauges. The ship hummed—barely, by design—with air-conditioning and other very slight noises of machinery.

I am an amateur of submarine technology, and so I asked Lieutenant Wilson to show me the silencing measures. He did, but by prior agreement this article was submitted for security review, and much of what he said did not survive that review. The Navy was unfailingly friendly throughout my trip, and indeed extended the invitation unasked. Yet there were many things the Navy would not let me write about, and others that it asked me not to write about.

Silencing is both an art and a science. Tiny accelerometers detect any vibration in rotating objects, whe upon the offending object is imm diately replaced. Hydrophones on t outer hull listen to the ship its to hear whether anything has beg to make noise. Lieutenant Wils pointed out the omnipresent rubb washers, inches thick, separating erything from the hull. Most equ ment rests on rubber, never touch the hull.

Noise to a submariner is not t simple matter it is to others. Fl noise, caused by the passage of wa over the ship, is very similar to t sound of wind over a moving c It can be reduced by moving m slowly, by eliminating all protrusi and openings from the hull, and using hydrodynamically streamlir shapes. Propeller noise can be duced by careful design and prec machining (a chip in the prope can produce a whizzing sound). T worst propeller noise is caused cavitation—the formation of bubb or partial vacuums, which occ when a high-speed propeller mo away from the contiguous water fas than the water can follow. The c ities immediately collapse with thunderous racket. A partial solut is to use larger propellers, which t more slowly. Another is to go m slowly, and another, to stay d enough so that water pressure p vents cavitation.

Machinery noise is another mat A nuclear reactor produces ste which turns turbines, just as w turns the propeller on a child's be ie. Turbines produce a terrific whi Reactors also produce heat, so cool pumps—which make noise—a needed, at least at high speed. Th are also air conditioners, compress footsteps, dropped tools. If th sounds reached the hull they woul transmitted into the ocean.

Near the end of our quick w through the ship, Lieutenant Wil led me through the missile bay, wh huge red cylinders rise in neat ra three feet apart. He stopped to sh me a sailor's berth nested betwee pair of missile tubes, one of the ear more esoteric bedrooms. He knoc first and asked permission to en The military believes that enli men have a right to privacy in t

ing quarters. Nobody was there. In-
e, we found bunks with curtains,
all lockers, and jacks for plugging
adphones into the ship's entertain-
nt system of several channels—
ially rock, Western, and a religious
nnel said to be widely listened to.
e blankets are army-camouflage,
ich struck me as ridiculous.

"So the Soviets can't see you?"

He laughed. "No. We used to have
ol, but the lint clogged the air fil-
s. These don't make lint."

We traipsed through the sub and
nd a wealth of details that a civil-
wouldn't think of. For example,
w does one get rid of garbage at
oth? There is the TDU—Trash
sposal Unit (everything military
st have an acronym to be regarded
iously). The TDU, which resem-
s a vertical torpedo tube, ejects
kets of garbage weighted to sink.
aking hydraulic fluid can cause a
ible slick, so the periscopes use a
cial soluble fluid. We stopped by
oxygen generators that produce
ygen by electrically hydrolyzing
ter. The result is gaseous hydrogen
t is dumped overboard through a
fuser that breaks it into very small
bbles: big bubbles might be visible
the surface.

The last stop on the tour was the
w's mess, a reasonably large room
h a Coke machine, orange and
am walls, and checkered table-
ths. A Coke machine on a dooms-
boat seemed incongruously
man.

"What do you do for amusement?"
sked a lanky, dark sailor sitting
ne at a table.

"Sleep," he said—the black humor
GI's.

"Sounds bleak. Why do you do it?"

"I ask myself that."

"You going to get out?"

"No . . . no."

Such an answer is common in the
itary, particularly in the under-
sea services: I hate it but I
love it.

The Navy would admit virtually
thing about the *Florida*'s sonar. In
ticular, it would not say whether
Florida has a towed array, which
a long cable trailing far behind
ship and carrying hydrophones.

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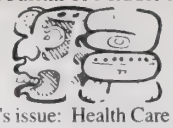
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A	F	F	A	B	L	E	H	A	T	L	I	
M	M	E	D	I	A	T	E	S	O	O	N	
P	E	R	E	T	R	A	S	H	I	N	G	

NOTES FOR "SUPERFLUITIES"

Note: The superfluous word in each clue is explained in parentheses. ACROSS: 1. LUMBAGO, anagram (P leading); 7. S-HIP (shift S); 10. LEVITATE, hidden in reverse (no TATE); 11. LEAVES, anagram (N in); 12. NO-LAVA, reversed (ban AL); 14. EMIGRATE, anagram (G out); 15. M(AID)EN (DE parts); 16. WO-N, reversed (attach E); 17. ERAS, hidden (and ES); 19. TEASE, "tees" (cut E); 20. BAN, reversal (C on); 22. PIQUE, "peak" (round ER); 25. OUTRAGES, anagram (R ousted); 27. CU-R (L ending); 28. (u)SAGES (scrap E); 31. BASIL-I-CA (BA shed); 34. C-ROCK (ban K); 35. UT(ilize) (inside RS); 36. FABLE, hidden (AF fronted); 37. AL-I (T in); 38. MEDITATE, anagram (bar one T); 39. SWOON, anagram (W axed); 40. PEER, two meanings (turn ER); 41. THING, anagram (RAS put in). DOWN: 1. P(L)ACE (BO under); 2. CLE(a)VER (C leaves); 3. CARMINES, anagram (CAR goes); 4. LAMBED, anagram (B raised); 5. GA-MINES (double S); 6. BO(VI)NE (B out); 7. HERMETIC, anagram (M is taken); 8. M(AN)E (IN for M); 9. STEMS, two meanings (M over); 13. ORAN(ge) (T ending); 18. SECU(LA)R, anagram (P added); 21. CASCA, hidden (DE tailed); 23. QUINTET, anagram (pare NT); 24. GEL-A (reveresal)-TIN (G lowered); 26. FIN(I-SHE)S* (IN disposed); 28. CAMP, two meanings (S topped); 29. RE-FLOG, reversed (L out); 30. O-BIT (intrude R); 32. LEAS(t) (plus H); 33. CO(ward)-LONE-L (no EL).

*This clue was faulty; the final S was not indicated.

SOLUTION TO AUGUST DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 68). (RICHARD) MITCHELL: (THE) LEANING TOWER OF BABEL. We know Educanto when we see it. . . . It bristles with "linkage," "resourcing," "networking," "sharing," "cross-cultural communications," and even offers its own bold, innovative thrust in "ad hocracy," . . . defined as "creation of task forces for proper resourcing."

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 69, *Harper's Magazine,* 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's,* please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by September 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's.* The solution will be printed in the October issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 67 are Pat Whitaker, Kingston, Ontario; Lemuel R. Green, Canton, Ohio; and Lisa Lowe, San Diego, California.

All modern submarines that I ha knowledge of use towed arrays b cause of their superior sonar perfo mance. A photograph of an Oh class submarine published by t United States Naval Institute pu ports to show the stowage space fo towed array in the rear fins. The Na will simply not confirm or deny ar thing. One might assume that t *Florida,* working in the same water other submarines, uses similar tec nology. But I don't know.

In the sonar room a half-dozen m sat in near-darkness in front screens. Luminous green sand drift slowly down the screens, each gra representing a slight blip of sound. C submarines today one watches sou instead of listening to it. Small r and green lights glowed on indicat panels, connnected to powerful co puters and hydrophones outside t hull. Day in, day out, complex mat ematical programs race through ela orate computer circuitry, addi this ghost of a whisper to that hint a noise, analyzing, inferring, be guessing to quantify almost no sou at all. Rows of switches control t equipment, but their labels wou never pass security review. From th room the *Florida* gropes her w through the weird, deceptive hall mirrors that is the acoustic ocean.

A submarine is blind, able only listen, yet listening is not the simp thing it seems. Seawater is eerie stu rife with structure and peculiaritie less a substance than a place wi semi-predictable corridors and ar biguous echoes. For example, wat water heated by the sun forms a "su face duct," its thickness varying wi the time of year, in which sound trapped as if in a pipe. Therm clines—boundaries between wat and cold layers—reflect sound t way mirrors reflect light; a submari below a thermocline usually can't heard from above. At roughly 4,0 feet is the "deep sound channel sound travels at that depth for i credible distances, sometimes halfw around the earth.

Strange things happen. Sound r fracts—that is, bends—in the dire tion of lower velocity. It travels fast in warm water and faster in water u der pressure. The curious result is th

und goes down into the deep sea, en comes back up, then goes back wn as sinuously as a snake. The ints of surfacing are called "conver- nce zones"; in the open ocean these sponses are about thirty-five miles art. Thus, a ship can be heard when is 35, 70, 105, or 140 miles away, t not at 20 miles. All of these quali- s vary with temperature, which is say with the time of year, and with inity. All can be measured and re- rded. Navies do not have oceano- aphic ships because of an interest in e ways of fish.

All of this matters to the crew, who e hunted every day by their Soviet unterparts—who to the rest of us e chiefly budgetary justifications. he likelihood of survival is measured decibels. "Three dbs down and I've t his ass" is a typical statement out an enemy's prospects. He who is heard first tends to be dead.

My escort and I went to the ew's lounge, a tiny space with a CR, so I could talk to the enlisted en about submarine life. The *Florida* s a library, barely—but videotapes e the preferred off-duty amusement. ke most military men, these sailors re at first embarrassed by the here's- reporter-now-perform atmosphere, t they quickly adopted the reti- nce of starving used-car salesmen.

"Okay, you guys, give this gentle- an straight answers," said my lieu- nant.

"How do you like submarine life?" asked a fellow from the reactor ction.

"It sucks."

"Why?" I asked for the sake of jour- listic propriety, having heard the swer a thousand times.

"I want my children to recognize e."

From the others came a chorus of eah" and "no shit." A cruise lasts ughly seventy days, followed by irty days when the ship is in port. ch boomer has two alternating ews, Blue and Gold. This system re- lts in sailors' spending about five nths a year at sea. The strain on arriages is enormous, the effect on ildren, who cannot understand, rse. (The Navy's divorce rate is the highest in the military.)

Young children desperately want their fathers to stay at home, and sometimes think that daddy's absence is their fault.

"My little boy—I can't figure how—decided that the reason I had to go away was because he wasn't potty-trained. When he finally got things under control, he was real happy because he figured Daddy would stay home now. It was not fun when he found out I was leaving again."

"My kid kept worrying because I must get wet and cold underwater, and how could I breathe? I had to bring her aboard to show her, and she got over it."

"My daughter, she's three, says, 'Daddy, don't go to work. Please don't.' When I come back, for the first week she won't come to me. It's nerve-racking."

"It's like a divorce twice a year. This is my last cruise. A lotta guys are getting out."

During cruises the Navy wife becomes accustomed to independence, to making decisions, and taking care of business. Then the sailor comes home, and thinks that *he* is in charge. Just when they get it straightened out, off he goes. Not uncommonly it comes down to the Navy wife's ultimatum: "Look, sweetheart, either you're married to me or you're married to that goddamned ship. Which is it?" In a *ménage à trois* with a pretty young wife, a submarine tends to be the weak link, and the civilian world gets a splendidly trained technician.

If I were a Soviet submarine captain ordered to hunt the *Florida*, I would pray fervently that I not find her: these ships are decidedly armed.

The *Florida* carries four torpedo tubes in the bow for Mark 48 torpedoes. These weapons, long bright cylinders, rest in racks in the center of the gleaming torpedo room. I have watched torpedoes loaded on attack boats, and it is an awesome thing. The crewman opens the tube door and that big fish slides smoothly in with deadly silence. A placard on one of the *Florida*'s tubes warns "Warshot Loaded." Live torpedo, ready to fire.

Modern torpedoes are usually guid-

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ed most of the way to their targets by wires that trail behind them to the submarine. The range of a Mark 48 (the Navy says nothing, but published sources are available) is thirty-eight kilometers. Consequently the old World War II aim-by-eyeball is impossible. For reasons grounded in the laws of physics, a large receiver is needed to detect the very low frequencies that constitute much of a submarine's radiated noise, and also to get accurate bearings. The ship's sonar can guide the torpedo. When it nears its target, the torpedo pursues autonomously, using "pinging" sonar. One does not so much use modern weapons as merely supervise them, making suggestions of a general nature, as it were.

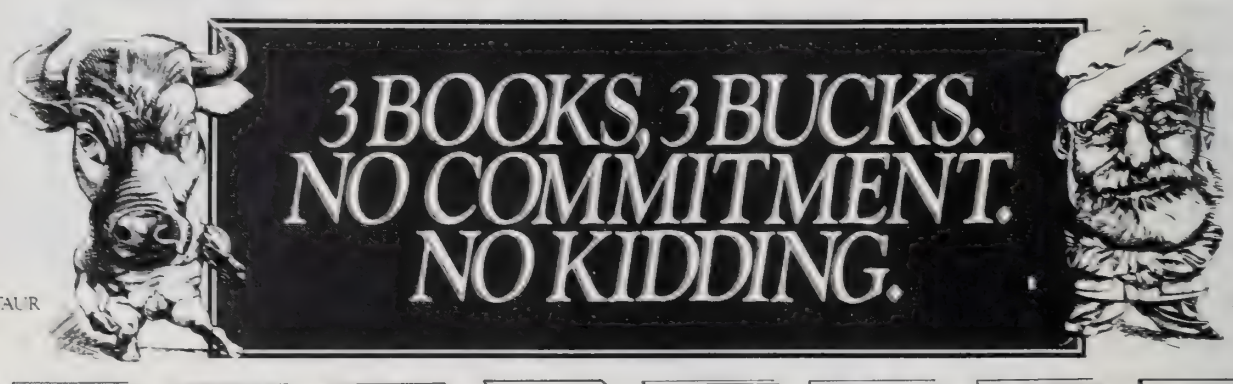
Firing a missile requires several officers to have several keys to which no one else has access. Should Captain Labrecque develop a brain tumor and acquire Napoleonic aspirations concerning the Soviet Union, nothing would happen. Not only are several people required to agree to fire, but several different people must agree that an order to fire has been given. In the cryptography room, continuous contact is maintained with command posts on shore (radio waves of sufficient wavelength will penetrate seawater), and any message to fire missiles would appear in code. The order must be independently looked up, decoded, and verified by more than one person. The ship must then be brought to the proper depth for firing. Because firing missiles requires the concerted action of so many people, there is no way a few crazed crewmen could launch a missile. A boomer does not accidentally go boom.

To my surprise, the captain let me watch a simulated launch. The drill begins in the control room, where Captain Labrecque stands behind what looks like a symphony conductor's podium. Labrecque chooses which tubes to fire, orders "Denote thirteen," for example, then "Prepare twelve," then "Fire twelve."

Down in the missile control room, other men sit at other banks of switches and indicators. The ship is so ridden with computers and sensors that it just misses being alive. The crucial switches, the ones that do spectacular and irrevocable things, are all locke Again, the sequence is simple an quick; this part of the process is tho oughly automated. But the simpli ity is deceptive. A few switches ca cause a large number of things happen in the ship's great banks semi-sentient circuitry. When a mi sile has been selected for firing, t computer must be given the targe location. The ship carries several e tremely precise inertial navigati systems that give an accurate fix on i position. Since the submarine is a ways moving, for maximum accura the information must be fed to t missile's own computers at the la moment before launch. The missile guidance system is itself fearfully com plex and precise.

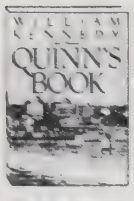
The Trident 1 missiles aboard t *Florida* are easily accurate enough t hit cities. Before a missile can b fired, however, the gyros in the guic ance system must be "spun up" and a lowed to stabilize. This takes a goo many minutes, although the missil can be fired sooner with decrease accuracy.

The actual firing takes place in fai





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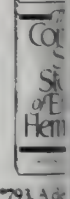
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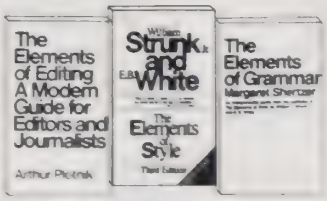
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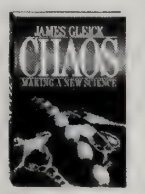
hallow water. The first step is to surize the missile tube to a pres- equal to that of the surrounding er; otherwise, the missile hatch not be opened. The big circular h over each missile swings up, ing the missile dry in its air-filled beneath a breakable plastic cov- A gas generator then produces suf- nt pressure to drive the missile ugh both the plastic cover and water to the surface, where its mo- ignite and, no longer under hu- control, it flies off to kill a few dred thousand people. Missiles can ired quickly. All twenty-four can ispatched in the time it takes to get a hamburger at McDonald's, when the lines are short.

Crewmen talk among themselves ut the possibility of having to kill of millions of people they have er seen, in a country they have er visited and know next to noth- about, in order to defend the West inst communism—something few hem can discuss intelligently. No wants to do it, so perhaps it sn't matter that these sailors have little notion who they would be killing. The psychological protection they employ is to believe they will never have to do it—and they are almost certainly correct. A common saying is that if the *Florida* ever fires, she will have failed in her job.

But of course there is no escaping the awful what-if. The missiles exist and seem to work. In this world anything can happen. What would the crew do after firing, knowing that their families would very likely be dead, or knowing that there wouldn't really be any place for them to go that would be worth going to? One imagines sitting in the unchanging cool and quiet, everything functioning as always, missile tubes empty. The unseen world out there is ending, the submarine bases—as priority targets—destroyed. What now? There are plans, escape zones, all the rest, but . . . so what? No, the best thing is to say that it will never happen.

Personally, I have wondered how many of the subs would actually fire. If America has been obliterated, what purpose would be served by burning to death millions of bewildered Russians who have no more interest in war than do the crew of the *Florida*? These are difficult questions. I, too, stick with the thought that the ship is a deterrent, and therefore won't be used.

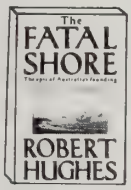
The afternoon was edging toward dusk as we approached the pier at Bangor. Again I sat in the sail while the crew went through the delicate job of docking the ship. Countless small adjustments were needed. "All ahead two-thirds." "All stop." "Easy, easy." To my eye, none of these instructions changed the ship's motion, but the pilot could read nuances of wake hidden to me. The huge hulk crept into her berth. Below, a hundred technicians, none of them wanting to hurt anybody, worked the machinery of continental incineration with the quiet efficiency of operating-room technicians. Somewhere out in the fathomless oceans, Soviet technicians did the same in their own launch centers and undersea boardrooms. Behind us on the hump formed by the missile bay, the dark circles of the missile doors lay in outline. The wind was again turning brisk. ■



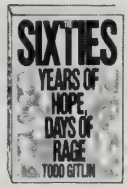
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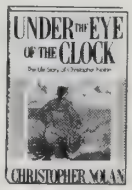
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SUMMER STORMS

Wind, thunder, rain: enlightenment

By Peter M. Leschak

Just before bed I strolled outside to patrol the summer constellations. It was midnight, and the sky was clear and still. The silky July darkness was speckled with fireflies, and the warmth of the afternoon still lingered. Lyra and Sagittarius were impassive, offering no hint of the approaching tumult.

Six hours later there was a flash of sunrise. Upstairs, from the eastern window, I glimpsed the full, unfiltered sun. Sunlight drenched the treetops with glossy radiation, but in five minutes the sun was just a pale smear. A vanguard of clouds was advancing quickly from the west. We were planning to leave on a canoe trip that morning, so the weather was on my mind. I tuned in the early weather report, and the meteorologist was unequivocal: we were going to get pasted—soon.

Neil called. He was on board for this canoe venture and had also risen at dawn. "Get down to the lake!" he said. "You've got to see what's coming in."

With our dog in the lead, Pam and I hurried down the path to the lakeshore, and when we got to the edge of the woods we exchanged an excited "Look at that!" It was an eldritch pile of cloud, beautiful but terrifying. Turbulent lumps—half-round and roiling from the core of a distant maelstrom—burgeoned and tumbled. It was as if a mass of protoplasmic storm matter were undergoing mitosis, doubling and redoubling into gigantic, vaporous balls.

The clouds were also fringed and suffused with an ethereal pink, the final glow of the disappearing sun. Not the pastel pink of young girls' dresses, but rather the shade of pale blood, the froth on the lips of a lung-shot deer. Just above the pinkish cluster there was a wide black arc. It was the leading edge of the storm slashing forward. Encompassed by this curve, and trapped by the expanding balls below, were several white curls. They twisted and coiled in place, the seeds of a funnel cloud, spinning against a background of translucent gray. It was a hole in the sky, a cosmic lacuna that wouldn't come into focus. I stared and grew dizzy.

To the north, flashes of lightning were creeping around the rim of the storm front. There was no sound, but the clouds were ominously lit from within. To the south we could see the brunt of the storm. Iron-colore clouds soared to an incredible heigh as if a titanic mountain were rising o of the earth and collapsing forwar The clouds were polished by wind ar looked hard and solid. I could imagir a 10,000-foot granite precipice or t carapace of an apocalyptic monst unleashed by gods. I was reminded a verse in the Book of Isaiah: "And the host of heaven shall be dissolve and the heavens shall be rolled t gether as a scroll . . ."

I felt diminished, shrunken to mote of vulnerable flesh. We were the mercy of a world-eating giant. there were sirens out in the bac woods, they would have been wailir If we were pantheists, it would ha been time to fall prostrate or op the jugular of a prized goat. Even legal parlance the term is "an of God."

Especially unsettling was the cal ness of the lake. The sky was seethir but the lake was a mirror, reflecti the tempest back on itself. Wher looked only at the lake, the storm peared to be boiling out of its dept Surely this glass was going to shatt

Then we saw the wind. At the side of the lake it thrummed the s face of the water. It plucked at t smoothness, breaking the tensi with long swaths of ripples and wa

Peter M. Leschak is a writer and forest fire fighter living in northeastern Minnesota. His collection of essays Letters From Side Lake: A Chronicle of Life in the North Woods *was recently published in paperback by Harper & Row/Perennial Library.*

. In a moment the gusts hit. There
e a few sporadic blasts, and then
wind was steady—a seamless wall
lriven air. The lake was churned to
itecaps.

Suddenly the dog was alert. He'd
n nosing around the lakeshore,
less and apparently impatient with
motionless gawking. As usual, he
oblivious of what was overhead.
when the wind hit, his ears
ked, his tail went stiff, and he ac-
lly stared at the sky. I had never
n a dog fixate on clouds—it was
lling.

The pink mass was racing toward
bearing down at thirty-five or forty
es per hour. It was a juggernaut—
rging, swelling, unstoppable. The
antic balls were now rolling over-
d. We were enveloped. Beneath
bottom edge of the pink glow was
widening band of bluish black
uds charged with rain.

t was a wild ferment of Olympian
rder. We felt targeted for destruc-
and could not stand still; instinc-
ly our feet started to move. As the
raindrops struck, we half-walked,
-ran back up the hill. There was
nder now—not sharp claps but a
d, continuous rumble. It was the
bolic voice of ultimate power, a
words from the Deity. The trees
e waving. Mature birches bent
rebounded like saplings, and I was
ain that some were going to snap
come crashing down.

here were no more pastels. The
had been consumed, and all
black and gray. The rain fell in
ets, and for a few minutes the
world had the temper of
hollow dusk.

hen the wind stopped. It rained
only fifteen minutes, and then the
tern sky began to lighten. There
no tornado. It was almost disap-
nting. The attack of the storm had
n a grand display of aerial rodo-
ntade. We'd been toyed with: the
was not yet.

but we had been wise to be ner-
s. Other storms, though far less
nboyant, had imbued us with re-
ct. Once, on the Vermilion River,
d suffered a taste of what it must be
to endure an artillery barrage.
'd spent an early June day drifting downriver and fishing for smallmouth bass, and as evening approached we pulled our canoes onto the bank and made camp. There had been intermittent showers that afternoon, bracketed by sunlight and rainbows—some thunder and lightning, but nothing serious.

At first it seemed that sunset was heralding an end to the recurrent squalls. We cooked supper over a genial campfire and gazed up at Vega through a canopy of balsam fir and aspen. But before the rest of the stars appeared, the sky was obscured by black clouds. We could hear the wind



coming. The sound of violent gusts among distant trees quickly grew louder, and the first splattering of rain sent us scurrying for our tent.

It rained for only a few minutes, but the wind hit with a series of sudden, tree-lashing blasts. We had a free-standing dome tent with a sturdy fiberglass frame, but the nylon panels were soon resonating like swinging drums. The gale howled and roared through the forest, ripping away leaves, twigs, small limbs, and small birds. Through the screened window of our tent I could see the tree trunks reeling. They creaked under the strain, like the timbers of a wallowing schooner. One of the mature poplars near our tent was seesawing and moaning, and I was afraid its roots were going to surface any minute, twisted, stripped, and torn.

In the distance we heard a tree crack and collapse. It sounded as if the top half had been sheared off and had slammed into the frangible tangle of its neighbors. I started to recall every story I'd ever heard about campers crushed by falling trees. Only a couple of years before, a man had been killed on Agnes Lake, a few miles south of the Ontario border, in the Boundary Waters. A windstorm dropped a large pine onto his tent, and the sharp stub of a broken limb pierced his torso, spiking him to the ground. Or so the story was told. His companions huddled on the shore of the lake, as far from the trees as they could get, outlasting what must've been a long and terrible night. Several years earlier, at a state park on Side Lake, two boys had been killed when a large tree fell across their tent. Now, whenever a serious storm threatens, the campground is evacuated. Of course you can't always know which storms will be especially dangerous.

But there was no doubt about this wild night on the Vermilion River. I stared up at the dim outline of our crisscrossed tent poles. Light and flexible, they were surprisingly strong, though I had no illusions about them breaking the fall of the poplar next to us. And it would do no good to seek refuge outside. The forest was crowded clear down to the water's edge. The river widened a little way downstream, and we could possibly paddle there and ride out the storm in our canoes, but the river would be a turmoil of cold whitecaps, and it seemed no better to be out on the dark water.

And then there was a loud, splitting snap, like a thunderclap at ground level. It sounded close—maybe several feet away—and we flinched, expecting to get clobbered. A gruesome shredding noise was immediately followed by a crashing splash as the tree hit the river. We were relieved, but shaken.

Pam and I stared at each other for a moment, silently sharing fear. There was nothing we could do. Even if we had a shovel, we couldn't dig foxholes to hide in. The bank was bedrock covered by a thin stratum of dirt. That made me wonder—would the roots of these trees hold as tightly as others would in deeper soil?

ration by Deborah Ross

For a while my imagination ran unchecked. I could hear the old poplar ripping out of the ground. We would have a moment to decide, which way is it going? Then the bent fiberglass poles would shatter in our faces, and we'd have a split second of horrifying realization. The knobby log would slam into us, breaking our bones. If it didn't kill us outright, we would lie there, pinned and in agony, perhaps for hours. The rent nylon of our tent would form a bloody shroud. What if only I was killed and Pam was untouched, or vice versa? My mind spun out a series of grisly scenarios, and I jumped like a startled squirrel each time I heard the slightest snap or creak.

It required a conscious, sweaty effort to focus my thoughts. I forced myself to be fatalistic. Either a tree would hit us or it wouldn't. That simple axiom was comforting. It acknowledged that the situation was out of our hands. If there was an aspen with our names on it, well, *c'est la vie*.

I temporarily relinquished any command over my life and fate. I had no control; therefore, I had no responsibility. With no responsibility, I had no problem. I couldn't calm the wind or deflect a falling tree; there was nothing I could do. Since the matter was out of my hands, perhaps it was in someone else's. This mind-set is the essence of supplicatory prayer. All that remained was to exercise my faith—to believe that we wouldn't get nailed, to be utterly convinced that it couldn't happen to us.

The effectiveness of the tactic was erratic. For several minutes at a time I would be engulfed in my personal eye of the storm—at peace, with a potential for actual drowsiness. Then suddenly the fear would burst through, driven to the fore by a particularly vicious gust of wind, and I'd be staring at the tent frame, certain that I was about to eat it. In little pieces.

Thus passed the first several hours of the night. Shortly before dawn the wind eased and I finally fell asleep. We arose midmorning and discovered that the tree we'd heard die had been standing across the river, just a hundred feet away. It was a large birch, half of which was now submerged in the river. The other half was clinging to its shattered stump. If it had been on our side of the stream and had toppled in the same direction, it probably would've struck our tent.

I'm ambivalent about storms. They're at once splendid and terrible. They showcase the power of nature, and they kill people. But their greatest attribute is their inevitability. In several regions of the world—including northeastern Minnesota—folks are fond of saying, "If you don't like the weather, just hang around for ten minutes and it'll change."

Storms are dramatic uprisings in this cycle of mutability, the sweeping revolutions that change everything—at least for the moment. If the sky is ever dull and unresponsive, it doesn't stay that way for long, not around here. Analogues to the human condition abound, but my favorite is found in a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to James Madison in 1787: "I hold it, that a little rebellion, now and then, is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical." Amen. I offer praise and thanksgiving for hell-raising thunder and lightning, for the cleansing insurrection of windblown rain. But the best results are often subtle. Storms offer caresses as well as slaps.

One summer evening Pam and I were driving home from town, heading north on a lonesome county highway. We'd just crossed the Laurentian Divide, and ahead we could see the remnants of a huge thunderstorm. Overhead the sky was clear, and behind us a full moon was rising. The retreating storm looked like a series of mountain ranges—a black cordillera that spanned the horizon. As we watched, the peaks were suddenly wreathed by a strange, glowing arc. At first I thought it was an aurora, but then I veered onto the shoulder of the road, and we hopped out of the car for a better look.

It was a rainbow—at night! The moist thunderheads were galvanized by moonlight, and had produced a near-perfect arc. But there were no colors. The bands of the rainbow were cast in shades of gray. It was a delicate blend of tones—a tapestry shimmering from vibrant black to white. Like most wonders, it was a fleeting phe nomenon—a victim of the fluid cele tial geometry. But this, we agree must have been a marvelous storm The distant thunderheads were that troubling but necessary species- clouds with silver linings. To par phrase Nietzsche: That storm whic does not kill you makes you happie

We returned to the highway, pu suing the tempest. There was ligh ning at the base of the bla mountains.

September Source Box

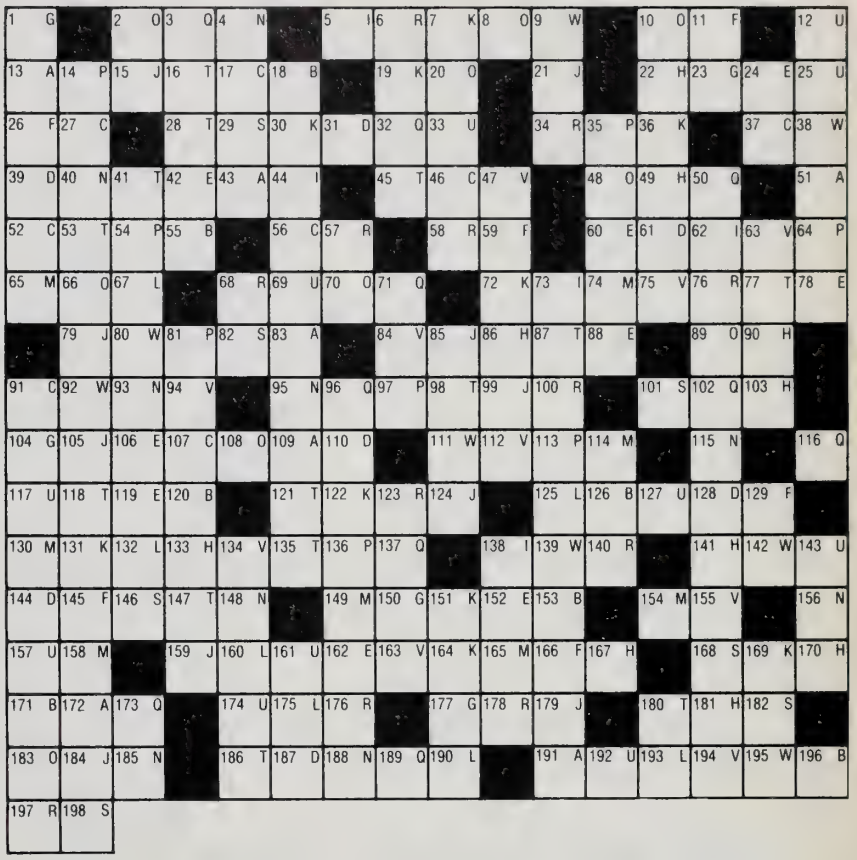
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DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 69

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 70.



CLUES

A. Devised, mapped out — 51 191 13 43 109 172 83

B. Nonsense — 153 126 18 171 196 120 55

C. Wickedness — 46 17 52 37 91 56 107 27

D. Bond — 128 187 61 31 144 110 39

E. Essential; natural — 60 162 106 88 42 78 119 24 152

F. Reached the highest point; thin, wan — 145 59 166 26 11 129

G. Handles — 150 1 177 23 104

H. Crushes, reduces to helplessness — 170 86 181 103 49 133 90 167 141 22

I. Payment of a sort — 5 138 44 73 62

J. Type of novice — 21 159 99 179 85 184 15 105 79 124

K. Absurd — 131 164 36 151 30 7 169 19 122 72

L. Submerged; extinguished — 67 160 132 125 193 175 190

M. Racing dogs — 149 114 154 165 130 158 65 74

N. Weakened — 40 4 95 148 188 115 156 93 185

O. Hateful — 70 89 48 2 108 20 183 10 8 66

P. Terse — 64 81 97 54 136 35 113 14

Q. Birth, lineage — 32 96 137 173 3 116 71 189 102 50

R. "For many a rose-lipped maiden / And many a ____" (2 wds.; Housman, "A Shropshire Lad") — 123 76 197 58 100 57 6 178 68 140 34 176

S. Blow in gusts; vacillate — 182 146 29 168 101 82 198

T. 1939 Arlen-Harburg song written for Judy Garland (3 wds.) — 147 186 98 41 53 45 87 121 118 16 180 135 77 28

U. Dwelling for lagomorphs (2 wds.) — 117 192 174 12 161 143 69 127 33 25 157

V. Debating — 94 134 75 163 112 47 155 63 84 194

W. Diligent; constant — 111 142 9 195 139 80 38 92

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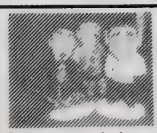
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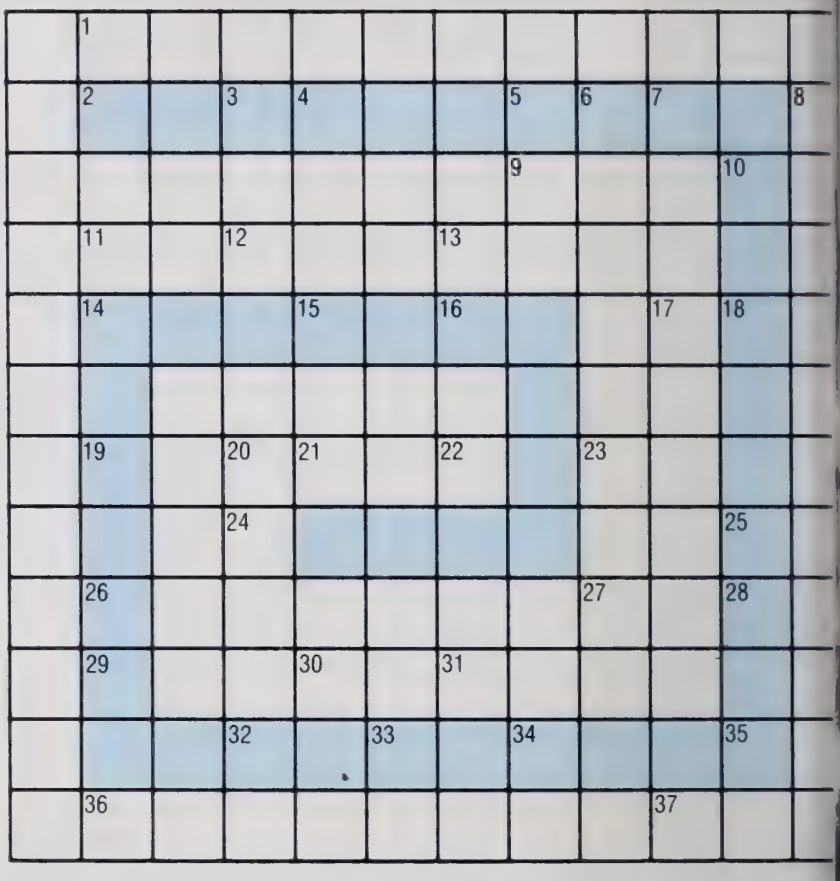
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PUZZLE

Spiral Nebulas

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.



Clue entries "spiral" around their appointed numbers, as in the example shown here, which is one possible placement of the title. The entry may spiral in either direction; its exact placement is determined by interlocking entries. (Many entries do have one or more "unchecked" letters—i.e., letters that occur only in one entry.) When the diagram is completed, the shaded spiral will reveal the names of six celestial locations of nebulas (9,7,5,9,7,8).

N	E	B	U
L	S	P	L
A	R	I	A
			S

Clue answers include one variant spelling (32) and one place name. The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 70.

1. Like being gobbled up by General Electric? Quite the opposite, these times! (4)
2. Drag queen, with lots of flesh showing, turned with dignity (4-6)
3. Waddler, perhaps! (7)
4. A wife I date surreptitiously was in store (7)
5. The beautiful Italian epithet (5)
6. Special effort enshrines large Presidential home (6)
7. Forming attachment during long nap (7)
8. Bush almost holds lead the wrong way. Unreal (5)
9. Listen to the big hands . . . it's a break for the musician (5)
10. Plant in dry ground, but slash wildly (8)
11. Backflow compacts tungsten ores (8)
12. A dog shakes with this fear . . . Pow! Snarls! (7)
13. Canceled an Alps excursion, holding on return a walk along beach (9)
14. Took to the water, according to bog-dweller (7)
15. Some laughter when take-off is heard (4)
16. The prosecutor's detaining me and ladies in court (5)
17. Train ten, roughly our age (9)
18. Engineer helps regain military skill (11)
19. Top casts use prompt (9)
20. Large rodent upset cat and sheep (both males) (6)
21. Ordinary truck I total, turning over (7)
22. *Hannah* . . . , for instance, shows Allen's initiation into mild porn, mixed up with energy (10)
23. "Friends or relations," in part, is something similar to a chestnut (6)
24. Zigzag movement is said to be indicator of speed (4)
25. More than one left end is held by stubborn cuss (8)
26. Is a ham tricky to carve with edge of sword (8)
27. Cannibal's mother takes on cleaner (3-5)
28. Lulu's back, and bothered—let out a wolf call (7)
29. Annulment is concerned with entry into priesthood (10)
30. Lying to some extent, throw up during scam (10)
31. See hat? Tailor beat it adding a bit of ribbon (7)
32. Hot gun goes off, nothing happens (6)
33. Religious experience converts almost all of her tribe (7)
34. Little crack doesn't begin to expose flier (7)
35. Having Utility's uranium fuels contaminated (6)
36. Walks out, assuming Oriole's leader is throwing game (6)
37. Almost shabby American doodad (6)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Spiral Nebulas," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the November issue. Winners of the July puzzle, "One by One in Change (6)," are Girard Ordway, Chevy Chase, Maryland; J. Quick, Berkeley, California; and J.P. Henry Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio.



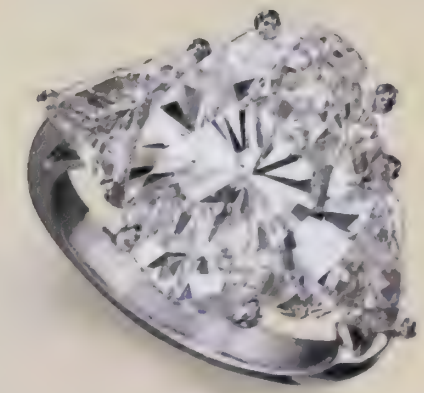
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AS THE WOMAN WHO WEARS THEM.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

JEREMIAH TOWER

HOME: San Francisco, California.

AGE: 45.

PROFESSION: Head chef and owner, Stars.

HOBBY: Running the Society to Stamp Out Kiwis. "The fruit, not the bird."

LAST BOOK READ: *Bread and Circuses*, Patrick Brantlinger.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote a cookbook, *New American Classics*, featuring such recipes as Eggs in Hell, Texas Style.

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HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 277, NO. 1661
OCTOBER 1988

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Cover: Detail of a photograph by Bruno Barbey/Magnum

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Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Please send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (614) 383-3141, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. *Harper's Magazine* does not publish unsolicited poetry.

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LETTERS

La Rocque and His Critics

I read the *Harper's Magazine* forum on defense policy ["What Is Ours to Defend?" July] with enormous interest. One of our greatest failings as a nation is that we haven't re-examined our national security policies since the late 1940s, when the world was a profoundly different place. The forum offers precisely the kind of broad discussion that this country ought to be engaged in.

Henry Gonzalez
Washington, D.C.

Henry Gonzalez (Democrat, Texas) is a member of the House of Representatives.

I agree with Admiral Gene R. La Rocque's conservative critics that his defense strategy proposal is radical and perhaps rash, but the central point of his argument is sound. We must alter our global defense posture—if we don't, change will be forced upon us.

The new INF agreement is a testament to the enduring strength of the NATO alliance; however, our ability to influence events beyond our borders is shrinking, as evidenced by our recent involvements in Central America and the Middle East. Even if we decide not to embrace La Rocque's proposal wholeheartedly, we should move in that direction. Obviousl this will involve risk, but complacer cy is more dangerous still.

Keith Gayhart
Los Angeles, Calif.

Harper's Magazine submitted Ac miral La Rocque's proposal to seve critics, yet only two—Ted Gale Carpenter and Gwynne Dyer—eve begin to address *what* we are tr ing to defend.

It surprised me that men who fo merly held responsible positions i government and the military, suc as Kenneth Adelman and Admi E.R. Zumwalt Jr., could be so pre udiced against negotiating a verif able demilitarization. As for Admi Thomas H. Moorer accusing *Ha per's Magazine* of doing Lenin's wo —well, I had to laugh. Can't we ha a discussion on this subject by exper slightly to the left of Hitler a Mussolini?

William M. Wilkerson
Florida City, Fla.

Anyone collecting examples of lo ical fallacies will find a gold mine i Kenneth Adelman's attempted rebu tal of Admiral La Rocque. First, the is the *ad hominem* fallacy. If you ha no facts on your side, cast aspersio on the politics of your opponent: "*A* one might expect from a radical, L Rocque" and "his leftist Center f Defense Information." One cou easily be to the left of Adelman a still be to the right of the majority.

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

Another fallacy, *ad auctoritatem*, eals to authority and is simply an use to skew numbers. Adelman es that "the Soviets devote 15–17 cent of their GNP to defense ver- our 6 percent" but neglects to state t the Soviet GNP is purportedly so ch less than ours that 15 percent of irs is less than 6 percent of ours. s argument has been around so g it has whiskers.

a Rocque's proposal highlights v ways of thinking about our de- se strategy, whereas Adelman's ique offers a meaningless mish- sh of defense establishment hés.

V. Goodrich Jr.
ithbury, Conn.

Admiral La Rocque's proposed ense cutbacks fail to consider one portant strategic reality: deter- ce. The capacity of the United tes to deter war varies in direct portion to what the Soviet Union *ceives* our military strength to be— t what it truly is (or what it looks e in the enlightened eyes of the shington foreign-policy analysts). a world in which the possibility of a jor war is exceedingly unlikely, it is t the *size* of our military that mat- s so much as the need to preserve— the minds of the Soviets—the *per- tion* that the United States is a su- rior retaliatory threat.

A military strategy for the 1990s at does not consider the paramount portance of perceptions jeopardizes th our status as a superpower and e freedom of the countries we have reed to defend.

Counts
eutenant, U.S. Navy
lington, Va.

entral American Headlines

I was pleased to see Francisco Gold- an's excellent article on Central merica's press ["Sad Tales of *la Li- rtad de Prensa*," Criticism, August]. is astounding how many of *La Pren-* 's vociferous backers have never laid es on an issue of it, never mind ex- nined its scurrilous content.

Unfortunately, Goldman neglect- l to mention the destruction last June of Guatemala's weekly *La Epoca*. A twenty-four-page tabloid featuring economic analysis, sports, and culture, plus a sober presentation of the week's news, *La Epoca* began publication in February 1988. In its editorials the paper argued intelligently and unabashedly for a real democracy, one in which the military would be subordinate to civilian control.

Late in May, reporter Julio Godoy was kidnapped at gunpoint and "disappeared." He was found in a park the following day, drugged and beaten, but alive. Then on the morning of June 10, *La Epoca*'s offices were firebombed. Twenty armed men carried off files and equipment before spreading gasoline and planting dynamite. After the bombing, the newspaper's staff courageously announced they would continue publication. But close surveillance and death threats forced the editors to abandon their plan.

In Washington, liberal Democrats (led by Senator Daniel Inouye) responded not with condemnation but



with the addition of $4 million to the Reagan administration's request for military aid to Guatemala. These erstwhile freedom-of-the-press junkies apparently believe that throwing money at so-called moderates in the army will enable them to keep the true Neanderthals out of power.

La Epoca's editors are now in Mexico; Guatemala's press is again limited to the right-wing muckraking and army propaganda so well described in Goldman's article. Perhaps a different kind of message from liberals in Washington would allow these journalists to return home soon.

Mark Fried
New York, N.Y.

Deconstructing Edmundson

Mark Edmundson devotes much of his essay "A Will to Cultural Power" [Criticism, July] to tensions between journalists and deconstructors. He concludes that the longing of the former to ascertain truth puts them at inescapable odds with the latter's tendency to put truth "in question." That much is correct. But Edmundson fails to add that, ironically, journalists are on the side of deconstructors without knowing it.

Contemporary journalism constantly plays upon the seams, inconsistencies, and disjunctures of the various texts it deals with (speeches, press releases, testimony, etc.). Journalists take great joy in picking apart pronouncements by public officials and commenting dryly that this or that item belies the assertion just quoted. They seem always to be dismantling things and harping on the negative. This is precisely why so many Americans mistrust—if not scorn—the press.

No wonder journalists hate deconstructors. In their literary critical brethren, they see exaggerated versions of their own, least-popular characteristics. But these characteristics, while unpopular, are enormousl valuable. The journalist's "negativ ism" is our surest safeguard against th formation of corrupt power structures Journalists should, therefore, con gratulate deconstructors for statin so clearly an approach that the themselves employ to such beneficia effect.

David Seeley
University of Montana
Missoula, Mont.

I welcome Mark Edmundson's ca for a new cultural criticism, combir ing clarity with radicalism. But h does not face the symbolic issue raise by the de Man scandal, namely, tha although deconstructionists ask im portant questions—about languag culture, literary status, male domina tion, and so on—their underlyin message, that language writes us an that there is a power agenda in all lan guage, may contradict their overa



ssion. Linking determinism and nicism this way may strike some as ing consistent with fascism. Hence e signficance of de Man's wartime ivities. This is the issue—whether construction leads to fascism—that mundson should have addressed d refuted.

m McBride
loit College
loit, Wis.

Mark Edmundson's theory that rnalists jumped on the de Man ndal because they suffer from a ep-seated fear of deconstruction is a rfect example of what gives aca-mics a bad reputation. The de Man ry got play because it sold papers, d it sold papers because it was about s guy who lived in an ivory tower d had this theory that he and his ums were the only people who ew what the books we were reading re about. The rest of us, he contended, didn't even know we were ignorant. And, hey Mabel, get this, the guy turns out to be a closet Nazi!

Ben Birnbaum
Somerville, Mass.

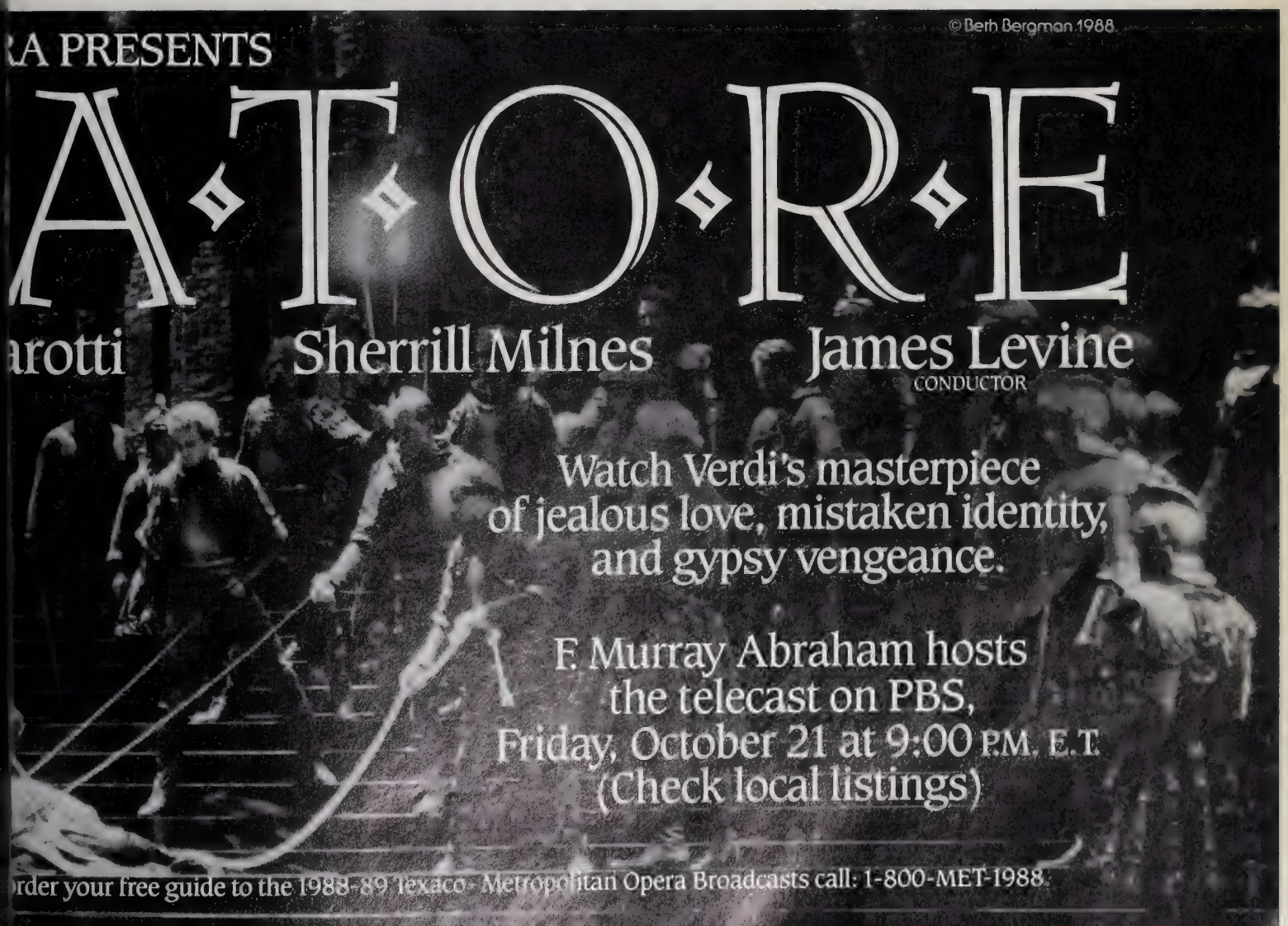
Midwifery

I was surprised by the decision to publish Wang Zengqi's short story "Small-Hands Chen" [Readings, August]. I suppose it is valuable as a chronicle of the medical "modernization" in China, and it makes a feminist statement, but I found the general tone about the backwardness and inadequacies of midwives upsetting. Today, an increasing number of women in the United States are choosing midwife-assisted births, indicating their preference for a professional trained to deal with birth not as a disease but as a normal, healthy human experience. I also took offense at the overtones of a male doctor arriving to save the day when the female midwives can't handle the situation—no matter the justification of the female doctor who wouldn't do deliveries. This story may be a true reflection of a period of history in China, but we do not need to reinforce these attitudes today.

Jane Owen
Arlington, Tex.

Mixed Metaphors

While I agree with most of what Peter Marin had to say in his essay "Toward Something American" [Readings, July], I take exception to his likening America to a "melting pot." I would argue that this country is more like a salad bowl. If one takes a tomato, cuts it up, and throws it into a salad, it does not cease to be a tomato. Similarly, immigrants who come to America become a part of our society while still maintaining their own identity. This is central to the concept of individualism that plays such



a major role in our country, but this observation seems to have eluded Marin.

If we don't perpetuate individual cultural traditions we will become a substantially less rich nation.

Charles R. Edris
Boca Raton, Fla.

Baa American

Who does the United States government think it's kidding? The Air Force plans to spend more than $5 million on imported-goatskin flight jackets [Harper's Index, August], but if I buy a foreign car it's a problem. Don't we have goats in this country?

Rose Anne Swan
Osterville, Mass.

Geography 101

Rodger Doyle's map "The Geography of Ancestry" [Readings, June] reflects America's continual inability to acknowledge that black America's ancestry is rooted in Africa. How can the ancestry of any group of people be black? While "African" is more precise than "black," the term "African" is also inadequate because it fails to recognize the cultural, social, and historical diversity of the various African countries that black Americans originate from. However, given the limitations of language, "African" is certainly more geographically correct than "black."

Danette Jones
Boston, Mass.

Are You What You Write?

Robert Stone's graceful and persuasive effort to affirm the kinship of moral and aesthetic values ["The Reason for Stories," Criticism, June] does not go far enough for my taste. Stone states that "the moral imperative of fiction . . . does not require a writer to be a good man, only a good wizard." He is keen to show that even Evelyn Waugh, a despicable human being, produced work with a moral center—suggesting that one can determine what kind of person an individual *is* by the worth of what that person produces.

I suppose a rigid refusal to distinguish between the dancer and the dance, as W. B. Yeats put it, would incline one to avoid reading people such as, say, W. B. Yeats. But the radical separation of the two seems as morally suspect as the Gasseous split between art and morality that understandably troubles Stone.

When I read Ezra Pound's poetry, his politics matter to me because I am, in a very real sense, reading Pound. Unless one would deny authorship to authors, seeing us as mere vessels, then the morality of the writer cannot be written off.

Alfie Kohn
Cambridge, Mass.

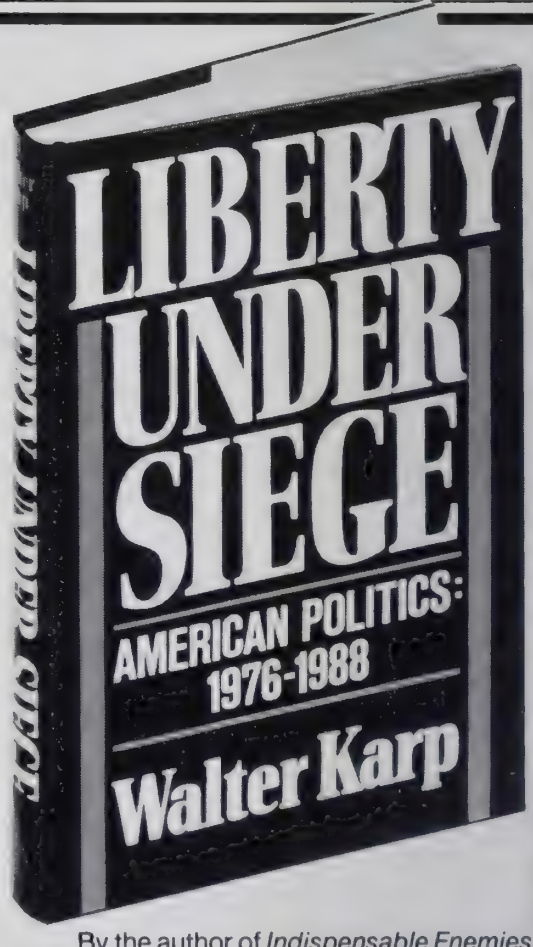
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NOTEBOOK

Elegy for a lost enemy

By Lewis H. Lapham

e world of politics is always twenty rs behind the world of thought.
—John Jay Chapman

n Paris last July the weekly news-gazine *VSD* published on its cover cinnamon-sweet photograph of a sian cat surmounted by the head-e: *AIDS:* CATS HAVE IT TOO.

The announcement caused a sensa-n. On the morning of the next day busands of Parisians showed up at city's animal shelters in the sud-nly suspicious company of their pet s. Subsequent newspaper accounts scribed the scenes of tearful fare-ll. Sometimes maudlin, but mostly onic or brusque, the owners of the s filled out a form, looked for the t time on their companions of the a and the windowsill—"Adieu, ," "Au revoir, Bidot"—and then ourned with their sorrow to the arest café. Some of the city's less timental citizens simply dropped ir cats in the Seine.

By noon of the second day the rm had been proved false. In an-r to hysterical questions from the alth authorities as well as the news dia, the editor of *VSD*, Anne-rie Cattelain, shrugged, presum-y with a gesture of Gallic con-pt, and freely admitted that she d invented the diagnosis of AIDS in s. Her magazine had received re-ts of a new and obscure disease licting some cats in some parts of nce, but it was a slow week in a w season, and the magazine needed *oup de théâtre.*

'If we use the real name of the dis-e," the editor said, "we sell noth-. With the word AIDS, *ça marche.*" Her cynicism prompted a second nd of sensation. Speaking on be-lf of all animals everywhere and their right to be protected from slander, Brigitte Bardot convened a press conference in Saint-Tropez. The president of the Union of French Veterinarians submitted a lawsuit. In the Parisian press the most prominent keepers of the nation's editorial conscience fulminated against *VSD*'s callow and outrageous disregard for the truth.

A few voices in the disreputable minority, however, expressed sympathy for Madame Cattelain's lack of a headline. The summer was indeed slow, and commercial alarms were in short supply. What was a newsmagazine for, if not to remind its readers of their imminent peril?

Several weeks later, at a Republican lawn party in Southampton, Long Island, I told the story of the maligned cats to a professor of American history whom I hadn't previously met but whom I knew from his writings in the political journals. He was a round and self-satisfied man, small, nattily groomed, dressed in a yachting blazer and a yellow bow tie. He looked depressed, which I thought out of character in a man who enjoyed a reputation for being infallible, and I had intended to lighten his spirit with news from the frontiers of liberal infamy. Under ordinary circumstances nothing so delights the defenders of the conservative faith than further proofs of the ways in which the media poison the wells of truth.

But the circumstances weren't ordinary, and the historian didn't think the story was funny. Abruptly, and with an air of annoyance, he said:

"I don't think you appreciate the woman's courage."

It turned out that he was looking for work with the Bush campaign, and he knew that if only he could prove the continued existence of the Cold War, he was certain to be rewarded with an academic sinecure or an appointment to the State Department. He had been searching through his maps for the geopolitical equivalent of a cat with AIDS, but as yet he had found nothing suitable, which was embarrassing because Bush insisted on making speeches about the need to protect the American continent and the American people.

"Protect them from whom," he asked, "and against what?"

We stood on the veranda of a large, wooden house overlooking both an apple orchard and the sea. On the lawn in the foreground an orchestra played dance music under a striped tent. Upwards of 200 people, many of them in evening dress, wandered between long, white tables crowded with Russian vodka, Mexican tomatoes, and Japanese shrimp. The women's clothes had been made in Paris, and the men carried keys to German automobiles and code numbers for Swiss bank accounts. The world asked nothing better than to bend the back of its cheap labor to the whims of American luxury.

"It's awful," the historian said. "We're all dressed up for war on five continents and six oceans, but there isn't an enemy in sight."

Not only were the Russians gone from Afghanistan, the historian said, but even worse, they were beginning to dismantle their missiles on the Siberian steppe. Iran and Iraq had come to the end of their murderous war, and the U.S. Navy was hard-pressed to remember why its ships were sailing point-to-point courses in the Persian Gulf. The Cubans and the South Africans had agreed to a cease-fire in Angola. The North and South Koreans were talking about the chances of reunification. Even the Vietnamese

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(the sly, treacherous, alien Vietnamese) had expressed at least a preliminary wish to leave Cambodia.

"What's the world coming to?" the historian asked. "Where is the land of Mordor?"

He lapsed into a disconsolate silence, poking the ice in his drink with a plastic stick molded in the shape of an elephant. The orchestra was playing a Cole Porter tune, and the evening was bright with the glitter of laughter. The historian stared off into a gloomier distance, and when he again took up the thread of his thought, his voice had a wistful, almost elegiac, sound.

"I don't think you realize," he said, "how much we owed the Russians. They were the enemy of first resort. As important to our economy as General Motors or Iowa corn. As fundamental to our freedoms as the First Amendment."

He wondered if I knew how much had been invested in the making of the Soviet icon—how much money, how many careers, how much poetic imagination. It wasn't only the weapons and the research laboratories. It was the books and the policy analysis and the headlines. During a span of more than forty years the study of the Cold War had become a theological discipline not unlike the study of God in a medieval monastery. He could imagine the disappearance of entire political science departments in the nation's better universities. Who would write the spy novels and preach the sermons on the texts of Armageddon?

Again he fell silent, and I remembered that recently I had tried to read a novel by John le Carré, but the intrigue had seemed irrelevant and the derring-do as behind the times as the adventures of Lancelot or Brigadier Gerard. The historian looked so troubled that I was moved to comfort him with villains.

"Surely," I said, "there must be somebody else . . . an African despot, maybe, or a Colombian drug king . . . the kind of a fellow who can order the execution of an entire regiment without a moment's thought or delay."

The historian smiled wanly.

"Good," he said, "but not good enough. None of them commands an evil empire."

"Slums, racial hatred, illiteracy poverty, disease . . ."

He interrupted me with the impa tient gesture of a teacher looking for different answer.

"Too un-American, too close t home. Ask too many questions alon those lines, and you come acros somebody you know—a campaig contributor or your brother-in-law."

"The environment," I said ". . . acid rain, toxic wastes, dea fish . . ."

"Too complicated, and too man unintended puns. Begin with some thing specific, like surgical needles o a beach or the lobsters sick with tu mors in Narragansett Bay, and yo end with the moral vacuum that float the bubble of advanced capitalism Remove the needle from the beach and Aunt Mary, who does so muc for charity, loses the fortune and th town house. Rescue the lobster, an Providence, Rhode Island, can't a ford to pay its schoolteachers."

"But that's the point," I saic "Everybody learns that nobody innocent."

The historian laughed and shoo his head.

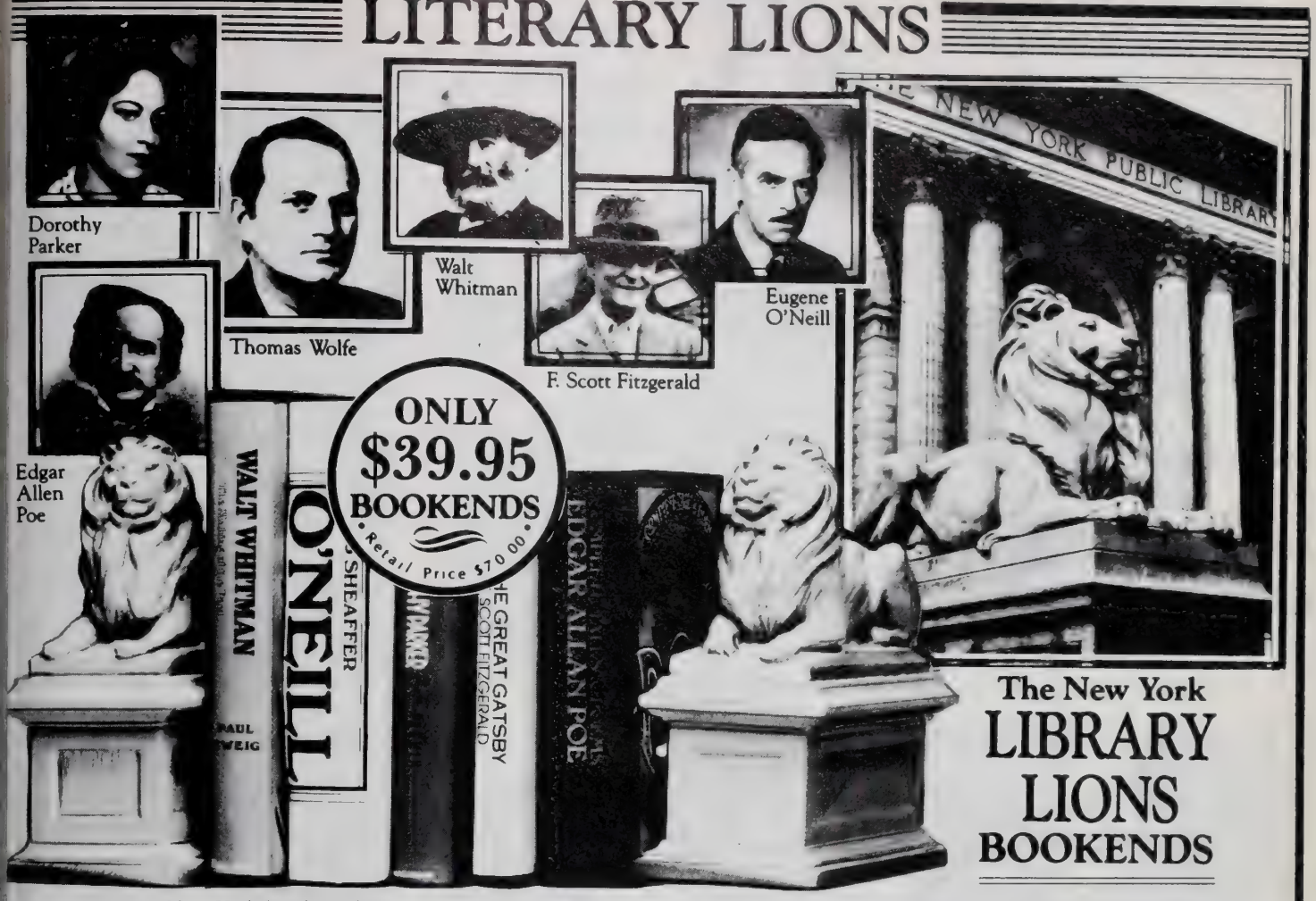
"You learn that from literature, n from politics."

The orchestra played a fanfare, an the owner of the house (a Wall Stre bond salesman said to have earne $100 million from the destruction companies) grasped a microphon and began his much-rehearsed intr duction of the evening's politicia The American flags on the tent pol fluttered placidly in an offsho breeze.

"If I were managing Bush's can paign," the historian said, "I'd se him to study with George Stei brenner."

Democracies, he explained, tra in two markets—the market in expe tation and the market in blame. T collapse of prices in one market e tails the rise of prices in the other. watch the New York Yankees lose w to wonder what Steinbrenner, t team's principal owner, would s in the next day's papers. Which pla er or pitching coach would he nam to the roster of villains plottin

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- Tradition has it they were installed so library-users could read between the lions.
- Teddy Roosevelt opposed their construction, suggesting instead statues of elk or moose. (Luckily, he was overruled by the Board of Directors.)
- A common legend states that the lions roar whenever a virgin walks by. (To date, no one's ever heard them roar.)
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against the happiness of the American people?

"Like Steinbrenner," the historian said, "politicians need somebody to blame. Not an abstraction—not the chemical industry or the ozone layer, but somebody with a name and a face and a current address. Preferably somebody in uniform."

In a nation divided into the leagues of recrimination, Steinbrenner rants in his owner's box, Mayor Edward Koch blames the beggars on the streets of New York for their selfishness and filthy appearance, and Governor Michael Dukakis blames the Republicans for the disappointment close to every voter's heart.

"But Bush," the historian said, "doesn't know who to blame for what. Anybody he names to the lineup is likely to be a friend of Oliver North or a business associate of Edwin Meese."

We walked to the other side of the house, away from the speeches and the torchlight. A light fog was lying along the beach, and the air was sweet with the scent of honeysuckle. In a well-ordered state, I thought, the people would elect a council of scapegoats and hags (evil-looking people, possibly recruited from among Mayor Koch's company of beggars) who would present themselves as villains for all occasions—in traffic court, at ball games, in corporate boardrooms, at cabinet meetings. When things went wrong, as surely they must, the respectable people could point and jeer and know they had seen the goblin who had blown the deal, run the red light, or lost, by a score of 5–2 Southeast Asia and "the spirit tha made this country great."

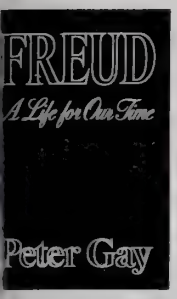
Pursuing his own lines of reflection, the historian said: "As enemie go, the Russians were better thar most. They had the shambling and clumsy demeanor of familiar trolls—unspeakably sinister, of course, but so thoroughly incompetent as to allow for the hope of escape."

Raising his glass in a gesture of fare well, he offered a toast to the legion c lost enemies.

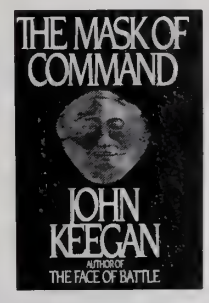
"They came, as all good villain should, from the land of ice and snow and they never spoiled a good story b trying to make it come true. We'll b lucky to see their like again."

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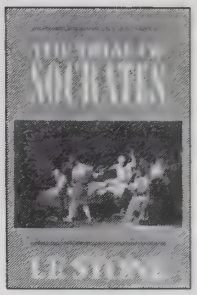
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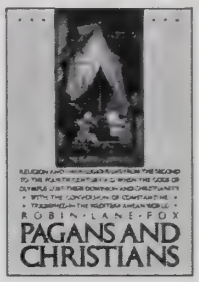
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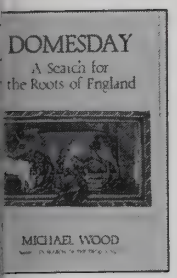
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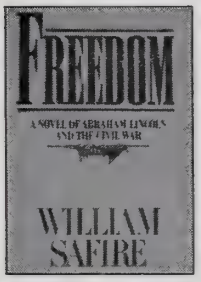
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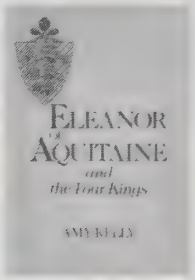
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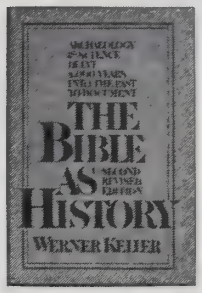
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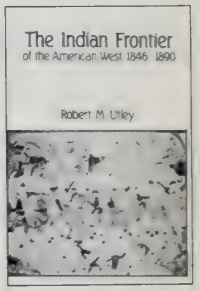
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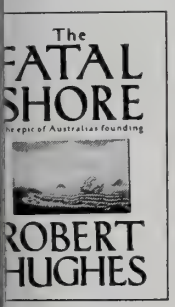
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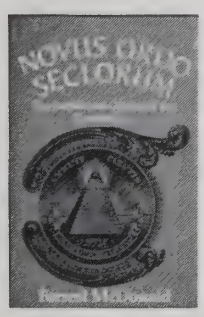
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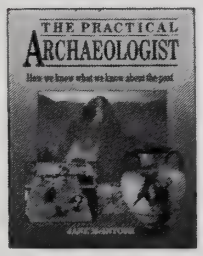
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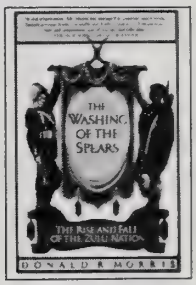
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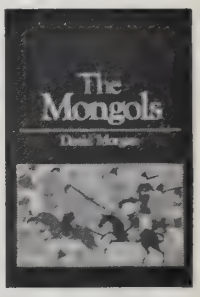
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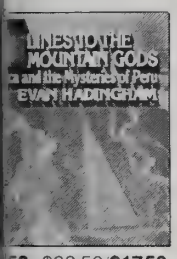
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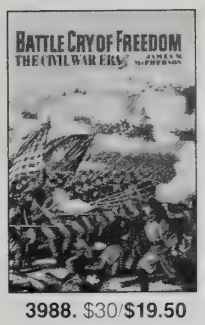
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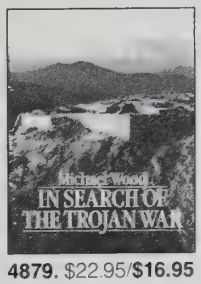
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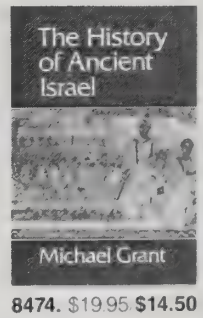
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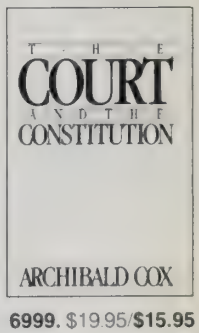
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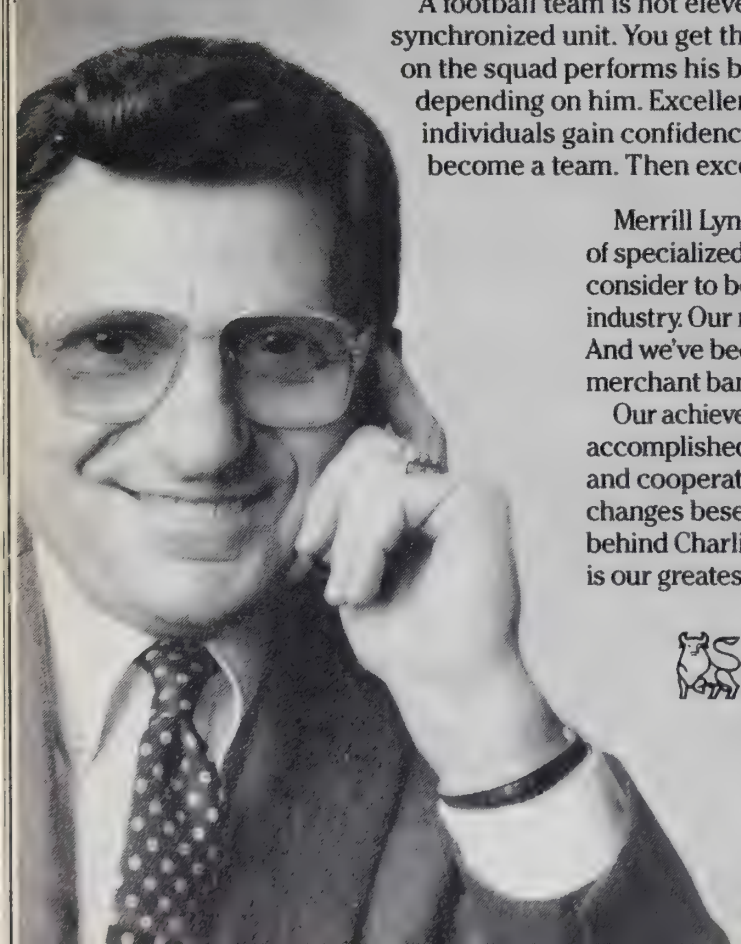
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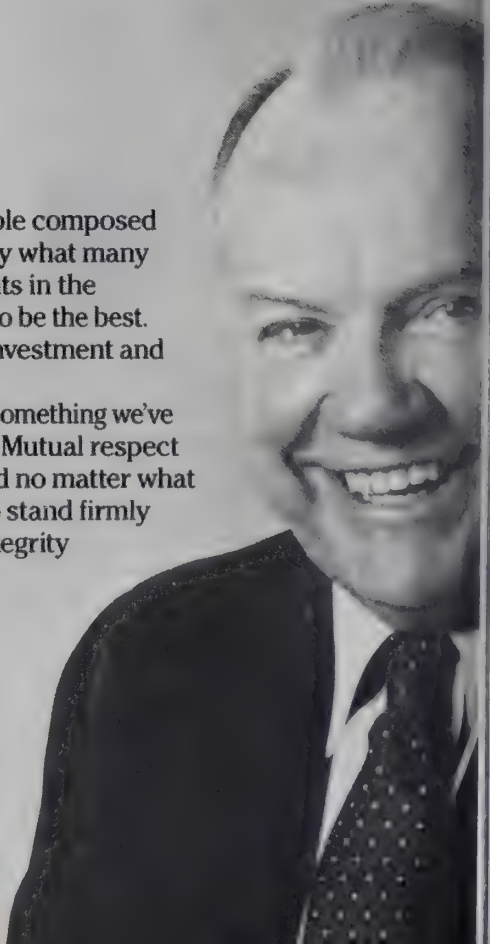
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HARPER'S INDEX

Estimated decrease, since last year, in the number of soldiers in combat, worldwide : 1,800,000
Estimated increase, since last year, in the amount spent on U.N. peacekeeping forces, worldwide : $81,000,000
Number of soldiers worldwide who are under the age of 15 : 200,000
Number of ethics specialists employed by General Dynamics : 39
Percentage of Americans who oppose using nuclear arms in response to a non-nuclear Soviet invasion of Europe: 88
Number of the 7,886 Soviet Jews granted Israeli visas this year who settled somewhere other than Israel : 6,739
Percentage of Jews living on the West Bank who emigrated from Europe or the United States : 22
Percentage of Americans who have never heard of or have no opinion about Shimon Peres : 41
Percentage who have never heard of or have no opinion about P. W. Botha : 45
Amount offered to the Congo this year to accept 100,000 tons of Europe's toxic waste : $7,063,500
Portion of all garbage discarded by Americans that is packaging : 1/3
Value of the unclaimed beverage-container deposits in New York State last year : $66,000,000
Average number of times a beer bottle in Japan is reused : 20
Number of Japanese children who have died since 1985 as a result of disciplinary beatings by school personnel : 5
Number of New York City public-school teachers who were assaulted on the job during the last school year : 400
Number of blind dates former Education Secretary William Bennett had with Janis Joplin : 1
Percentage of waterbed owners who say that sex is better on one : 33
Number of the 90,000 Illinois marriage-license applicants screened for AIDS this year who tested positive : 11
Percentage of American doctors who say they favor a national health-insurance program : 56
Percentage who say that most of their colleagues oppose such a program : 74
Average cost of successfully treating a drug addict : $3,850
Estimated annual expense incurred by an untreated addict, in health, welfare, and law enforcement costs : $14,000
Percentage of federal prison inmates who are serving sentences for drug dealing : 40
Percentage of Americans who favor random car searches by police as a way of dealing with the drug problem : 54
Estimated percentage of U.S. gasoline consumption that occurs during traffic jams : 4
Portion of all land in downtown Los Angeles that is used for driving, parking, or servicing cars : 2/3
Portion of U.S. cropland that is insured against drought : 1/4
Portion of all drought insurance premiums that are paid by the federal government : 1/4
Gallons of water required to produce a pair of cotton pajamas : 500
Number of minutes each day that a working couple spend in "meaningful conversation" with each other : 4
Number of seconds each day that they spend in "meaningful conversation" with their children : 30
Ratio of G.I. Joe dolls to American G.I.s : 50:1
Ratio of annual spending on baseball cards to spending on tickets to major league games : 2:1
Percentage of Americans earning less than $15,000 a year who say they have achieved the American Dream : 5
Percentage of Americans earning more than $50,000 a year who say this : 6
Average annual income of an American child : $157.56
Percentage of children who say that Pee-wee Herman is "highly qualified" to be President : 8
Percentage who say that Michael Dukakis is : 8
Number of women appointed Official Salem Witch by Governor Michael Dukakis : 1
Number of the last 10 presidential elections that were won by the taller candidate : 8

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READINGS

[Essay]

A JEW'S GRIEF

From "Why a Jew Can Only Grieve," by George Steiner, published in the May 14 issue of the London Times. *Steiner is Professor of English and Comparative Literature at the University of Geneva, and Extraordinary Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge. May 14 marked the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the State of Israel.*

Israel did not invite the world to its fortieth birthday party. It knows precisely what that world was doing when Jewish men, women, and children were being hounded to death.

Ought it to have guests from France, whose *milice* was rounding up Jewish children for deportation lest any escape the net of the SS? Ought Israel to have sent invitations to Britain, whose government, even *after* the truths of Belsen and of Auschwitz had overwhelmed history, was seeking to destroy the desperate survivors on their way to a last possible haven in Palestine?

Perhaps America should be guest of honor. Had not its State Department, immediately before the doors of hell closed in 1939, offered seventy-five *ex gratia* visas when some 5,000 trapped children could have been rescued? Or the Soviet Union, whose despots were, at the very moment of the birth of the State of Israel, preparing yet another of the internal pogroms and campaigns of blood-libel that, with sickening regularity, punctuate the bear dance of Russian history?

Israel has not invited to its anniversary the six or seven hundred journalists, television cameramen, and pundits who now throng that most beautiful and haunted of lands. There was no lack of cameramen to record the systematic humiliation of Jews in the jeering streets of Vienna in the spring of 1938, to film the Warsaw Ghetto in flames, to chronicle the mounds of bodies being shoveled into the lime ditches from the Baltic to Salonika. Nor any shortage of columnists to explain, in the very newspaper in which this article appears, the need for accommodation with Herr Hitler. Often the tone of the London *Times* seemed to imply that Jews do seem to bring upon themselves so much of the distaste and desolation which beset them.

No, the list of Israel's birthday wishes is succinct. It seeks a moratorium on advice from nations and cultures that, only of late, actively participated in the extermination of the Jews or abstained from intervention (we are accomplices to that which leaves us indifferent). Israel wants those whose policies, be they in Ulster, Central America, Iran, Afghanistan, or on their own streets, are charged with cruelty and with cant to refrain from moralistic censure and counsel. To Israel there is plain obscenity in the very thought that Herr Waldheim's emporium and talkshop should sit in judgment on its own torments, on what it takes to be matters of life and death immediate to itself.

As to the presents it would gratefully receive on its fortieth, these, too, can readily be listed. It needs the most sophisticated weaponry with which to offset the immense demographic weight of those sworn to destroy it. It needs money to develop the agriculture, the industrial technology, the institutions of health and education that have made it the touchstone and envy of the Third World.

Above all: Israel demands—though waiting has made it harsh and almost indifferent—some

measure of informed insight from world opinion. Of insight into the singular imperative of its coming into being, into the inherent desperateness of its geopolitical situation, of insight into the sheer miracle of all that it has achieved for a people very nearly made ash.

What Israel most expressly does *not* require on this somber birthday are the ruminations of a Jew out of the diaspora, of a Jew whose license to observe and to criticize is radically irresponsible. It is irresponsible because he himself has, till now, chosen not to come to Israel—though he visits often, though he knows no spell more inward to his being than that of Jerusalem at sunrise, of the bleached and burnished light across Jericho. He sits in safety, knowing next to nothing of the physical menace, of the psychological pressures under which Jews live and create on that tiny strip of ground which contains the unbounded promise of survival.

There is an even sharper irresponsibility: so far, neither of my children has chosen to make his or her life in Israel. So I have given hope no hostages, nor invested in my son and daughter the obligations of the messianic.

This is the first crux. In respect to the State of Israel and to the measures it judges primordial to its endurance, comment from without is very probably an *indecency*. This is, for both parties to a possible dialogue, the gravest of handicaps. But it must be faced. There are issues to which one ought to address oneself only if one is prepared to become fully involved.

For a Jew from outside to say that Israeli foreign policy, since the Sadat visit, is a dreary catalogue of missed imaginings and lost nerve; that the violence in the Gaza Strip and West Bank is insanely counterproductive; that cowardice, triviality, and the style of minor mafiosi now mark and paralyze Israeli political institutions—is, in my conviction, to say the obvious truth.

For a Jew from outside to point out that, *even if peace was miraculously secured at the borders,* Israel will, pretty soon, have an Arab majority inside its territories—this, also, is to say an obvious truth. But why should any Israeli listen? Or why should he not riposte with that salty derision characteristic of the Israeli manner: "And what are *you* prepared to do about it, what are your children?"

There are those Jews who would reject the challenge, who would regard the destiny of the State of Israel as irrelevant to their own. I take this to be nonsense. There is, tragically, proudly, not a Jew anywhere whom Israel does not, be it only in a spiritual sense, hold hostage. There is not one who does not know, deep inside himself, that it is in Israel that he or his children have their only guarantee of refuge should the night come again (in South Africa, in Argentina, in the Marseilles of Le Pen).

It is precisely because the question of Israel reaches profoundly into Jewish existence itself that one must hammer out one's convictions without—I stress this—having earned the full right to do so.

My definition of a Jew had always been that of a man incapable of burying any other human being alive, *whatever* the provocation, *whatever* the cost. I had taken this specific incapacity—yes, it has behind it 2,000 years of political impotence and a catastrophic conclusion to those years—to be at the enigmatic roots of the long mystery of Jewish survival. That mystery is ethical, or it is nothing. Other men torture and burn and bury alive. Not Jews. Not the tribe of the Prophets, of the Suffering Servant, of Spinoza. If this be racial arrogance, I plead guilty.

Secondly, my definition of a Jew had always been that of a man incapable of censoring, of pulping books. The homeland of the Jew is the text. If there is a citizenship for him to strive toward, it is that of truth, wherever it may lead, whatever danger it entails. The Jew moves, not like night, but like day, from land to land, because he is the courier of thought, of speculative inquiry, because God has made and preserved him in order that he may pose questions and tell stories. In no other cultural tradition is there a formal blessing spoken on scholars and scholarship.

Israel has made these definitions no longer concretely tenable. There is torture in Israel. There has been a case of live burial by soldiers, made the more hideous by the lightness of the sentence incurred.

Censorship of the crassest kind is rife in Israel. Certain books, deemed subversive, are barred (a fatuously self-defeating measure) from Arab schools and campuses. "We have become normal men and women," proclaims Israel; "we fight for our lives as all other human beings and communities do. We have sadists and swindlers as you do, and you. We are no longer dreamers waiting to be butchered." I understand. How could one be so frivolous as not to? And yet.

The price seems to me, *finally,* too high. Has Judaism known the dark wonder of preservation only to become a nation-state, living by the gun? Trees have roots; men and women legs. The possibilities that this opens seem to me peculiarly pertinent to the Jewish condition, which is to learn new tongues, to cross frontiers, to contribute, wherever he is given breathing space—to the life of the mind, to that of moral argument. All of us are now imperiled guests on

this scarred, exploited planet.

Nationalism, the tribalism of rabid ideologies, will do us to collective death if we do not learn to live as one another's guests. The learning process is arduous; within it, the harried but immensely creative intellect and spirit of the Jew has its privileged function.

The messianic vision was, precisely, that which strove to overcome the homicidal tribalism that inhabits man. Having to be peregrine on this earth, the Jew developed that inward restlessness, those antennae for danger to which he owes his survival. For the Jew, the nation-state is not a fulfillment but a death trap.

I had long believed that Israel would, out of inspired necessity, under the prophetic goad of vision, evolve a formula of religious and of ethnic configuration as new to the hopes of man as was the Greek *polis*. That Jerusalem would become a city for all faiths and legacies (perhaps Jewish New York *is* that city). From the 1950s on I pleaded for Jewish universities to give honorary degrees to the great Arab poets and scholars who would one day come to collect them. There are those in Israel who, at severe personal and public cost, sustain that vision.

The outside world is giving no real help. The Arab nations have, with cruel mendacity, refused to resettle, to re-educate the Palestinian refugees. Now these wretched men and women have become the fiercest of Zionists. Is it too late? It may be so, but such lucidity is suicidal.

Many of the most talented and clairvoyant of younger Israelis are already leaving the place of miracles wrought by their parents. Already the silicon valleys of California are like another promised land. It is not toward Israel that the vast majority of Russian Jews direct their punished dreams. Here too, an unknown future tense is at work.

It is so easy to be the idiot-questioner, lodged in (temporary) safety. Only one thing seems to me absolutely certain. Jews *cannot* be at home in a land where children have to be beaten and imprisoned as a matter of routine; where enemies, albeit deadly, must be buried alive; where books must be shredded.

Jews who inure themselves to these modes of survival will simply give to those who have, so long, sought to demean and destroy them, their victory. The world at large may, indeed, have no right whatever to apply a double standard of ethical, political exaction to the Jew. The Jew must apply it to himself.

Was it for ordinariness, for the commonplace of human stupidity and savagery that he was chosen? Or that to his every birthday one must add 5,000 years?

[Letter to the Editor]

GREAT BOOKS AND BAYONETS

From a letter to the editor by Cyrus Veeser in the June 23 New York Times. *Veeser is a graduate student in American History at Columbia University.*

Stanford University's revision of its Western Culture course has sparked fear in some circles that the slogan "Western Culture's got to go" will become a general campus rallying cry. Former Secretary of Education William J. Bennett accuses radicals, feminists, and minorities of politicizing the disinterested study of Western culture. An overlooked question is where the course known as Western Civilization came from in the first place.

Today's Western Civ classes are the offspring of a government-sponsored propaganda course instituted during World War I. As shown by the historians Carol Gruber (*Mars and Minerva: World War I and the Uses of the Higher Learning in America)* and William Summerscales (*Affirmation and Dissent: Columbia's Response to the Crisis of World War I)*, nearly all male college students in the country were in uniform by the autumn of 1918, and their pre-induction training included a "War Issues" course.

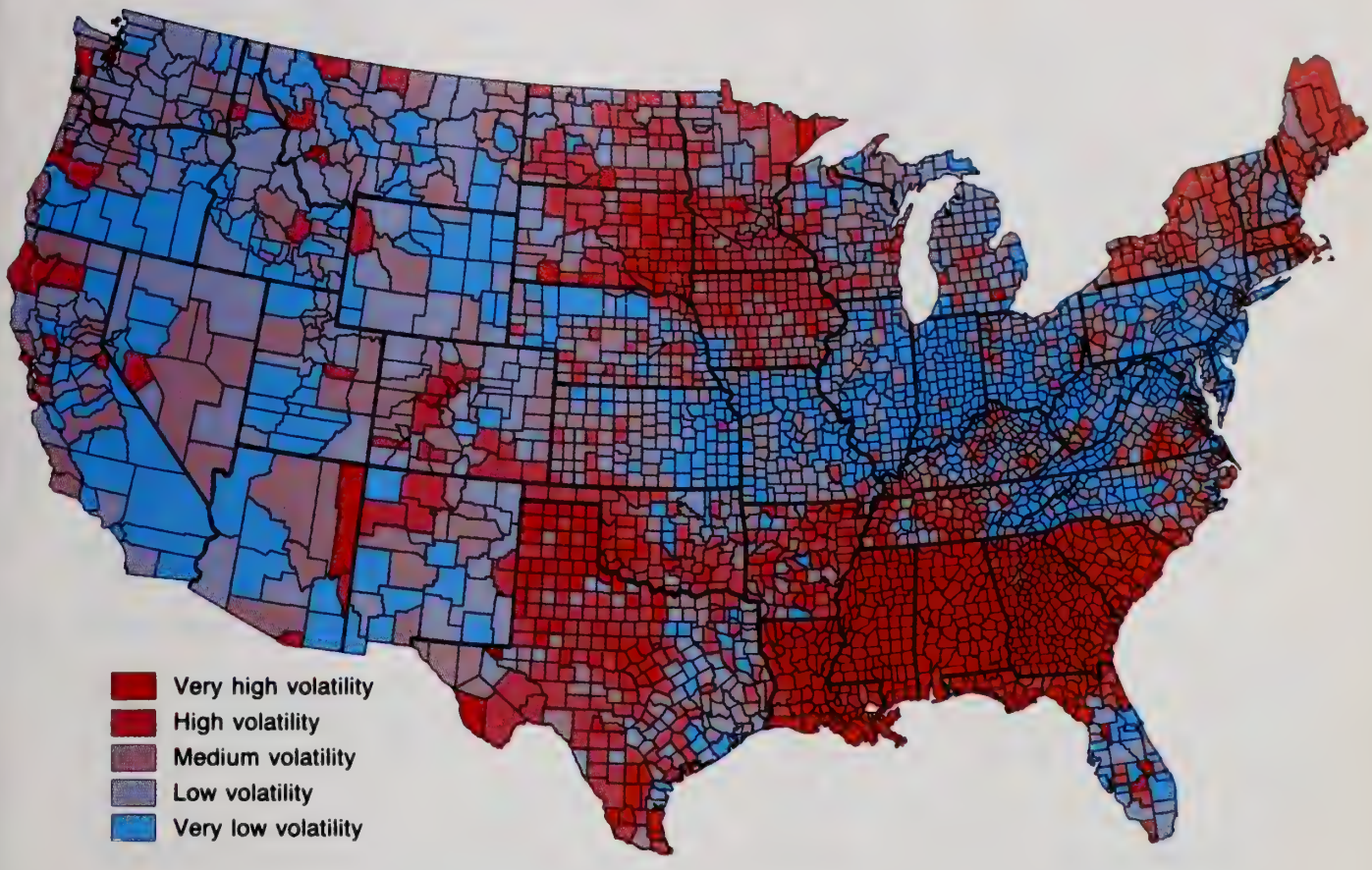
The course spoon-fed Western history, politics, and philosophy to undergraduates in an effort to produce what an editorial of the time in *The History Teacher's Magazine* called "thinking bayonets." War Issues, said its director, instilled "an understanding of what the war is about and of the supreme importance to civilization of the cause for which we are fighting."

At the war's end, the Columbia College faculty and deans took War Issues as a model for an innovative course called Contemporary Civilization. The idea won faculty support by promising to provide students with a common background of ideas and by spanning disciplines that were already compartmentalized. But the course also had an ideological mission: as War Issues had sought to discredit Kaiserism, Contemporary Civilization would inoculate young people against Bolshevism and other subversive doctrines. One Columbia dean said the course would quiet "the destructive element in our society" and produce students "who shall be safe for democracy." Colleges and universities around the country followed Columbia's lead and created their own Western Civ offerings.

At first, the class taught at Columbia brought the "best thought" of the past to bear on current issues. Its syllabus promised to "present the features of civilization, past and present, which are

[Map]

THE GEOGRAPHY OF POLITICAL VOLATILITY



From "The Geography of U.S. Presidential Elections," by J. Clark Archer, Fred M. Shelley, Peter J. Taylor, and Ellen R. White, in the July issue of Scientific American. *Each county's electoral volatility was determined by comparing its voting pattern in eleven presidential elections with the national results. For example, if the Democratic vote totals in a county declined from one election to the next while national support for the Democrats rose, the county is considered volatile. Areas of high volatility are likely to be important battlegrounds during presidential elections.*

of significance for those who expect to take part in the solution of the problems which now confront us." Today, most Western Civ courses have left behind this view and with it any recollection of their start in a wartime crusade.

Like Bennett, the sponsors of the first Western Civ program at Columbia thought their version of civilization had to be defended. They did not pretend, however, that a course in Western Civ would have nothing to do with politics. Nor did they believe the content of the course immutable. Since they meant the course to help students solve current problems, they knew it would evolve to address new demands.

Ironically, perhaps, today's critics of Western Civ are the real traditionalists. Like the (white, male, Christian) professors who introduced the course seventy years ago, they recognize that definitions of "civilization" must be provisional, not fixed—and that defining civilization is very much a political act.

[Court Transcript]

CONTEMPT IN COURT

From the transcript of a trial proceeding in U.S. District Court in Pittsburgh last July. The presiding judge was Hubert I. Teitelbaum. Barbara Wolvovitz and Jon Pushinsky were the plaintiff's attorneys.

MR. PUSHINSKY: Did you ever report to Ms. Burke, the human resources director, about this incident?

WITNESS: Not that I recall.

THE COURT: You're referring to her as Ms. Burke. Isn't her name Mrs. Burke? Is it Mrs. Burke?

RENEE BURKE: Yes, it is Mrs. Burke.

THE COURT: Don't use that "Ms." then.

MR. PUSHINSKY: I'm sorry, Your Honor. It's something I always do.



From the Kansas City Star.

THE COURT: Well, it's a bad habit, and don't do it in my courtroom.

MR. PUSHINSKY: I apologize, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Women who are married and want to call themselves "Mrs." are entitled to do that.

MR. PUSHINSKY: Mrs. Burke had never told me how she preferred being called.

THE COURT: Did she ever tell you she didn't want to be called "Mrs."?

MR. PUSHINSKY: Not that I recall, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Well then, call her "Mrs." There are women who don't want to be called "Mrs.," who want to be called "Ms." That's their privilege. And I think you like that, don't you?

MR. PUSHINSKY: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: No, your co-counsel here. You don't use your married name here, do you?

MS. WOLVOVITZ: Your Honor, my name is not a married name. I just have one name.

THE COURT: That's not your married name.

MS. WOLVOVITZ: I don't have a married name, so it's not a question of what I use or don't use.

THE COURT: You don't pay much attention to the laws, do you?

MS. WOLVOVITZ: Under [the law], my married name is Ms. Wolvovitz.

THE COURT: I ordinarily don't allow anyone to use that "Ms." in this courtroom. Your name is Mrs.—what was it?

MS. WOLVOVITZ: My name is Barbara Wolvovitz.

THE COURT: I told you—I asked what your husband's name is.

MS. WOLVOVITZ: My husband's name is Jules Lobel. That's not my name. That last name I have not ever—never used it.

THE COURT: Here on in in this courtroom you will use Mrs. Lobel. That's your name.

MS. WOLVOVITZ: Your Honor, I have to object.

THE COURT: Do what I tell you or you're going to sleep in the county jail tonight. You can't tell me how to run my courtroom.

MS. WOLVOVITZ: Your Honor, I believe I should be called by my name. That is not my name.

THE COURT: That is your name under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, and that's what I want you to be . . .

You're aware, of course, that under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania when a woman marries, her husband's name becomes hers and if she wants to use her maiden name she has to go through a procedure to get the consent of the Court. You haven't done that, have you?

MS. WOLVOVITZ: Your Honor, I was not married in the State of Pennsylvania, and under the laws of New York I was not required to take

any action with respect to my name.

THE COURT: In Pennsylvania you are, and we're going to call you Mrs. Lubin until you get an order of court here from the Common Pleas Court saying you can use your maiden name.

MS. WOLVOVITZ: Your Honor, I cannot answer to that name. It is not a name that I've ever used. If the Court is going to—

THE COURT: You're going to use it now.

MS. WOLVOVITZ: If the Court is going to be calling me by that name, I'll have to ask for a mistrial, because I cannot continue to respond to a name that is not my name.

THE COURT: You're going to be called in this Court Mrs. Lubin, and you'll respond to it.

MS. WOLVOVITZ: That's not my husband's name either.

THE COURT: What's your husband's name?

MS. WOLVOVITZ: Lobel.

THE COURT: What is it?

MS. WOLVOVITZ: Lobel.

THE COURT: Lobel. All right: Mrs. Lobel.

[Interview Questions]

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT WOMEN'S CENTERS?

From "It's All in What You Ask: Questions for Search Committees to Use," distributed in June by the Association of American Colleges' Project on the Status and Education of Women. The paper was sent to "presidents and chief academic officers at all post-secondary institutions."

Search committees often have difficulty determining if a candidate is aware of and responsive to women's issues. When prospective employees are asked, "Are you concerned about and supportive of women's issues?" they invariably give an affirmative reply. Unfortunately, that gives little indication of their level of concern or commitment. This paper contains a variety of questions that will help elicit useful information about candidates' concerns about issues that affect women.

GENERAL QUESTIONS

How has the women's movement affected your professional life?

To whom do you go for advice about women's issues?

In your job, have you ever seen a woman treated unfairly? How would/did you handle it?

How much time do you spend informally (such as having lunch) with male colleagues? With female colleagues?

What have you done to welcome new women colleagues to campus?

QUESTIONS FOR PROSPECTIVE ADMINISTRATORS

Is there a women's center at your institution? How do you feel about women's centers? What is your relationship to the women's center?

Generally women students do not participate in class as often as men. How have you helped members of your staff deal with this issue?

[Lyrics]

SING ALONG WITH REHNQUIST

From "Old Favorites With the Chief Justice," a songbook distributed at a conference of Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals judges held in July at the Greenbrier, a resort in West Virginia. Chief Justice William Rehnquist led the judges in a sing-along of traditional songs, including this version of "I've Been Working on the Railroad." The Fourth Circuit includes Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and the Carolinas.

Oh, I was born in Mobile town,
I'm wukkin' on de levee.
All day long I roll de cotton down,
A wukkin' on de levee.

I been wukkin' on de railroad all de live-long day,
I been wukkin' on de railroad to pass de time away.
Do'an yo' hyar de whistle blowin'
Rise up so early in de mawn.
Do'an yo' hyar de Cap'n shoutin',
Dinah, blow y'hawn.

I used to have a dog name' Bill,
A wukkin' on de levee.
He run away, but I'm still,
A wukkin' on de levee.

Dat li'l ole dog up an' beg,
A wukkin' on de levee,
Till I done give him chicken leg,
A wukkin' on de levee.

I once did know a girl name' Grace,
While wukkin' on de levee,
She done bring me to dis sad disgrace,
A wukkin' on de levee.

What do you think of having a non-sexist language policy for university communications? Would you implement one here?

How have you worked to integrate women into sports and related activities, including the band?

QUESTIONS FOR
PROSPECTIVE FACULTY

Do you regularly read or subscribe to any journals that deal with scholarship about women?

Approximately how many men have you nominated for fellowships, awards, and prizes? How many women?

For science faculty: Research shows that women in science often have lower aspirations than their male colleagues. Have you encountered this in classes? What do you do about it?

What is your experience with faculty (and student) hostility to women and women's issues? Have you seen or experienced the sort of backlash or denial where people say, in effect, "I don't want to hear about it"? How do you deal with backlash and denial?

[Essay]

POLITICS AND THE CHARACTER FACTOR

From "Individual Character and Political Ethics," by Nicholas Xenos, in the Summer 1988 issue of Grand Street. *Xenos teaches political theory at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst.*

The reporter who publicly asked Gary Hart if he'd ever committed adultery justified his question by reference to "the Character Factor," and he had the super-serious ruminations of academic and journalist pundits to back him up. Since then, we've seen the Character Factor dent quite a few more characters, from other presidential hopefuls to Supreme Court nominees. In all of these instances, it is presupposed that a person's character is the crucial element in judging issues of political responsibility. Contemporary discussions of character and politics rarely get past the question, Would you really want someone like *that* to have his finger on the button? In fact, most of the Character Factor talk we hear today has more to do with journalistic ethics—whether someone's private life should be off-limits to the press—than political ethics.

The emptiness of our debates about character and politics is troubling precisely because of that nagging button question, the question of the awesome power—really the awesome violence—of the state. It is difficult to contemplate such power without the belief that it will be exercised responsibly, and any shred of doubt concerning character tampers with that belief. But this obsession with personal character ignores a more fundamental question: How should we think about political responsibility today?

Long before there were such buttons, but at a time when Europeans had recently had considerable experience of people killing each other over political goals, Max Weber gave this issue of responsibility some thought. In his essay "Politics as a Vocation," published in 1919, Weber went so far as to claim that the essential characteristic of the state was that it was the repository of legitimate violence in the modern world. Whoever became involved with politics, he wrote, must necessarily become involved with violence. But this did not mean that Weber, any more than Machiavelli, felt that politics should be shunned; on the contrary, he held the true politician in high esteem as one who was willing to tread in this moral minefield.

In describing that terrain, Weber distinguished between what he called an "ethic of responsibility" and an "ethic of ultimate ends." The responsibility ethic is constructed around the full knowledge of the implications of employing violence toward some political end and carries with it accountability for "the foreseeable results of one's actions." The ethic of ultimate ends is concerned only with the ends themselves, even at the expense of achieving them through means that fundamentally contradict them. Weber the Machiavellian and anti-utopian wanted us to see that there could be no heaven on earth, that "he who seeks the salvation of the soul, of his own and of others, should not seek it along the avenue of politics, for the quite different tasks of politics can only be solved by violence." And yet only the person who combined the ethic of responsibility and the ethic of ultimate ends, he thought, could truly be said to have the "calling for politics." This characterization of the political life as a calling is very beautiful and indicative of just how singular and important Weber thought such a life to be. It is also of little real value in assessing the situation of political ethics in America today.

If the idea of a calling for politics is a little farfetched in the contemporary domestic setting, it is for reasons Weber recognized. He employed the image of the "iron cage" to represent a modern world trapped by routinization and bureaucracy and driven by the desire for material wealth.

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the state have resulted in the establishment of bureaucratic, rational organization on an unprecedented scale. The responsibility that goes along with occupying an office in a bureaucracy is quite unlike the ethic of responsibility Weber ascribed to the political figure. In place of the calling for politics, one might say, we have the job classification.

Today, the responsible officeholder is someone who abrogates responsibility for his or her actions: carrying out orders is the essence of the bureaucrat; doing it with conviction is the mark of true talent. When the time comes, if it comes, to ascribe responsibility for the actions that are taken by bureaucracies, the trail leads into a maze of office cubicles and usually disappears. We persist in believing that someone must be responsible, but the rationale of government and corporate bureaucracy is "deniability," whether it's the Iran-*contra* scandal, the E. F. Hutton bank-fraud scandal, the NASA-*Challenger* scandal, or a typical screw-up by a commercial airline or the Pentagon.

We can see the difficulty all this presents for any coherent notion of political ethics and why the Character Factor is an escape from the real issues involved. The obsession with character hides our suspicion that—as in the penultimate scene of *Apocalypse Now*—no one is in charge. But with this big difference: unlike Coppola's Vietnam nightmare, in the case of the state the result is not chaos but normality. The state's power is managed, administered, its violence hidden by the indifference of managers and administrators who seldom have to face the consequences of their actions. The lack of responsibility is recognized even as the language of responsibility is occasionally invoked. When the congressional committees investigating the Iran-*contra* affair finally tried to find someone to point a finger at, they concluded that the "ultimate responsibility" rested with President Reagan, since he had created the general policy the National Security Council bureaucrats thought they were carrying out (even if he then took a nap for the duration). That reasoning—the notion that political leaders set the ends and the bureaucracy provides the means—is close to Weber's ideas about political leadership and political responsibility. The problem is that, in practice, taking responsibility doesn't mean very much. As the members of the congressional committees themselves noted, President Reagan on several occasions had declared that he accepted responsibility for various aspects of the affair. The committees found that "fundamental processes of governance were disregarded and the rule of law was subverted," but they shunned any idea that the "ultimate responsibility" for these things carries any penalty. As long as Ronald Reagan does not personally break any laws, or conspire to, he is immune from any real responsibility for his actions. He simply says, "Okay, I'm responsible," and goes about his

[Correction]

AT LEAST WE SPELLED YOUR NAME RIGHT

This correction ran in the June 6 issue of U.S. News & World Report. *A publisher's note accompanying the correction pointed out that the story in question had been published prior to the acquisition of the magazine by its current owner.*

In a March 12, 1984, story on Vietnam veterans living in remote areas of Alaska ("Vietnam's Sad Legacy: Vets Living in the Wild"), Dan Sisemore was one of the veterans interviewed.

Mr. Sisemore has objected to the way he and his life-style were portrayed by *U.S. News*. After conducting an exhaustive investigation into Mr. Sisemore's objections, *U.S. News* agrees that the story contained these errors:

1. Contrary to the article, Mr. Sisemore did not "flee" to Alaska; is not "hiding out in Alaska"; is capable of living with his fellowman; and did not go to Alaska "because his biggest fear was that he was going to hurt someone."

2. The picture of Mr. Sisemore printed in the story shows him standing in front of a neighbor's rustic cabin, not his own more spacious dwelling.

3. In describing Mr. Sisemore's living conditions, *U.S. News* emphasized the primitive features of his home while ignoring that it also includes several amenities, including electricity and a microwave oven.

4. The story mentions an incident in which Mr. Sisemore complained to personnel at a Veterans Administration center about his treatment in the Navy. The incident took place in California in the 1960s—not, as the article suggests, in Alaska in the 1980s.

5. Contrary to implications in the article, Mr. Sisemore did not serve in Vietnam and does not suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder.

U.S. News apologizes for the errors and sincerely regrets any inconvenience it may have caused Mr. Sisemore and his family.

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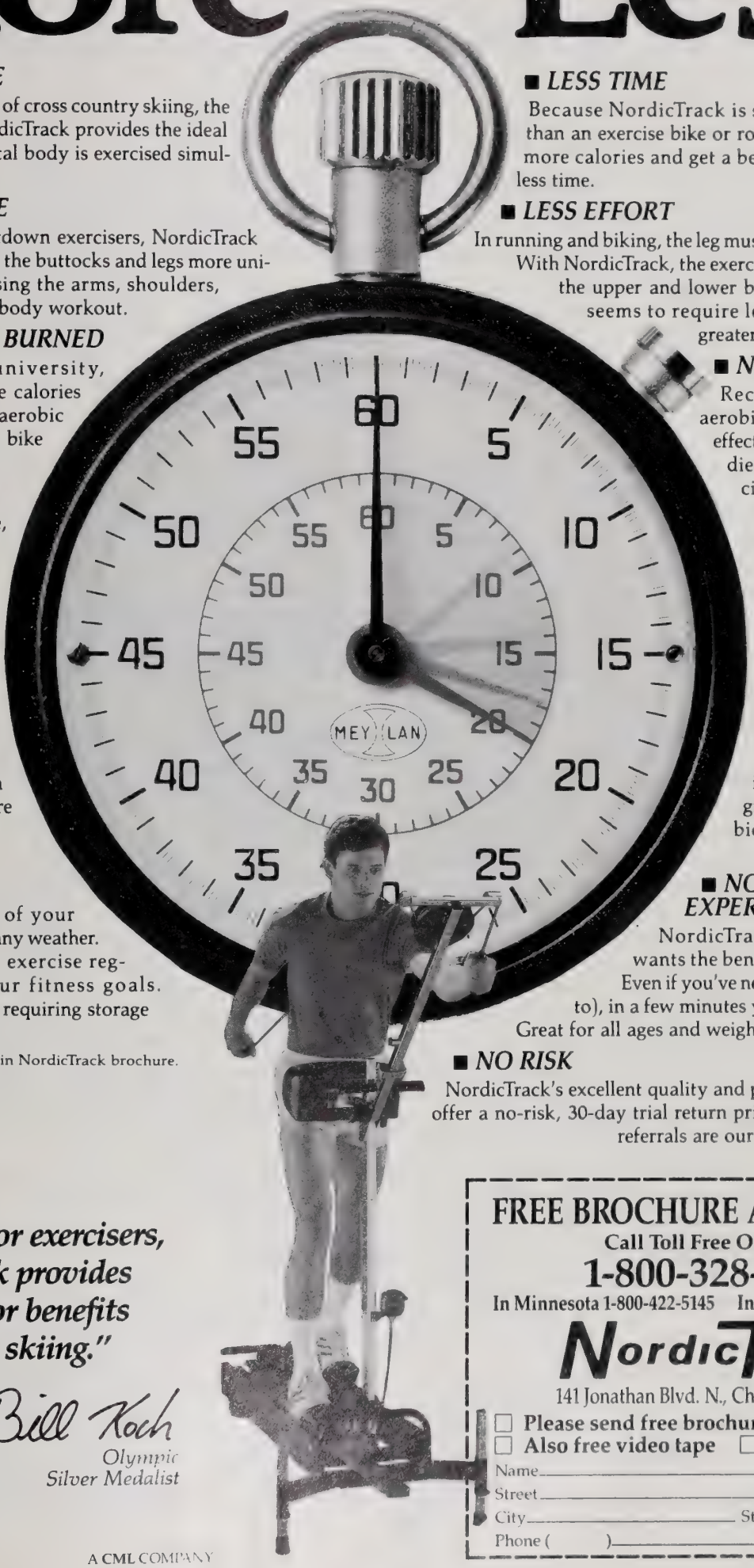
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business with, at worse, the loss of some points in the popularity polls.

The earlier Tower commission criticized President Reagan's "management style," and in doing so it was closer to grasping the current situation than the congressional committees. The notion of responsibility is tied to political leadership; management is tied to the techniques of bureaucratic control. While it is probably absurd to assume that anyone can really manage the state's bureaucracy, the Tower commission at least acknowledged what has been a fact for some time: the president has been transformed from a political leader into a chief executive officer. Michael Dukakis appeals for votes on the grounds of his managerial competence; George Bush on the strength of his résumé. It is as if they are running for CEO. CEOs are, for the most part, faceless, soulless people who have risen to the top of a corporate bureaucracy. They are judged by what are called their management skills in the only way they can be: according to the bottom line. The recent obsession with the federal budget deficit represents an effort to apply the same management standards to government that are routine in business.

The parallel carries through to all levels. The corporate bureaucracies have the Harvard Business School to train young would-be executives, while the government recruits eager staffers from Harvard's Kennedy School of Government. Both schools specialize in teaching management skills. Apparently, the ghosts of the calling haunt the halls of both institutions, as they do the elite medical and law schools, since all these places now employ what are called ethicists. The professional ethicist looks to examples drawn from past practices within a profession to establish rules of conduct. These can then be applied to specific instances to judge whether or not a particular action is within ethical bounds. This judgment is essentially the judgment of a specialist observer relating the actions of an individual to the rules of conduct of an office. This approach represents the bureaucratization of political ethics, its entrapment within an office cubicle of its own. The emergence of professional ethicists implies a recognition that the actor is subservient to the role, without an independent moral bearing and without responsibility. All that is important is the appearance of ethical propriety, not the relationship between an individual's action and the moral and political principles upon which he or she acts.

The transformation of political office into management thus renders the question of character moot. If we are to find an arena in which the practice of political ethics makes sense, one in which an ethic of responsibility tied to an ethic of ends might mean something, it will have to be outside political office, which is another way of saying that it will have to be outside the state.

At present, oppositional voices in America, particularly those of intellectuals, are largely without consequence and therefore without responsibility. Happily, few have turned to violence in frustration, which is its own form of irresponsibility, and which is anyhow the state's field of battle. Many more have succumbed to the allure of power. Twenty-odd years ago, an oppositional culture seemed to be forming, though incoherently and without lasting effect, as it turned out. But the effort was worthwhile. To do it right will take intelligence, a nuanced sense of tactics, and a commitment to opt out of the iron cage. It may take a renewed sense of politics as a calling coupled with opposition as an office. Only then will we be able to speak of character and political ethics in the same breath.

[Guidelines]

MISS MANNERS GOES TO SEOUL

From a guide to "manners, customs, and philosophy in Korea," distributed by the United States Olympic Committee to members of the American media covering the Olympics.

Meeting People

Koreans might ask you personal questions, such as how much you earn, where you are going, or why you don't have children. Don't be offended; they are just trying to show interest or determine your position in the social order. They don't always expect an honest answer.

Good conversation subjects: Korea's cultural heritage and scenic beauty, sports such as baseball, the Olympics, your host's organization, your host's children.

Bad conversation subjects: domestic politics, communism, Japan, trade friction, your male host's wife.

Table Manners

When you use chopsticks or a spoon, never leave them sticking into the rice—that's how offerings are made to ancestors.

Drinking partners exchange and fill each other's cups. Refusing someone's cup is rude.

The person who suggested the meal should pay for everyone, but it is polite to argue good-naturedly over the privilege of paying.

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Seoul has 426 small districts, or *dongs*. Some streets have no name. House numbers don't follow a sequential order down the street, as they do in the United States. Instead, they are numbered according to the order in which the houses within each district were built.

Look for taxi drivers wearing yellow shirts and jackets adorned with awards. They have been recognized for their safe-driving records.

General Etiquette

Koreans don't like to say no. They sometimes indicate a negative answer by tipping their heads back and inhaling audibly through their teeth.

Koreans often laugh to cover feelings of embarrassment, hurt, or shock. It does not mean they are taking the situation lightly.

Extreme modesty when talking about one's status, family, or accomplishments is a social tradition. Don't be surprised if a man makes disparaging remarks about his wife and children.

Women visitors to South Korea should not misinterpret stares or attempts at conversation; they usually result from simple curiosity.

Koreans eat lots of garlic, but don't like to hear disparaging remarks about their food or breath.

Blowing your nose in front of other people is very rude. If you use paper tissues, throw them away. Never return them to your pocket or purse.

Koreans of the same sex often hold hands in public. However, don't put your arm around someone's shoulders or pat someone on the back unless you are very good friends.

Be particularly careful not to touch older people or people of the opposite sex.

Business Customs and Manners

In meetings and other formal occasions, if you want to cross your legs, put one knee over the other and point your soles and toes downward. In very formal situations, don't cross your legs at all. Never put your feet on a desk chair.

Bring business cards with you. They are very important in introductions.

After you receive your counterpart's name card, place it on the table in front of you. Address your counterpart occasionally during the meeting.

Korean businesspeople are proud of their nation's cultural history and will appreciate your showing some knowledge of Korean culture. Be very careful not to confuse Japanese and Korean culture. Koreans are very sensitive about any hint of Japanese influence because of the 1905–1945 occupation.

[Story]

ZAPATOS

By Filéncio Salmón. Translated from the Spanish by T. Coraghessan Boyle. Boyle read "Zapatos" in May on the National Public Radio program Performance Today.

There is, essentially, one city in our country. It is a city in which everyone wears a hat, works in an office, jogs, and eats simply but elegantly; a city, above all, in which everyone covets shoes. Italian shoes, in particular. Oh, you can get by with a pair of domestically made pumps or cordovans of the supplest sheepskin, or even, in the languid days of summer, with huaraches or Chinese slippers made of silk or even nylon. There are those who claim to prefer running shoes—Puma, Nike, Saucony—winter and summer. But the truth is, what everyone wants—for the status, the cachet, the charm and refinement—are the Italian loafers and ankle boots, hand-stitched and with a grain as soft and rich as, well—is this the place to talk of the private parts of girls still in school?

My uncle—call him Dagoberto—imports shoes. From Italy. And yet, until recently, he himself could barely afford a pair. It's the government, of course. Our country—the longest and leanest in the world—is hemmed in by the ocean on one side, the desert and mountains on the other, and the government has leached and pounded it dry till sometimes I think we live atop a stupendous, three-thousand-mile-long strip of jerky. There are duties—prohibitive duties—on everything. Or rather, on everything we want. Cocktail napkins, band-aids, Tupperware, Crescent wrenches, and kimchi come in practically for nothing. But the things we really crave—microwaves, Lean Cuisine, CDs, leisure suits, and above all, Italian shoes—carry a duty of two- and sometimes three-hundred percent. The government is unfriendly. We are born, we die, it rains, it clears, the government is unfriendly. Facts of life.

Uncle Dagoberto is no revolutionary—none of us are; let's face it, we manage—but the shoe situation was killing him. He'd bring his shoes in, arrange them seductively in the windows of his three downtown shops, and there they'd languish, despite a markup so small he'd have to sell a hundred pairs just to take his shopgirls out to lunch. It was intolerable. And what made it worse was that the good citizens of our city, vain and covetous as they are, paraded up and down in front of his very windows in shoes identical to those he was selling—shoes for which they'd paid half price or less. And how were these

shoes getting through customs and finding their way to the dark little no-name shops in the ill-lit vacancies of waterfront warehouses? Ask the Black Hand, Los Dedos Muertos, the fat and corrupt Minister of Commerce.

For months, poor Uncle Dagoberto brooded over the situation, while his wife (my mother's sister, Carmen, a merciless woman) and his six daughters screamed for the laser facials, cellular phones, and Fila sweats he could no longer provide for them. He is a heavyset man, my uncle, and balding, and he seemed to grow heavier and balder during those months of commercial despair. But one morning, as he came down to breakfast in the gleaming, tiled expanse of the kitchen our families share in the big venerable old mansion on La Calle Verdad, there was a spring in his step and a look on his face that, well—there is a little shark in the waters here, capable of smelling out one part of blood in a million parts of water, and when he does smell out that impossible single molecule of blood, I imagine he must have a look like that of Uncle Dagoberto on that sunstruck morning.

"Tomás," he said to me, rubbing his hands over his Bran Chex, Metamucil, and decaffeinated coffee, "we're in business."

The kitchen was deserted at that hour. My aunt and sisters were off jogging, Dagoberto's daughters at the beach, my mother busy with aerobics, and my father—my late, lamented father—lying quiet in his grave. I didn't understand. I looked up at him blankly from my plate of microwave waffles.

His eyes darted round the room. There was a sheen of sweat on his massive, close-shaven jowls. He began to whistle—a tune my mother used to sing me, by Grandmaster Flash—and then he broke off and gave me a gold-capped smile. "The shoe business," he said. "There's fifteen hundred in it for you."

I was at the university at the time, studying semantics, hermeneutics, and the deconstruction of deconstruction. I myself owned two sleek pairs of Italian loafers, in ecru and rust. Still, I wasn't working, and I could have used the money. "I'm listening," I said.

What he wanted me to do was simple—simple, but potentially dangerous. He wanted me to spend two days in the north, in El Puerto Libre—Freeport. There are two free ports in our country, separated by nearly twenty-five hundred miles of terrain that looks from the air like the spine of some antediluvian monster. The southern port is called Calidad, or Quality. Both are what I imagine the great bazaars of Northern Africa and the Middle East to have been in the time of Marco Polo or Rommel, percolating caldrons of sin and plenty, where anything known to man could be had for the price of a haggle. But there was a catch, of course. While you could purchase anything you liked in El Puerto Libre or Calidad, to bring it back to the city, you had to pay duty—the same stultifying duty merchants like Uncle Dagoberto were obliged to pay. And why then had the government set up the free ports in the first place? In order to make digital audiotapes and microwaves available to themselves, of course, and to set up discreet banking enterprises for foreigners, by way of generating cash flow—and ultimately, I think, to frustrate the citizenry. To keep us in our place. To remind us that government is unfriendly.

At any rate, I was to go north on the afternoon plane, take a room under the name "Chilly Buttons," and await Uncle Dagoberto's instructions. Fine. For me, the trip was nothing. I relaxed with a Glenlivet and Derrida, the film was *Death Wish VII*, and the flight attendants were small in front and, well, substantial

[Poster]

PRESIDENT MAKERS



This poster, prepared by the Use Your Vote Association, was displayed on billboards in Finland prior to elections last winter. The text reads: "Makers of Presidents. The world will not be changed in an instant. The decisions of today have an impact on the day after tomorrow."

behind, just the way I like them. On arriving, I checked into the hotel he'd arranged for me—the girl behind the desk had eyes and shoulders like one of the amazons of the North American cinema, but she tittered and showed off her orthodonture when I signed "Chilly Buttons" in the register—and I went straight up to my room to await Uncle Dagoberto's call. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot: he'd given me an attaché case in which there were five hundred huevos—our national currency—and a thousand black-market dollars. "I don't anticipate any problems," he'd told me as he handed me onto the plane, "but you never know, eh?"

I ate veal medallions and a dry spinach salad at a brasserie frequented by British rock stars and North American drug agents, and then sat up late in my room, watching a rerun of the world cockfighting championships. I was just dozing off when the phone rang. "*Bueno,*" I said, snatching up the receiver.

"Tomás?" It was Uncle Dagoberto.

His voice was pinched with secrecy, a whisper, a rasp. "I want you to go to the customs warehouse on La Avenida Democracia at 10:00 A.M. sharp." He was breathing heavily. I could barely hear him. "There are shoes there," he said. "Italian shoes. Thirty thousand shoes, wrapped in tissue paper. No one has claimed them and they're to be auctioned first thing in the morning." He paused and I listened to the empty hiss of the land breathing through the wires that separated us. "I want you to bid nothing for them. A hundred huevos. Two. But I want you to buy them. Buy them or die." And he hung up.

At a quarter of ten the next morning, I stood outside the warehouse, the attaché case clutched in my hand. Somewhere a cock crowed. It was cold, but the sun warmed the back of my neck. Half-a-dozen hastily shaven men in sagging suits and battered domestically made oxfords gathered beside me.

I was puzzled. How did Uncle Dagoberto expect me to buy thirty thousand Italian shoes for two hundred huevos, when a single pair sold for twice that? I understood that the black-market dollars were to be offered as needed, but even so, how could I buy more than a few dozen pairs? I shrugged it off and buried my nose in Derrida.

It was past twelve when an old man in the uniform of the customs police hobbled up the street as if his legs were made of stone, produced a set of keys, and threw open the huge hammered-steel doors of the warehouse. We shuffled in, blinking against the darkness. When my eyes became accustomed to the light, the mounds of unclaimed goods piled up on pallets around me began to take on form. There were crates of Crescent wrenches, boxes of Tupperware, a bin of doorstoppers. I saw bicycle horns—thousands of them, black and bulbous as the noses of monkeys—and jars of kimchi stacked up to the steel crossbeams of the ceiling. And then I saw the shoes. They were heaped up in a small mountain, individually wrapped in tissue paper, just as Uncle Dagoberto had said. The others ignored them. They read the description the customs man provided, unwrapped the odd shoe, and went on to the bins of church-key openers and chutney. I was dazed. It was like stumbling across the treasure of the Incas, the Golden City itself, and yet having no one recognize it.

With trembling fingers, I unwrapped first one shoe, then another. I saw patent leather, suede, the sensuous ripple of alligator; my nostrils filled with the rich and unmistakable bouquet of newly tanned leather. The shoes were perfect, insuperable, the very latest styles, au courant, à la mode and exciting. Why had the others turned away? It was then that I read the customs declaration: *Thirty thousand leather shoes,* it read, *imported from the Republic of Italy, port of Livorno. Unclaimed after thirty days. To be sold at auction to the highest bidder.* Beside the declaration, in a scrawl that betrayed bureaucratic impatience—disgust, even—of the highest order, was this further notation: *Left feet only.*

It took me a moment. I bent to the mountain of shoes and began tearing at the tissue paper. I tore through women's pumps, stiletto heels, tooled boots, wing tips, deck shoes, and patent-leather loafers—and every single one, every one of those thirty thousand shoes, was half a pair. Uncle Dagoberto, I thought, you are a genius.

The auction was nothing. I waited through a dozen lots of number-two pencils, Cabbage Patch dolls, and soft-white light bulbs, and then I placed the sole bid on the thirty thousand left-footed shoes. One hundred huevos and they were mine. Later, I took the young amazon up to my room and showed her what a man with a name like Chilly Buttons can do in a sphere that, well—is this the place to gloat? We were sharing a cigarette when Uncle Dagoberto called. "Did you get them?" he shouted.

"One hundred huevos," I said.

"Good boy," he crooned, "good boy." He paused a moment to catch his breath. "And do you know where I'm calling from?" he asked, struggling to keep down the effervescence in his voice.

I reached out to stroke the amazon's breast—her name was Linda, by the way, and she was a student of cosmetology. "I think I can guess," I said. "Calidad?"

"Funny thing," Uncle Dagoberto said, "there are some shoes here, in the customs ware-

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From Cow Project, *by Formalhaut, a group of West German artists formed in 1985 by architects Gabriela Seifert and Götz Stöckmann and sculptor Ottmar Hörl. Their work appeared in the June issue of* Stroll, *and will be part of "The New Breed," an exhibit opening this month in Sydney, Australia.*

house—fine Italian shoes, the finest, thirty thousand in a single lot—and no one has claimed them. Can you imagine that?"

There was such joy in his tone that I couldn't resist playing out the game with him. "There must be something wrong with them," I said.

I could picture his grin. "Nothing, nothing at all. If you're one-legged."

That was two years ago.

Today, Uncle Dagoberto is the undisputed shoe king of our city. He made such a killing on that one deal that he was able to buy his way into the cartel that "advises" the government. He has a title now—Undersecretary for International Trade—and a vast, brightly lit office in the president's palace.

I've changed, too, though I still live with my mother on La Calle Verdad and I still attend the university. My shoes—I have some thirty pairs now, in every style and color those clever Italians have been able to devise—are the envy of all, and no small attraction to the nubile and status-hungry young women of the city. I no longer study semantics, hermeneutics, and the deconstruction of deconstruction, but have instead been pursuing a degree in business. It only makes sense. After all, the government doesn't seem half so unfriendly these days.

[Essay]

QUABBIN

From an essay by Nicholas Bromell, in the Spring 1988 Georgia Review. *Bromell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst.*

Like all Indian place-names, *Quabbin* evokes a presence and an absence at the same time: Indians used to be here, Indians aren't here anymore. Two syllables—mere breath—have survived where a people has perished. But Quabbin, which meant "meeting of waters" to the Nipmucks, also signifies another absence. The descendants of the very settlers who exterminated this tribe were told in 1910 that they, too, would have to leave. The state of Massachusetts was appropriating the Swift River Valley to create an immense reservoir of fresh water for the state's eastern residents. By April 28, 1938, the inhabitants of the area's four small towns had been relocated; the towns themselves, as a billboard at the reservoir's entrance now proclaims, had been "discontinued." Rain fell and the water that ran down the mountainsides covered the old farmhouses, rose against

the engineers' dikes, and gradually filled the dammed valley.

Into this scene my wife and I walked on a bright afternoon last October. Our path skirted the reservoir then turned uphill and entered the woods where yellow leaves were falling as steadily and deliberately as the first large flakes of an arriving snowstorm. At the top of the ridge, we paused. The hill dipped away, and we could see that once it must have been a country road, wide enough for two carts or carriages to pass abreast. Deep into the woods on either side ran miles of stone wall, marking the shapes of what used to be fields and yards. My mind balked at imagining the quantity of labor that must have been required to clear and cultivate all this land: chopping down trees, extracting stumps, burning brush, clearing stones, filling holes, planting corn. Some person's hands must have hefted and placed each of these lichen-spotted rocks; each has remained there, untouched, ever since.

To the left and right, narrower paths occasionally branched off the one we were following and plunged into the woods, now going nowhere. We wandered with no apparent aim except to make our way back eventually to the shore of the reservoir. For more than an hour, we heard little but our footfalls on the leaves and twigs, along with an occasional crow complaining overhead, or in the quiet of our pauses, the weak cry of a solitary cricket. For some reason these interruptions irked me. On this yellow Monday in October (a black one, we would later learn, on Wall Street) we were walking to get away from sounds—from all sounds.

"That way," said my wife, and we headed left, downhill, toward what we were sure would be the water.

Desire, it turns out, is what has guided our seemingly errant footsteps onto the quietest path, out onto the remotest shore, up onto a bluff at the edge of the woods overlooking the reservoir. Here on this bed of pine needles behind a low stone wall, my wife and I have just made love. If we sit up, we can look over the wall at the enormous sheet of blue water below us. When we lie down, the sun beats out of the west upon our cheeks, arms, legs—white as the heart of a split apple. My wife's warm neck smells like midsummer. A single pine tree rises over our heads, its 10,000 evergreen needles reaching for the air in all directions and registering the slightest breath of a breeze.

For a moment, this is *the moment*, the barrenness that will replenish us. But even as I linger in it, I feel its inadequacy. For years I have tried to rise to the challenge of clearing a space for the present, of living not in the past and future, but now: "To stand," as Thoreau said, "at the meeting of two eternities, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line." Gaining access to the present has usually been thought of as a reductive act. Thoreau built a cabin at Walden Pond, a mile from any neighbor, and took with him only a volume of Homer. His present was a poor, bare space which, sufficiently attended to, revealed its own richness.

But today, Thoreau's reductive or simplifying "economy" no longer seems workable. My eye falls on the stone wall that stretches away into the woods on either side of us. We thought we were alone, but this place is hardly empty. It is *New England.* The sweat of those who worked here, mixing their labor with the soil, hangs in the autumn air. To lie at the edge of these woods and gaze at an old stone wall is to occupy not an emptiness but a plenitude: a thousand photographs, a million memories, a dozen poems by Robert Frost. Quabbin itself is composed of ghosts that cannot be dispelled. Underneath its stainless surface, old walls and buildings glimmer in the greeny depths; within those depths the Nipmuck Indian still glides through

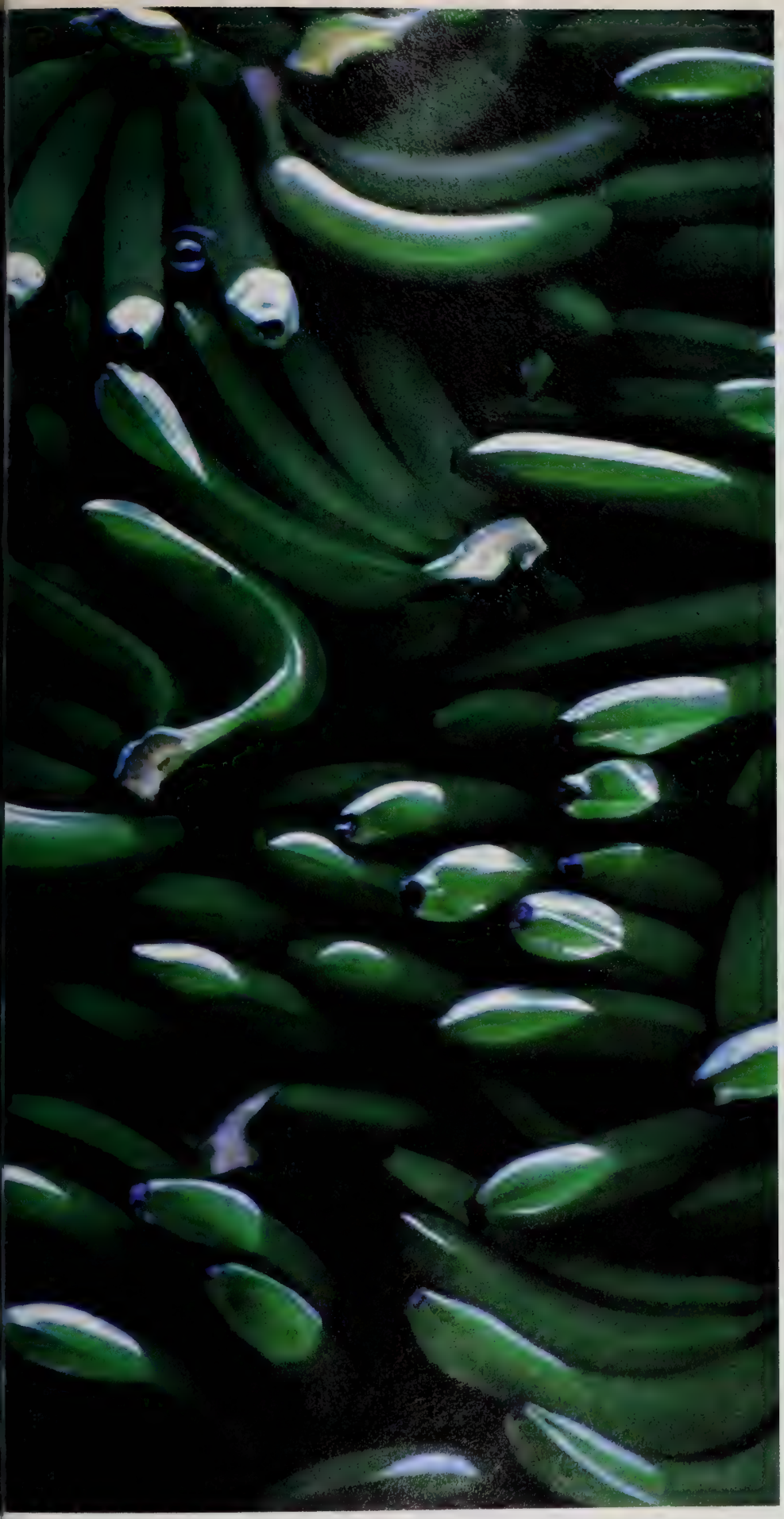
[Paragraph]

RUMINANT

By Conger Beasley Jr. From the Winter 1987 issue of Paragraph, *a magazine of one-paragraph essays and stories, published three times a year in Holyoke, Massachusetts. Beasley is the author of* Canyon de Chelly: The Timeless Fold.

The stomach of a ruminant comes in seven parts or chambers. Each blade of grass, each bagful of oats, after being munched, slowly passes from chamber to chamber where it is subjected to acids of varying strengths. The process takes time, but every scrap is eventually reduced to microparticles and absorbed into the bloodstream. Each chamber resonates with a peculiar vibration. These vibrations, humming along invisible vectors, facilitate concentration. Frequently, a ruminant will focus on a tree because of a tree's imperceptible growth. The example is salutary. The curving rib cage conceals a gurgling concerto of belly acids breaking down the molecular structure of sun-dappled grains. As you listen you may hear something else. The rustle of long-stemmed grass as the wind passes over a prairie. Or water. Water in a gourd being plied by a gnat with two oars.





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his land of waters.

Indeed, we are told by today's most fashionable philosophers that this challenge of living in the moment, of obtaining a moment of perception that is uncluttered and true, is just an illusion. To imagine that we can see a thing as it actually *is*—that we can go behind the curtain of appearances and directly encounter pure being, detached from past and future—is, they say, to succumb to an old nostalgia: the nostalgia for a presence which we would love to make immediate but which no one can contemplate (much less express) because to do so would be to bring it into a consciousness already hopelessly entangled in itself, in the past and future of its own grammar, in the void that opens between each word and the thing it signifies.

But there is the pine tree. I watch it for a moment, wanting to stand again within the circle of being defined by its innumerable needles. They seem to occupy an air as dense as water. If this desire of mine is an illusion, it is one I cannot easily dispel. I believe that for an instant we stand on the edge or seam between the elusive moment, the presence of pure being, and our awareness of it. Or we flit back and forth across that boundary and know the moment just before our consciousness of knowing catches up with and destroys it. There seems to be an indispensable lag to consciousness. For an instant I *knowingly* see the pine tree before that knowledge has been contaminated with the elaborations of culture and consciousness. I know the pine tree with my body first, and then with my mind—just as my body knowingly feels the shock of icy water one instant before my mind knows that I feel it. This sense of having to catch up with the body may be what gives the mind a basis on which to postulate, or imagine, the possibility of pure being "out there" behind a veil we only occasionally pierce. Only our way of putting things is wrong. Being does not lie "behind," but *ahead* of the mind's grasp. The mind should try not to recover but to anticipate being, and this it can do only by living in the body, in what Thoreau called "the senses." Being is not "back there"—but up ahead of us. If we are able to live in the body and through the senses, we will start to see the present moment not as an emptiness in which the mind attempts to find peace, but as a space already occupied—by the body.

This we seem unready to do. We hesitate to recover the bodily knowledge we ache for, yet have denied ourselves, because that recovery would mean giving up so much—so many ways in which we have learned, painfully, to cope. But one fact stares us in the face: the old ways no longer work. Even the best of them—Thoreau's simplification—has become impracticable. It no longer makes sense to choose simplicity over plenitude, the serenity of the present over the turmoil of past and future. For even if we could manage to clear a space for the present, we would find that it came to us already contaminated. Our present, paradoxical as this sounds, has become a future.

When Thoreau decided to devote the first chapter of *Walden* to what he called "Economy," he was acknowledging the degree to which the marketplace invades every aspect of modern life. But in the early 1850s the market economy seemed relatively simple and stable. A farmer who brought his pig to market calculated its price on the basis of what he had spent to fatten it (the past) and how much a purchaser would want or need it (the future). Price was a fairly rational calculation; it marked the degree of control that the invisible hand of the present could exercise over past exigencies and future uncertainties. But toward the end of the century, a kind of shadow market grew up alongside the old one, and in it traders began to bet on the outcomes of transactions in the original market. Some bet that on a certain date the price of pigs would go up, while others bet that it would go down. If these two markets had remained parallel but distinct, no problems would have arisen. But traders from one market began making deals in the other, and vice versa. In effect, price tags were put on prices. Now, when the farmer brings his pig to market, he will already have bet on the price he can sell it for. Now, whenever he is disappointed as a pig seller, he can still make money as a speculator on prices.

This putting a price on price marks a radical change in the way we live with the past, present, and future—and not just in the marketplace, but everywhere. In Thoreau's day, past and future submitted to a present calculation, and that became a thing's price. In our day, the calculation of price depends entirely on the future: what a thing *does* cost depends upon guesses about what it *will* cost. The future has in a sense invaded and destroyed the old categories of past and present, so that we live in a kind of timelessness, a perennial futurity. This is why it does not suffice to argue that we take our first step toward happiness when we decide to live in the present and acquire less. The present for us is nothing but a prelude to the future.

At the same time, however, we cannot fully commit ourselves to this project of living always toward the future. Our future is too fragile, so we hedge our bets, hoping to profit even from loss or collapse. We buy stock in a failing company with the expectation that its price will rise, but not because we have any faith in the company itself; on the contrary, we hope



A Grove of Birches," by Gretchen Garner. This series of photographs, taken over the course of a year, will pear this month at the Museum of Contemporary Photography at Columbia College in Chicago. It is also sold a poster at the Grand Rapids Art Museum, where Garner will show her work next spring.

that the company will soon be "acquired" and disappear. Wherever we are, we play the future's market; we live at the meeting of waters. What this means is that we cannot, as Thoreau recommended, willfully empty or impoverish ourselves. Forces beyond our control are already doing that. Like the towns beneath the Quabbin, we are all being discontinued by a future to which we nevertheless cling—since, obviously, we cannot live without it.

In our present economy, then, the remedy Thoreau proposed seems quaint. The acquisitive act has now become reductive. We no longer acquire in order to hoard, or to augment ourselves in our possessions, but to define who we are through what we consume. This consumption is in fact an anorexia that starves the body. We acquire to waste as one eats to vomit. Desire—the erotic impulse to hold and, in holding close, to become the other—has been replaced by a craving to use (that is, to use up) the other. In the land of waters there is no place to put down roots. Instead we lie athwart the precipice over which abundance cascades into nothingness. It will do no good for our banks to exhort us to save as much as the Japanese do. We will not save more unless we re-create a future that begins only where the present ends and goes on from there indefinitely.

My wife and I brushed the pine needles off the backs of our legs; they fell and became indistinguishable from those we never touched. We dressed, climbed over the stone wall, and made our way toward the water's edge. As my eyes followed my wife's shadow, I wondered—not for the first time—how deeply she was implicated in this fate, my fate. If, as some claim, women remain closer to the body's knowledge, then my loss, if it is a loss, might be her gain.

I knew by a thousand signs that winter was coming. The sky's cool emptiness pulled my breath and my very being out of my lungs, but my feet on the pebbles held me back. I thought: if only an eagle would shriek across the sky and rip that blank from edge to edge. A sign, a sign. But as we walked along the shore looking for the opening in the trees that marked our path back home, the only sign of life was an occasional light-winged insect dipping and rising over the shallow water. ■

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WHEN YOU REALIZE THE FUTURE'S BEHIND YOU, YOU DON'T TAKE YOUR STEPS LIGHTLY.

THE NEW GOD WILL FAIL

Moscow: skeptical voices on *perestroika*

By George Feifer

When I was a student in Moscow almost thirty years ago, I thought how I might one day be the John Reed of Soviet reform. I would record the demise of the Communist party's stranglehold on the Soviet people, the unleashing of creativity and productivity that would follow, the flowering of the instinctively Russian socialism that would replace Marxism-Leninism. I longed for reform more than for journalistic glory, for I loved Russia deeply, and still do. And if that sounds forced or high-flown, know that most Americans who have resided there for any length of time, even those who have been imprisoned or otherwise maligned, love her too.

Two Russias alternate in the experience of long-term American residents: the oafish Kremlin of oppression and lies; and the sloppy, beguiling sitting room, or cramped, battered kitchen, where one is more alive and emotionally free than in the rational West. In these shabby rooms one feels surprising relief at having come home to one's emotional motherland—an odd thought, isn't it, in a country with such an alien political and economic system?

I recently returned to Moscow after many years away. Together with the city's smells of cheap diesel fuel and strong tobacco, I gratefully inhaled the old emotional exhilarations, as well as the sudden freshness, the "something new" in the heavy air. Some old friends were gone—to other countries and to cemeteries, for the Russian diet gets them young—but those who were still in Moscow received me warmly, as did new acquaintances. Straight to the drab kitchen and the food and drink, to heavy confidences relieved by comic gossip and dirty jokes. As in the Chekhov plays, the conversation bounced like a pinball from anguish over the human condition to the price of a proper manicure. Once again I felt blessed relief at not having to look successful, smile, pretend. Where else do people so nonchalantly drop every endeavor for talks, walks, and other ways of "wasting" a business day, never counting hours as if they were change in their trouser pockets? And this is not because my friends have money; though most are sophisticated professionals who live high on Moscow's scale, all remain simply *poor*, even from my perspective, on a lower rung of the American middle class.

I wish I knew why I feel so "connected" in Russia, to my own feelings as well as to others'. Naturally, it is related to what makes Russian literature so moving. Living close to mankind's "tragic essence"—which prompts the need for thought and fun and dispensing with affectation—one feels in touch with fate and eternity. Maybe the spirit soars in Russia precisely because of the efforts to repress it; the closeness among the people sharing your table comes from nothing more exalted than the need to block out so much beyond it, especially the deprivation of choice. ("Westerners live; we talk about it," is how one Russian émigré I know explains the spell of those conspiratorial conversations.) Why then, in the midst of so much good feeling, did I become convinced that Russia is even worse off now than during my last visit in 1980?

Worse off? Despite the vivid signs of stunning change? Despite the remarkable Mikhail Gorbachev, who, at the nineteenth Soviet Communist party conference early last summer, championed nothing less than radical reform of the structures of the state and of the economy—

George Feifer's first report on Russia for Harper's Magazine *appeared in 1959. Since then, he has written many articles on this subject for the magazine.*

'Perestroika,' Russians insist, is another party line

not with airy talk of the future, but with pragmatic insistence on confronting past failures? It's true that the rumors of what Soviet rule has done (and is doing) to its people are being documented and discussed. It's even true that the terrible secrets about Soviet atrocities in Poland, and later in Afghanistan, are becoming known—*glasnost* is anything but another clever trick to bamboozle the West. A recent article in *Novy Mir* charges that Lenin—the exalted Father himself—laid the groundwork for Stalin's savagery by introducing terror and founding the Soviet concentration camp. To my friends in Moscow, highly skilled in reading between the lines, the citing of Lenin's "concentration camps" amounts to an indictment of Leninism itself.

"Astonishing!" I kept saying to myself in Moscow. "Unprecedented!" "Unbelievable!" The many splendid changes filled me with hope—until my friends began telling me in detail of the things that will probably prevent anyone from becoming the John Reed of a brave Soviet rebirth, at least in this century. Simply put, more bad is rooted where we don't see it than good is happening where we do. This, at least, is the conviction of the Russians with whom I spoke during my visit.

My Moscow friends are for the most part Westernized cosmopolitans. No one in Russia wants to believe more in reform—in *glasnost*, and in the restructuring of the political system and the economy that Gorbachev calls *perestroika*—than they. For one thing, few would benefit more. Indeed, they are benefiting already. One artist I've known since the '50s has been on his knees for much of the past thirty years, begging the authorities for just a week in Paris. When I visited Moscow, he was away—in his second month of Left Bank ecstasy. My less lucky friends blessed the new absence in the Soviet papers of paeans to "glorious" socialism, and told me of the satisfaction they now find in reading of some of the abuses they'd told me about over the years. Instead of the old whispering about this and that outrage, they shoved newspapers and magazines at me. "There it is. Read for yourself."

But these same grateful beneficiaries of the reforms are profoundly pessimistic about the chances for fundamental change in the society. My friends make no attempt to predict "inevitable failure"; they rail and criticize, I think, to express their anguish, and to prepare themselves for the worst. And although our newspapers sometimes quote voices like these, overall the press had prepared me to expect cheer rather than the gloom I found. Muscovites have an explanation for this. "Naturally your press seeks 'colorful' stories," said a theater manager. "So it runs article after article about change and cooperatives, just like it used to about dissidents. That makes good reading for you. For us, it's different."

I wish I could sketch portraits of these men and women, could describe their circumstances with a novelist's detail. But still fearing repercussion, they requested anonymity—itself an indication of what *hasn't* changed. So imagine if you can, while listening to what they have to say, the drab kitchen, the food and drink on the table, the conversation wandering in all directions. I too will bounce from big questions to ones that may seem small. I've organized the discussion in a way my Russian friends would not, but I trust they'll forgive me.

I. Laments: Once Again, Direction From Above

Far from being the result of some popular movement, the reforms are the work of one more powerful leader foisting radical changes on a cowed, passive people. *Perestroika*, my friends insist, is another party line. This argument is clearly disputable: Gorbachev is hardly Peter the Great, and a small percentage of the passive people *are* involved in the reforms, at least to the extent of wishing they might come true. A worldly physics professor believes "totally" in Gorbachev, "because this is our last chance for a normal country, and last chances can't be lost. Don't tell me that's an illusion. Damn it, *believe!*"

But when I asked others why, if the reforms can happen now, they didn't happen before, their answer was bafflement at the very question. *Of course* the bosses decide. Even relatively sophisticated Muscovites know they have nothing to do with such matters. "And if you're asked in, say, Gorky, the workers wouldn't give a damn," said my oldest friend. "Why *should* they, after all that's been done to them? Some workers may protest about food, wages, or vodka. But they're spectators in everything else."

The intelligentsia feel little more involved or responsible. Most are good at specifying and deploring Soviet "idiocy," but its remedies are nothing for them to decide or even influence, certainly nothing for which to risk any possible danger. The most eloquent spokesmen—in private—for fuller reforms lift not a finger for them in public.

A solid journalist, whom I will call Z, lectured me passionately on the need to seize the moment and act on Gorbachev's opening. "We may lose everything—meaning, we are doomed—if people remain frightened, *paralyzed*, and don't FIGHT this fight." But when a Swedish journalist asked Z for his reaction to

eagan speech before Z had read the official re-tion to it, this closet crusader ducked and ran, if to prove his point about paralysis.

Not even the dissidents are much involved in ne reforms. For all they did to draw attention to oviet abuses, they probably had extremely lit-e influence on Gorbachev—who, my friends greed, launched his program, and will stop it, r *his* reasons. It's a Politburo show from start to nish.

II. Protests: Why Should Workers Want Economic Reform?

In the conventional Western view, the Sovi-worker should support reforms because they re his only way up, and the only way out for the umbling Soviet economy—if restructuring ucceeds, which could only be in many years. Meanwhile they hear slogans about it," said a entist friend. "And if the workers have learned ne thing in seventy years of Soviet rule, it's not o believe a single new slogan, not to fall for one nore trick, never give something now for a romise to be paid later." To which the dentist's ife added: "Painful experience has taught peo-le that each new campaign takes another bite ut of their asses. So while Gorbachev and com-any want to avert national economic disaster, he majority of people ave only one concern: o avert personal disas-er from another na-ional con job. While *ou* might know why we ust restructure, our orkers know that what ounts is what you can teal *today* from your actory."

To understand this entiment, you have to nderstand how deep nd endemic the prob-ems of the economy re. Gorbachev himself ay not have known, vhen he began his re-orms—which, some Muscovites say, ex-lains why he now has egun to seek profound olitical changes. We in the West, I was told, lon't know the half of it: "Last year, only World War II veterans could buy toilet paper—yes, he old cliché about *toilet paper* in our land of mmense forests. Now toilet paper is back, which means you find it at the end of a long line n the twentieth store you try. Yesterday, I saw a distinguished-looking professor riding to work on the subway with a huge sack of his precious find. My God! I had to laugh."

Or: "However bad Moscow has become, it's a cornucopia compared to the rest of Russia. I just left a small city in the Urals. Nothing to eat, nothing for sale. Hundreds of people waiting for days in the airport—no flights out, the usual mechanical problems—without even sighing: they're *used* to that kind of nakedness. It's the story of provincial life."

Or: "Almost everything people want is 'deficit.' Not enough clothes, cookies, frying pans. . . . Isn't it incredible that we still can't satisfy these simple needs? That our consumer products can't compete with those made almost *anywhere* in the world?"

Or: "A huge percentage of our industrial output is superfluous. We manufacture eleven times more tractors and combines than America—imagine this in a country that can't feed itself properly! And more huge factories are being started to build more of the same tractors that will break down daily, although many of the factories will never be completed. Thousands of construction projects are virtually abandoned. All this mind-boggling stupidity and chaos thanks to an economic system that is a gigantic machine for waste, now stretched to the limit of its inefficiency."

Not even the dissidents are much involved in the reforms



People described maternity clinics with no running (let alone hot) water, families waiting for thirty-five years for self-contained (as opposed to communal) apartments, workers living in wretched barracks. They said lack of money for preventative maintenance is causing an increasing number of industrial accidents. They insisted a corner has been turned—not to re-

Photograph by Peter Turnley/Black Star

Local authorities subvert reforms by pretending to adopt them

form and modernization, but to Third World status. I have no way of confirming these plaints except to say that some came from the first whisperers to me twenty years ago that the Soviet economy faced dire trouble, when it seemed to be racing ahead.

So is it any wonder that workers hold on to their scraps with a death grip and risk nothing? And there is this too: Khrushchev accused Stalin of gigantic mistakes, and Brezhnev accused Khrushchev of the same. Why shouldn't Gorbachev's reforms turn out to be colossal follies someday too?

Or consider *perestroika* another way, one



friend advised. Look at how it's been implemented so far: new, independent inspectors are returning defective goods to the 2,300 largest factories, and workers must repair them—actually tighten the nuts, replace the dud parts *without extra pay*. Having been programmed to goldbrick for peanuts ("If you pretend to work," goes the joke, "the state pretends to pay you"), workers are now asked to work harder for the same pittance or less (thanks to inflation). "Our workers aren't crazy," I was told. "Why should they do this?"

III. More Protests: The Workers' Bosses Are Opposed Too

If the worker doesn't want *perestroika*, his boss wants it even less. This resistance goes even deeper, my friends say, than the conventional Western view that Soviet bureaucrats oppose change as a threat to perks and positions. It's more a matter of shareholders fighting for control of a company; in this case, we are talking about the hard men who "own" the state-run economy. And they have no intention of surrendering without a fight. For a regional or district party first secretary, *glasnost* is one thing, and wealth another, as a diplomat's son pointed out to me. "Our new Hyde Park—the people shouting all kinds of things in our newspapers—doesn't involve *money*," he said. "The real battle is for control of wealth. And that's where the old guard is deeply dug in, out in the mines and factories."

Frequently, it seems, local authorities subvert reforms by pretending to adopt them. "The trick is to be seen 'actively participating,' without losing a shred of your power and privileges," is how one friend put it. Without having achieved mastery in such maneuvering, high Soviet officials would not have become high Soviet officials. Local kingpins determined to hang on while pretending to let go make good use of the inspections to which every factory is subject. In some cases, I was told, an enterprise may have 200 inspections a year, by city party authorities, regional party authorities, People's Control teams, the State Bank, the Ministry of Finance . . . The welter of controls, and the habits of submission they breed, allow countless opportunities for confusion, corruption, and the desired inertia. An inspector receiving a kickback sees no signs of reform but reports seeing "all reforms completed," said a man who spends much of his professional life in Volga cities. Of course, Gorbachev may understand the dodges, but he is working against time. If the bosses hold on for three, four years, and there is still little to show for all the reform (and the sacrifice entailed in implementing reform), the bosses are safe.

A young journalist I know is convinced the bosses will prevail. "Let some farmers try to build a cow shed on their own initiative. The approvals will be held up ten years—in a country that's almost literally hungry, where the n

Photograph by Pete Turner/The Image Ba

nal dairy herd is actually decreasing. But the al authorities care about power much more n food. Their tenacity is tremendous. The stacles they're throwing up to the kind of nomic independence necessary for real prog- s are horrendous."

IV. Admonishments: Remember Who the Reformers Really Are

"Don't assume the 'new' and the 'old' are tling for ideas," an economist warned me. I uld keep in mind that many of the ringing ls for reform have come from the same over- ight men who just a few years ago ran an nomy that supposedly didn't need reform. e reformers and the hard-liners, the conser- tives and liberals, all went to the same hools, all came up through the same ranks. ere might be generational differences—but re have been such differences before. Gen- tions have always done battle; it's a matter of o will take power, and who will cling to it. My sourest friend put it this way: "What's lly happening is one clique trying to oust other. All right, the new one is less miser- le, but it remains a mafia." When push comes shove, they will act according to their own de. They will close ranks. They will look for pegoats. They will suppress.

V. Grumbles: No Vodka, No Work

During the first three years of Gorbachev's mpaign against drinking and alcoholism, the otleg trade has exploded; 500,000 makers and llers of illicit alcohol were arrested last year, cording to official, probably understated, fig- es. And I was told that last year 11,000 fatali- s were caused by drinking industrial alcohol. he list of what is guzzled—antifreeze, brake uid, cleaning fluid, toothpaste (of which a se- re shortage has developed), floor polish, shoe olish, old standbys such as Sterno and eau de logne—startles even Russians. In Moscow, I ard of a new and potent cocktail: three shots insect repellant in a bottle of beer.

The near halving of state liquor production s brought about a huge loss of state revenue id, according to my friends, has provoked a eat deal of resentment, especially among orkers. "The Russian worker's only real free- oms were to curse in solitude and to drink," id an old friend's new wife. "He had no other eedoms, not to eat a decent cut of meat, to avel abroad, to pray in church"—though this ay be changing a little—"to take a holiday in hotel. Only the freedom to forget with a bottle hen he came home from work, dirty and disgusted, and waited for a dinner barely fit for human consumption. He was a slave for centuries, but until Gorbachev, no one took his bottle away, so how can he care about a *perestroika* that *started* with that? On the contrary, he hates it."

"Brezhnev was considered a joke," my friend added. "Simple people told stories about the medals the hack pinned on his chest, and the intelligentsia told stories about the books the dodo supposedly wrote—but they laughed at him, whereas Gorbachev takes away their vodka and then tries to make them *work*—and they hate him for it."

Almost every worker I spoke to voiced anger, if not hatred, at his deprivation of vodka and the need to stand for hours in colossal lines—galling new ones, since alcohol was often the single commodity not in shortage—for a "Gorbachevka," the caustic nickname for the bottle that now costs a crushing fifteen rubles. (These lines have actually caused a few fatalities of their own; several Russians have been crushed by frenzied crowds as closing time approached.) This is why the same friends who ten years ago despaired of an alcoholic "plague" threatening the country now insist that Gorbachev's anti-alcohol campaign is worse. Mere national drunkenness is less damaging than the hatred that is making so many committed enemies of *perestroika.* (Some friends claimed the restrictions are already being quietly, unofficially eased, although Gorbachev is reluctant to retreat from the first campaign of his reforms.)

National drunkenness is less damaging than the hatred that is making so many enemies of 'perestroika'

VI. Contentions: They Don't Know How to Reform

My friends question the importance of the much-vaunted cooperatives—the experimental organizations of workers who, using their own pooled resources, have taken over workshops within state factories, or have launched small workshops of their own. The "private" cooperatives have in fact begun to fill huge gaps in the state's production of items such as trousers and boots, but they sell these new and sought-after goods at prices higher than imported goods found on the black market. "A man who sells a pair of private shoes for 100 rubles can afford a meal in a cooperative restaurant with the millionaires and foreigners," said an engineer whose husband is also an engineer. "And a man involved in the restaurant can afford to buy his wife a pair of 'private' shoes." The engineer can afford neither; is that what's meant by restructuring?

And even if the cooperatives do someday work as planned, can they and other "private" initiatives help reshape the mammoth Soviet economy? My friends believe that the freedom

'Everyone joins the "glasnost" babble, which cures nothing by itself'

given to cafés, sidewalk refreshment stands, and arts-and-crafts pushcarts does not *perestroika* make. "Come on," I heard from one Muscovite, "our massive industries—steel, chemicals, railroads, *everything*—need total reorganization, and you're talking bras and panties, balalaika music at supper."

Many Russians wonder how much better things might be today if Gorbachev had started the reforms with a crash program to improve food supplies. If he would have stocked the stores for a while—a potent symbol—the skepticism might have eased. He didn't, it didn't.

"See that big grocery store?" an old friend asked as we strolled near the city's edge. "Workers in towns and cities 200, 300, 500 kilometers from Moscow get their trade-union committees to hire buses to visit Lenin's mausoleum. Only



they never get to the mausoleum. They stop right there, at the first store inside Moscow's city limit—and load sometimes fifteen buses at a time with awful sausages and potatoes."

"People will never get off their asses until they see something to buy," said a party official's chauffeur moonlighting as my driver. "What they see now is less every day, understand?"

VII. Arguments: *Perestroika* Cannot Fix Marxism-Leninism

The dream is over, reform or not—you hear this from everyone. The twentieth century, with its complexities and contradictions and the post-war information-technology revolution has revealed Marxism-Leninism—essentially a reaction to the industrial revolution of the early nineteenth century—as simplistic, messianic and useless, when not poisonous. It worked in a way (and, at any rate, with great sacrifice and pain) when economies were measured by tons of pig iron poured. It also worked, in the classroom, as a means to understand aspects of capitalism. But it doesn't work now; it has become irrelevant in Moscow.

"Our jungle is just at a lower level than the capitalist jungle," said a political journalist. "In moral and ethical standards are eroding in America, imagine what's happened where people have been lied to so long, where everyone has to steal to live, where it's dog eat dog for decent *cabbage*, for God's sake."

"People are developing an inner hostility," said a grade-school teacher. She fails to see how any "new generation" could deliver social progress. Many of the young, on whom Gorbachev is counting, are among the country's most cynical. "At least I'm willing to *talk* about the country's future," said a photojournalist. "My daughter and her friends won't waste their time. They simply don't care."

"She is convinced that nothing good is going to happen in her lifetime," said a gallery curator about *her* daughter. "So she devotes herself totally to her personal hobbies and passions; it's the Me Generation without Western consumer goodies."

I visited a couple whose wedding I'd attended twenty years ago. "The threat of labor camps and mental hospitals has eased a lot," the husband said, "but not our degradation and humiliation. A foreigner can't know a fraction of the constant hypocrisy and stripping of human dignity here."

But hasn't this too begun to change? Not as it must, according to my friends. The architect: "People have begun shouting that the roof leaks badly. Others yell that the sagging floor, flooded basement, timbers with dry rot, also need repair. So everybody joins the *glasnost* bab-

Photograph by Dilip Mehta/Contact Press Image

e, which cures nothing by itself—and won't, cause we can't remember how to make a good of and how joists should fit. Meanwhile, we're pposed to 'restructure' without touching the tten Marxist-Leninist foundation or the Polit-ro architects who designed the mess or the rmy socialist facade. But even with real plans d fine workmen, restoring a wreck costs much re than building something new, so all at-npts to do it *their* hopeless way will only throw re good money after bad, and set us further hind. The only real solution is to abandon the eck and build a new house on a fresh site. But ere? How?"

The transportation manager: "Our weaken-g economy is gasping to keep its maybe 18 llion anti-productive 'supervisors' in clover. t let them stay there, let them eat caviar, ld conferences, pin medals on each other—as ng as they have nothing more to do with run-ng the economy, nothing *whatsoever.* That's r only hope, but is it a realistic one?"

A physicist: "When Neville Chamberlain al-st delivered England to Hitler, somebody in e House of Commons told him: Now get out. u've been here too long, done too much rm, and don't know how to correct it. In e name of God, *go!* That's it exactly. We n't need them to confess their past mis-kes and stay. We need them to *get out.*"

◆

Change always breeds hope: I don't mean to ggest there is none. "Despite all I know, a part mé—maybe the gambling, childish 20 per-nt—clings to optimism," said a former educa-r. "After all, *this* has appeared, this amazing orbachev—after all the idiocy and stagnation. miracles *do* happen!"

But most of my friends give Gorbachev only o or three more years before his reforms are rapped and he is reduced to a much more andard Soviet leader (like some of the initially ost-committed reformist czars) or banished to s garden, like Khrushchev. "Two to three ars," I was told, "after which it will be clear to eryone that there's no real improvement, you ll won't be able to get soup meat twice a week buy a tolerable suit. End of experiment."

The point is summed up in a play on Push-n's poem to Pyotr Chaadaev, a philosopher ho insisted that Russia's future lay not in pur-ing its Russianness but in joining the great dy of European civilization—and was de-ared insane.

Believe me, Comrade,
The star of our captivating happiness will rise;
Russia will straighten from its sleep—
And on the wreckage of the autocracy
Will be written our names!

Now rendered (with apologies to Pushkin's graceful rhymes) as:

We now all live in the era of *glasnost*—
Believe me, Comrades, this will pass;
And in the Committee for State Security [the KGB]
Will be remembered our names!

In many Western eyes, what matters most about Gorbachev is that he is moving Russia in the right direction. Whatever his motives, he seems to have realized that real economic reforms are impossible without political reforms. But when I suggested that Western freedoms were formed by a long series of sometimes chance events—that our cherished civil rights evolved from property rights, once more sacred than mere lives—my friends denied that Gorbachev's changes might lead to a parallel development. "The whole point is, there *are* no real property rights in Russia; there's no refuge of any kind from state power that might serve as a springboard to genuine liberties." Besides, Westerners *fought* for their rights. Russians are once again being granted a few and ordered to make use of them.

If few were optimistic about the events of the day, many foresaw greater severity in the near future. Some predictions of what will follow Gorbachev's "two to three years" were more ominous than a KGB crackdown restoring the status quo. There is much fear that his failure will open the way to a rush of reaction, militarization, and retribution, the old guard and its henchmen settling scores with the reformers and cursed liberals—and the economy plummeting even more rapidly. Then rebellion, anarchy, and civil war will follow, with the likes of my relatively well-off friends running for their lives or being swallowed in an orgy of fury by workers whose patience will have snapped at last. "Or a foreign war—with China, America, it doesn't matter. Because appeals to help Mother Russia in a military crisis will be the only way to 'save' the country."

In other words, liberalization will have been discredited, reaction will cripple the economy even more severely, and the something that will need to be done can only be good old adventurism. I don't know, and I think no one else knows, how to take these apocalyptic predictions, or whether a much more straitened Russia would represent a greater or a lesser danger to her more successful rivals. But there is the real possibility of the former, and a greater possibility that Gorbachev's current reforms will fail. Unless one subscribes to the extremely dubious theory, much favored by orthodox Marxists, that good derives from bad, the failure of *perestroika* can be no cause for American gloating. ■

Many give Gorbachev only two or three more years before his reforms are scrapped

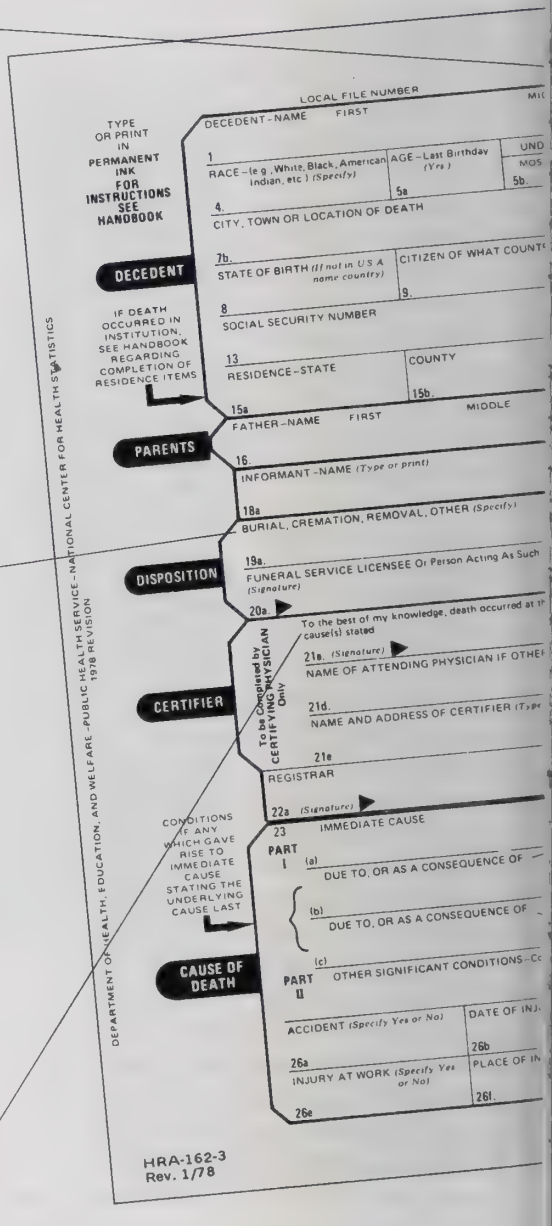
FILLING OUT

The bureaucrat at

Last year in the United States 2,127,000 deaths were reported on a form such as this. The U.S. Standard Certificate of Death, in use since 1900, combines the objectifying tendency of modern medicine with the bureaucratic imperative to collect, classify, and record. Data compiled from the certificates are used to calculate national death rates for diseases as well as to rank the causes of death, and thus set priorities for the allocation of health funds. Ultimately, the "rank" of a disease determines which lives the goverment deems worth saving.

Prior to this century, deaths were tallied by burial counts rather than certificates. The rise of professional medicine—combined with the predisposition of Protestants during the Second Great Awakening to view disease in moral terms—encouraged the shift to certificates. "By demonstrating the existence of evils," Quaker physician Gouverneur Emerson wrote, "statistics may lead to a removal of their causes." In 1847, at the founding convention of the American Medical Association, Emerson joined with the president of the American Statistical Association, Lemuel Shattuck, in calling for a standard death certificate. Subsequent legislation removed registration from the hands of church sextons and cemetery caretakers and placed it within the purview of licensed physicians. Yet current medical practice seems encumbered by nineteenth-century attitudes regarding the causes of disease.

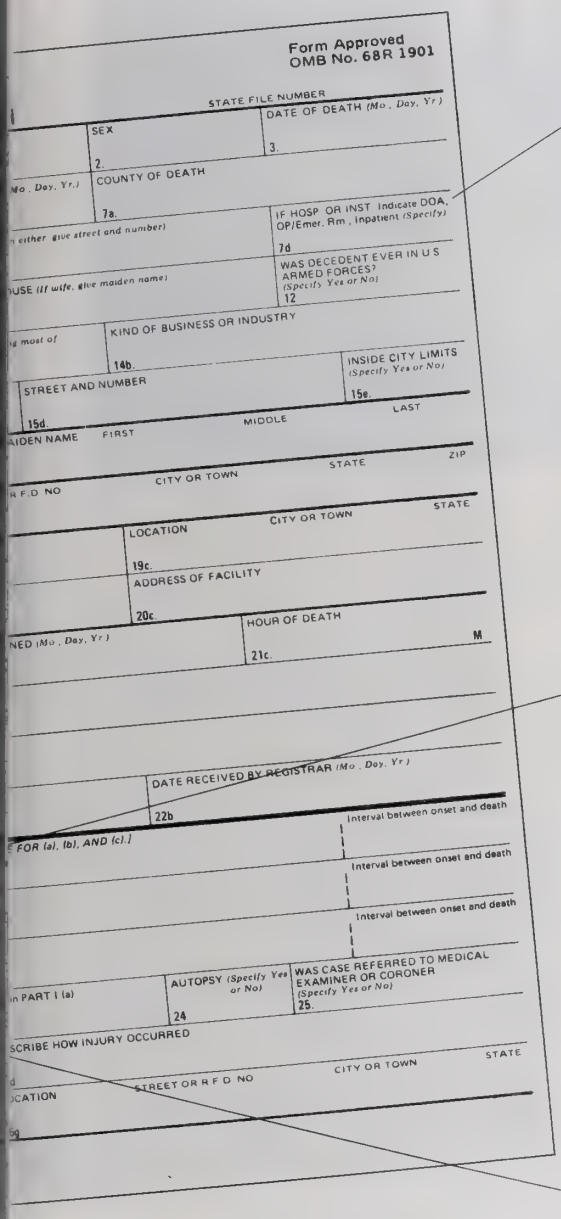
When Liberace's doctor listed subacute encephalopathy, a brain disease, as the entertainer's cause of death, he claimed to be acting to the best of his knowledge. But coroner Raymond Carrillo, citing autopsy findings of a form of pneumonia typically found in patients whose immune systems are crippled by AIDS, refused to accept the certificate; he maintained that Liberace's physician had known all along that he had AIDS. We use mortality data to rivet attention on diseases, such as cancer, that strike without deference to one's station or wealth. But moral judgments are never far from the surface.



Michael Zimecki is working on a book about the complications of diabetes called Sweet Sickness.

LAST FORM

by Michael Zimecki


Form Approved
OMB No. 68R 1901
STATE FILE NUMBER
SEX
2.
DATE OF DEATH (Mo., Day, Yr.)
3.
COUNTY OF DEATH
7a.
IF HOSP OR INST Indicate DOA, OP/Emer. Rm., Inpatient (Specify)
7d
WAS DECEDENT EVER IN U.S. ARMED FORCES? (Specify Yes or No)
12
KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY
14b.
INSIDE CITY LIMITS (Specify Yes or No)
15e.
STREET AND NUMBER
15d.
FIRST
MIDDLE
LAST
CITY OR TOWN
STATE
ZIP
LOCATION
CITY OR TOWN
STATE
19c.
ADDRESS OF FACILITY
20c
HOUR OF DEATH
21c.
M
DATE RECEIVED BY REGISTRAR (Mo., Day, Yr.)
22b
Interval between onset and death
Interval between onset and death
Interval between onset and death
AUTOPSY (Specify Yes or No)
24
WAS CASE REFERRED TO MEDICAL EXAMINER OR CORONER (Specify Yes or No)
25.
STREET OR R.F.D. NO.
CITY OR TOWN
STATE

Before 1940, deaths were recorded by place of occurrence rather than actual residence. As a result, death rates tended to be inflated for locations with major hospitals, rest homes, sanitoriums, etc. Current rules requiring completion of the residence line eliminate this bias; however, place of death continues to skew the data in another important way. Today, since most people die in hospitals rather than at home, the reason for admission is often listed as the primary cause of death—this practice tends to exaggerate the significance of acute conditions, such as heart failure, and underestimates the role of chronic, degenerative diseases, such as diabetes.

The last condition listed here is considered to be the primary cause of death; it is used to calculate national death rates. The certifier must reconstruct the sequence of events leading to death, a process subject to judgmental error. AIDS, for example, is a narrowly defined disease, indicated by the presence of *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia, Kaposi's sarcoma, and other lymphomas, but its possible manifestations can also include non-specific pneumonias, tuberculosis, and heart disease. Professional unwillingness to adopt a broader definition of AIDS contributes to serious under-reporting of deaths from this disease. Officially, 39,060 people have died from AIDS since 1981, but authorities concede that the actual number is closer to 43,000. Unofficial estimates are even higher.

Mortality statistics also underestimate the severity of other diseases, such as diabetes, that are more common among the poor, non-whites, and women. It is estimated that diabetes is listed on less than half the death certificates of people with the disease: when diabetes does appear, three quarters of the time it is listed only as a contributing cause. These deaths are not reflected in national rankings. It is difficult to say how many of these "missing" deaths involve conditions, such as stroke or renal disease, that are clearly associated with or even caused by diabetes, but the number could range up to 170,000 annually. The U.S. Standard Certificate of Death is our last offering to a bureaucracy that reduces lives to numbers. It records our final day and hour (permanent ink, of course), but statistics based upon it are neither as indelible nor as certain as they appear.

Q: Why can't this veal calf walk?



A: He has only two feet.

Actually, less than two feet. Twenty two inches to be exact. His entire life is spent chained in a wooden box measuring only 22 inches wide and 56 inches long. The box is so small that the calf can't walk or even turn around.

Most people think animal abuse is illegal. It isn't. In veal factories, it's business as usual. "Milk-fed" veal is obtained by making a calf anemic. The calf is *not* fed mother's milk. He's fed an antibiotic laced formula that causes severe diarrhea. He must lie in his own excrement —choking on the ammonia gases. He's chained in a darkened building with hundreds of other baby calves suffering the same fate. They are immobilized, sick, and anemic.



Toxic Veal

The reckless use of oxytetracycline, mold inhibiting chemicals, chloramphenicol, neomycin, penicillin, and other drugs is not just bad for calves. It is toxic to you.

But doesn't the USDA prevent tainted veal from being sold? Absolutely not. The USDA itself admits that most veal is never checked for toxic residue.

Antibiotics in veal and other factory farm products create virulent strains of bacteria that wreak havoc on human health. *Salmonella* poisoning is reaching epidemic proportions.

Veal factories maximize profits for agribusiness drug companies because they are a breeding ground for disease. To keep calves alive under such torturous conditions, they are *continually* given drugs which are passed on to consumers.

It doesn't have to be this way. And with your help, it won't be. Please, don't buy veal!

Campaign Against Factory Farming

YES! Factory farms must be stopped from misusing drugs, abusing farm animals, and destroying America's family farms. Enclosed is my tax-deductible contribution of:

☐ $20 ☐ $50 ☐ $100 ☐ $500 ☐ Other_____

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/Zip_____

A free Consumer Alert pack is available upon request.

THE HUMANE FARMING ASSOCIATION

1550 California Street • Suite 4 • San Francisco, CA 94109

ON THE FLATS

By George H. Rosen

Every morning when the weather is fine, I take a walk down Lincoln Street. The views are always gorgeous—Winslow Homer painted several series of watercolors in this neighborhood—but what most reassures me, most convinces me I am home, are the sounds. There are bird cries, some as easily decipherable as an antiphony of robins, one on each side of the street, or the mewing of gulls. Others are harder to figure: complicated rasps and warbles that only my wife's family—who know these things—could identify.

In the summer, one can hear the human world as well: the hissing of hoses, doors shutting, the rush of faucets. Always, behind everything, is the surprising sound of the bell buoys' ring, a soft clang, its source invisible, that heightens my sense of how disconnectedly flat and midwestern the frame houses seem, as if not Dorothy but Kansas had been drawn up and carried to this cold, northern sea.

Lincoln Street used to be called Masquash Way. The word means "big moose" or "big rock" or big something in the local Indian speech; the last syllable has always been obscure. In any event, after the Civil War the residents decided that history outranked nature and the name was changed. The road itself used to wander, hugging the coastline, following each of the string of unimportant coves—Goose and Plum and Rock, Streeter's and Miller's—from Eastern Point to the harbor. Now, like a river that has lost its meanders, it plows straight through to the shopping district and, even walking, you catch only glimpses of the shellfish flats that Homer painted, snapping by like postcards.

In the morning the usual walkers and joggers scrape along, mostly retirees and people like myself who don't go to the city to work. Mitchell Streeter, a man I've represented, is always there, setting off. Mitchell is an ambulatory psychotic. When I first heard the expression, eavesdropping on a phone conversation in a doctor's office, it seemed to mean someone who managed to get around in the outside world despite his psychosis. In fact, Mitchell is a person for whom getting around in the world *is* his psychosis. Walking is all he does. He goes up and down Lincoln every day, following the same path they use in the Fourth of July mini-marathon, and then goes out to loiter at the traffic circle where the highway comes through. Sometimes he ventures on the shoulder of the interstate. He never hitchhikes but plods along smoothly with his hands in the pockets of an old army jacket definitely not his own, a short, muscular man in his forties with a face of dissolution and a body as trim as anybody's would be who walked thirty miles a day.

Mitchell frequently gets in trouble with the police, but always in small, mostly self-abusive ways. Our town is enormously tolerant of madmen, a place where the psychiatrist and two of

George H. Rosen has recently completed a novel, Black Money, *set in Kenya.*

the local policemen take a weekly sauna together. Canons of privacy are only loosely respected and everyone is given the benefit of the doubt.

This tolerance can sometimes become lazy, destructive. Lives of pain are lived here without much notice from the community and not all our local lunatics are as genteel as Mitchell. There are horrible, gothic figures of genuine evil who live in sleeping bags in the woods at the center of the peninsula in summer, and periodically make the area the scene of fairy-tale murders, Red Riding Hood and Hansel and Gretel killings. To wander alone in the reclaimed pastureland, now turned back to dark forest, can be chancy and foolish.

Mitchell's father, a widower who, by the way, himself is no prize, is not unaware of his son's problems and calls him a bum, a word that now has the archaic ring of terms, like "artisan" and "neurasthenic," derived from outmoded categories. As a lawyer, I am aware that the line between a bum and a crazy is of interest to governmental agencies. Mr. Streeter, however, simply prefers to live in a world of bums rather than crazies. Of course, he is a crazy himself.

My next-door neighbor, Bob Streeter, is no crazy, though he is distantly related to Mitchell and his father. Bob is a real go-getter. He jogs, but has already been out and back by the time I make my rounds. Bob has great posture, which I used to attribute to his army service but which is apparently the result of a vertebral fusion. He earns his living as an artist, and unlike me, he is always making toys for his kids. I have not made anything out of wood since I fashioned a silent butler in the eighth grade. I do try to point things out for my daughter Laura. I take her for walks in the woods and show her the signs of former habitation: the old foundation holes, hidden among barberry briers and loosestrife, and the ancient roses and parsley that are the remnants of garden plants in the forest. It makes me sad that this may not be as immediately attractive to her as a homemade doll or a wooden boat that floats in the bathtub, but it is what I can do.

Bob Streeter is known to be having an affair with Jennifer Moskowitz-Mason, whom I see on my walks, usually stretched out on the ground in her garden. She talks to her flowers and it seems to work. They are enormously gorgeous and healthy, as—when she stands up—is Jenny herself, a tall, imposing blonde who works as a past-lives therapist in town in a waterfront office not far from my own. Jenny is an Indo-Freudian. She believes that reincarnation opens a vast chain of childhoods to screw one up and is willing to pursue troubles deep into the past. Bob was initially one of her clients, though I believe he stopped seeing her professionally when things started to get more serious.

Because he works at home and because bo our wives take the morning train into Bosto Bob and I often share child care. Though v trust each other with our children, he does n confide in me and he has never actually told n about himself and Jennifer, not that he is und any obligation. I suspect Bob feels that o wives have forfeited something, a kind of ci zenship, by going to work in the city and th what we do here—Bob and I, our children, a more to the point, Jenny—takes place in a pr tected world that our spouses have no right challenge. He feels a sense of community an perhaps, one of complicity as well.

For my part, I have no great horror of adu tery, but no inclination toward it either. I ho estly believe that there are duties associated n with anything as vague and haughty-soundi as one's position in society but with one's pe sonality, one's biology. I've always thoug that, for me, being a family man is something be accepted and not chosen, more a zoologic necessity than a moral compromise.

I first met Bob Streeter's cousin Mitch when he came to our door, shortly after moved in, to sell me a piece of pornograph scrimshaw. What Mitchell really wanted was borrow money, but he felt he had to offer n something in return. As fewer and fewer m actually go to sea from this peninsula, the seems to be a corresponding increase in peculi nautical gewgaws. In fact, it made a lot of sen to me that sailors, alone at sea for months at time with Rorschachian bits of whale teeth their hands, would do something like th Mitchell himself had no idea what he was offe ing. He did not try to point out the workma ship or, on the other hand, to leer. He mu have had an attic full of this sort of thing, a when in need simply reached in to grab the fi trinket he could find and auction off.

"Is this for use or admiration?" I asked hi thinking myself clever.

"I could use ten dollars," he told me, a waited. His eyes scanned our living room of st unpacked boxes and empty teak bookcases. obviously made no sense to him. I told him would loan him the money if he would pay n back, but I didn't want the scrimshaw. "Tha no problem," he told me and called me Wilbu the name of our house's former owner. I re ized, somewhat sheepishly, that while I was i tent on teaching him the values of contract a thrift, Mitchell thought I was someone else. H sense of time was broader than my own. Mitc ell would be coming back to explain his lack repayment to others long after I was gone.

"Do you keep all your stuff packed up?" asked me. Foolishly, I started to explain. "I li

t," Mitchell said as he folded the ten and put
n his shoe. "I really like that." He looked
ınd, his astonishment of a moment before
ıed to an immense satisfaction. He clutched
whale ivory like a blackjack, the point into
hand. "Well, now I must be going," he said,
ding his close-shaven head, not moving an
ı. "My father asks after you often."
Actually, I don't think we've met yet."
Yes. I'm sorry about that"—he shook his head
n more vigorously, since I had just let drop an
unding truth—"it's the least that I can do."
stood for a moment, Mitchell, relaxed now,
elf, nervous, afraid he was going to steal some-
ıg, though of course nothing smaller than a
ir was yet out in the room for him to steal. Finally, he said, "Well, now I really must be off," and was gone.

am terrified of my daughter's adolescence.
ıra is only five now but already I have dreams
istfights on our lawn like those I knew about
en I was a teenager: boys struggling over
o would get to take out, and worse, the most promising girls, the ones who, according to a little printed book of consequences sent out for our twentieth reunion, have all become aerobics instructors—divorced, fit, and inviolate. I see Laura tormented, huddled in an upstairs bedroom, watching the chaos on prom night, the bloodied losers being taken away in rented stretch limousines, the waves crashing out beyond the grass.

This lawn—the location of my terrified dreams—is the same one that Mitchell's father once drove his car over. Angry or drunk, the old man was reasserting his claim to an ancient pathway that would lead him to the site—now, in fact, underwater—of his cousin's, Bob's father's, house. A month after I had helped push it away from the inlet, the elder Streeter accused his son of stealing the car. Mitchell had, in fact, merely driven it until he ran out of gas in western Massachusetts, where he got out and began walking back here—200 miles. The state troopers found him and sent him home on the bus, in the custody of a deputy. Meanwhile, they impounded the car and Mr. Streeter had to



tration by Gwyn Stramler

go out to the Berkshires to retrieve it. While his father was gone, Mitchell was released, went home, and took his father's bicycle, with a jerry can of gas strapped to the rack, onto the road to get the car himself. Local police united the two in Worcester. Mr. Streeter, bitten by remorse, retained me to defend Mitchell on the stolen car charge that he himself had filed. I had the case continued and got them into family counseling.

Representing Mitchell, even for just a week, unsettled me. I examined my own family relations. When I was small my father traveled on business a great deal and he once jumped out of a burning small plane, on the ground, rescuing the pilot, only to get on another plane twenty minutes later. I still see this ridiculous act in my dreams, the way my daughter repeatedly watches on the VCR the scene in *Dumbo* where the elephant-child stands in panic in the burning building, surrounded by maliciously incompetent clowns. She rewinds the tape to see the miracle of the earflaps, the perennial rescue. I see only the foolish re-entry into the flames, the animal trapped in the fire again and again without knowledge or experience. Why do we continue to go back and forth, I wonder. Why don't we exercise judgment when we can?

Bob Streeter is not a good painter, but he is very successful. He does the kind of conservative seascapes that the local art association gives awards for: lobster pots, fishermen seated with tools in their hands, little dots of color. A cloudy day, a touch of foam. No faces. These things sell like hotcakes and because of them there are more people on this thin neck of land who actually make a living as artists than in most large cities. Bob has a large studio in the house and, since he is more tolerant of noise than I am, he can have the kids playing in a corner with their own brushes while he concentrates. I try to do the same, hooked up by modem to my office, when I don't have to meet with clients, but it rarely works. The kids need questions answered, fights adjudicated, hands and mouths cleaned. I pay attention to these things. I suspect Bob does not.

It will all end—the juggling of work at home, the sharing with Bob—next year. Our children will probably go to one of the private schools, although, having grown up in the Midwest, where people learn to be friendly and attend public school, I was taught that private schools are for delinquents. Our local public system, however, is terrible. The roofs leak and the teachers have become beaten down, hostile and cynical. My wife, who is from this area, went to an excellent public school that has now been turned into housing for the elderly. I want my daughter to have the kind of experiences you get in a public school and mee the different sorts of people who live in town. Per haps, like many of the middle-class teenagers Laura eventually could work in one of the fish packing plants for the summer. In the tones o her speech and her odd local adjectives, she ha already, without effort, acquired Bob Street er's sense of community, his inner map. Laura is after all, a native. She has the capaci ty to get along.

One morning, late in August, she came t my desk in the study and asked permission to g for a boat ride with Mr. Streeter. Bob takes th children out often, in a red dinghy that he mad himself, naturally, without nails or any othe kind of metal. I checked the weather—light puffy clouds, a low, pleasant wind—and, re minding Laura to wear her life jacket, grante her request.

A few minutes later I watched the red row boat making its way out across the shining wa ter, the steady-dipping oars black against th light. The space between the back windows o our houses and the shellfish flats is a vast plai where the water, even at the highest tide, neve gets more than a few feet deep. Its impracticalit for navigation lends to its consideration as a aesthetic object. On still days, it can seem pure ly ornamental, a reflecting pool like those at th Taj Mahal and the Washington Monument places where wading or gliding in a shallow boa becomes a subversive act, as much because it de stroys an object of contemplation as because violates local ordinance. Of course there are n laws against rippling the water here, but you ca understand why the tide is never running i Homer's watercolors, why the skiffs lie still an the clam diggers are stopped for a moment i their toil. With their bodies bent over and ha obscuring their faces, their skin and the white o their clothes are, like the empty anchore boats, always mirrored quietly in the tidal poo As I've said, the figures in Bob's paintings don have faces either, but there's a difference. Bob just painting light as he has been taught. H can't see the faces. They are too far away or th sun is too strong. Faces do not occur to Bo With Homer, the blanks where there should b features are a conscious choice, a sacrifice to a idea of beauty, perhaps, or a touch of the artist imperial malice. Bob, on the other hand, pain what he sees. He has no secrets.

The red dinghy drew up on the edge of th flats as I watched, the sand gray and wet in th flow of tide. Bob, nothing more than a silho ette, the bottom of some kind of slicker fla ping behind his legs, pulled the bow onto the ri while Laura—a swollen munchkin shape her vest—stood at the side. The Streeter ki

ust have gone to their grandparents', Bob and ura were alone. Bob reached into the boat d picked a dark object from the floor—a buoy a bucket. I hoped he was not intending to g. The flats up to Ipswich had been closed to ellfishing for months on account of the red le. He pulled more shapes from the boat: a ovel, a long rake, probably—from the disnce, it looked more like a spear—then a oom, something, a criminal's tools, I couldn't ke them out.

"Do you know Mitchell has Laura out on the at?"

Jenny Moskowitz-Mason, close to me, looked en more statuesque than usual. She had come raight in and leaned against the desk beside y chair, the skin of her legs cool and troubling my arm as she peered out the window. She s wearing white tennis shorts and some kind dinosaur T-shirt, her hair pulled back with a rrette. The button at her waist was loose.

"Mitchell?"

"Bob was with me. In the studio. He just took e boat." She was barefoot and there was a cut ove her left ankle as if she had been running rough briers.

"Was he being hostile?"

"Bob or Mitchell?" Jenny was wary, she nsed an intrusion.

"I meant Mitchell."

"How can one tell? We just saw it. I thought u should know."

"He did ask my permission. Or he let Laura me in and ask." I turned off my typewriter and nselessly started to stack statute books on the sk.

"Mitchell isn't really a hostile person," she id.

"No, he's not."

Jenny was trying to calm me down. She rned her head to look directly at me, quesoning. There were faint drops of sweat where e hair was drawn back above her ear. "You'd tter go get her."

"I don't have a boat."

"It's not very deep."

"No, it's not." I started to move to the back rch and down to the water, stepped into a ir of rubber sandals, and then, thinking better it, jumped out of them at the edge of the deck d rolled up the legs of my pants. "Why didn't b go after them?"

"I told you. We just saw it through the studio ndow. Bob thought it was your responsibily." Irritated, Jenny was having trouble keepg up. She appeared to be limping. "We didn't now if you'd given them permission."

"I had."

I left her on the deck and hopped down over e low wall of bricks to the water. She stood there with her hand above her eyes, as if on a widow's walk. Her obvious generosity of intention upset me. Wasn't she angry that I'd interrupted her tryst by having my daughter kidnapped by a madman? I plowed my way through the soft sucking sand, the water at my knees.

Of what exactly was I afraid? Red tide? Assault? Of course, as Jenny had told me, Mitchell didn't harm people, but he didn't help them either. One had to give unceasingly to people like Mitchell. The fact was, they tired me. Mitchell tired me, Bob, hidden somewhere, watching, tired me, Jenny tired me, even my daughter tired me. I was being responsible, wading steady through the inlet, messing up Homer's still waters, sinking in resentment.

I drew nearer to Mitchell and Laura, but what they were doing was no clearer to me. Laura was sitting on the rail of the red dinghy, trailing her toes in the water, while Mitchell, a pointless sou'wester on his head, dug nearby with his shovel. It was definitely a shovel—the bag of murderer's tools had dissolved to the usual equipment—but he wasn't extracting anything from the sand, merely piling the petty dredgings next to him. If anything, he seemed to be sowing rocks, planting bulbs. I looked back to the houses and could see Jenny, still on the dock, gazing first at us and then, searching, back to Bob's house. Where was he? Why hadn't he come? I imagined him in his studio or in his bedroom, dressed, naked, contemptuous, embarrassed, watching me, shielded by the bright sun's reflection.

When Mitchell finally saw me coming, he froze, his arms spread, the rake clutched straight like a staff, a scarecrow's silhouette. He waited that way while I pushed through the cold tide for three or four minutes. Laura stopped her play. I was spreading immobility, making her afraid.

"You're not going to eat anything, are you?" It was ridiculous, all I could think of to say as I arrived. Laura stared at me, dumbfounded.

"They're from Maine. They're clean." Mitchell started into rapid motion to defend himself. He reached into his pail and held up a puffed plastic plate oozing bivalves, the shrink-wrap ripped from the top. He was carefully burying a bucket of clams from the Stop & Shop.

"That won't do any good, Mitchell, the disease is in the water."

"No, you'll see. They'll grow and spread." I was offending him. He reached back into the bucket. "I brought deodorant, too."

"What for?"

"For the smell."

"Mr. Streeter is silly, Daddy." Laura began to kick again, then hopped off the boat and walked

to us. She lifted one of the supermarket clams and tried to squeeze from it a response.

I turned to Mitchell. "I think you should go in."

"Well, perhaps I should, but I can't."

"You can't?"

"I'm stuck. I'm stuck in the muck." He began to laugh, at first just friendly, conciliatory giggles, then in wider and deeper breaths, drawing in all the air he could manage, a soft blow of panic underneath a pile of sound. The rising tide had darkened and soddened the sand and Mitchell had, in fact, sunk a few inches into the flat. But his laughter, now a kind of long moan, and the bellowing of his abdomen—underneath the flagrant yellow slicker he was wearing only a pair of gym shorts—bore no proportion to his slight shift of equilibrium.

"Just lift your feet slowly."

"I can't." He began to rock his head and upper body, back and forth, his legs braced, pointlessly paralyzed from the waist down. The rake, still clutched in his hand, swung wildly in the air. The dread in Mitchell's face was greater than any terror of quicksand. It was as if he were afraid he would never move again, but be imprisoned forever in the flats like one of those faceless, sexless models of Homer's, rendered permanently anonymous.

I pulled the rake from his grip and clutched Mitchell around the middle, tugging his feet from the suction. We bumped foreheads, and the jolt pushed his cap off and down to where the creeping tide could catch it. With an increasing hatred, I imagined Jenny and Bob at their observation posts, taking it all in. Mitchell, in his terror, contributed nothing. He was pure burden, a graceless strength pulling me down. Laura grabbed my belt and I melted in gratitude as we accomplished the last few inches to free Mitchell's toes.

The wind blew suddenly cold. Mitchell walked in little circles on the bar, now everywhere an inch or two underneath the running tide. His legs vibrated in the tremors of whatever drug the doctors were forcing him to take.

"Now," he said, "I'll leave." His eyes followed his hat, floating up the inlet as if it were a treacherous pet that had wandered.

I wanted to leave him there to fend for himself, to pick my daughter up, take her to the dinghy, and row in over this false sea to our house. Of course, I couldn't. He was crazy. He would panic again. He would drown in the shallows.

Laura was afraid now, the water creeping up her ankles, the clouds in the sky somehow lower. I was going to have to play St. Christopher and carry her the 500 feet across the inlet while Mitchell took the boat in.

Far across the water, I could hear a chainsaw buzz. Bob stood at the edge of his own lawn. His white shorts, his ramrod back were all I could see, he and his Jennifer a neat pair.

"I'm fine, really I am." There was a predictable surprise now at the end of each of Mitchell's sentences, the last second thinned and upbeat, catching the tremor of his limbs.

I started to give orders. "Get in the boat Mitchell. I'll push you off. Don't be afraid."

"But where are the oars?" He looked at his hands.

"Right there. I'll push you off in the right direction. The tide will carry you in." He had nothing to do but follow the flow that would bend him toward the land.

"Thank-you. Thank-you." He made no move to the oars, but laid his hands limply on his lap as he sat on the thwart. He screwed his head back as I ran him off the bar. "My father says you should always say thank-you when people do good things," he confided to Laura, an instruction, a secret. I was left with my little girl holding tight to my leg, the tide pushing at us.

Mitchell, running with the tide, racing to the shore, didn't even have to row. "I won't get stuck, will I? I don't want to get stuck," he yelled to us, the same terrible catch in his throat. Then he waved—a soft, perfunctory good-morning wave—and I waved back, a nod, a reassuring smile. This was all good cheer now in order to avert catastrophe. The boat flowed in gracefully, tugged to a slight turn at the gentle channel in the middle of the inlet, then puffed along like a child's paper vessel, it brushed forward toward the sloping lawns. Mitchell, easing to land, had turned his wave from us to Bob and Jenny, who, now that the die was cast, had both jumped into the water. They were broadcasting greeting, a warmth of welcome, splashes of celebration, drawing in the lunatic to the bosom of his family.

As it drew near, Bob grabbed the dinghy line and hauled: the artist unwilling to let go of his creation. The three of them settled into peaceful procession. With one hand Bob towed his cousin—in state in the skiff—and with the other he met Jenny's outstretched fingers. Gently, 500 yards from me, they walked on water.

At sea on the flats, I was scared my daughter was learning that I didn't like everybody, a small, forlorn secret she probably already knew. But there was more. I felt I was glowing harm. I could sense the heat in my arms, in my thighs, in the muscles of my jaw. Pillared in the sand, my daughter clinging to my leg, I was certain that even all the artistic water washing at our feet could never cool my heightened, dangerous temperature. I stood on the bar, ready to carry my daughter home, steadfast and full of rancor.

IN MY BACKYARD

A visit to the proposed national nuclear waste repository

By William Kittredge



T here was a cold ghttime wind blowing d down the slope of ghway 95 when we ked outside the Miz- Hotel in Tonopah. e Mizpah is an elegant building left from the ning boom of the early 00s in central Nevada, d it has been refur- ned with some nice pe- d furniture and lots of -and-black whorehouse lpaper. Jack Dempsey rted his career as a ncer in the Mizpah. The True Companion d I had first stayed in Mizpah on the advice a friend who'd lived a few months a room on the third floor while he ote most of a pretty good novel out searching for gold. We ate lob- tail flown in from some coast, and vas terrific. But last spring the car- on the stairs was worn through, d the dining room was closed.

I grew up knowing Nevada; my ily ranched in southeastern Ore- n, right on the Nevada border, and I'm one of the rare North Americans who feel at home and centered when I'm traveling the high sagebrush and creosote deserts. My maternal grandfather worked his way north to Oregon through the old mining camps in southern Nevada, Goldfield and Beatty and Rhyolite. But on this drive south from Montana, where I live now, I was taking stock of another Nevada, not the basin and range country that I love, but the Nevada our nation seems to think of as a vast, convenient dumpster out there waiting to be filled. Most recently in this regard, Nevada was designated the proposed site for our national nuclear waste repository.

The search for such a site was begun by the Energy Research and Development Administration in 1975. The kinds of formations seriously considered were bedded salt (the Paradox Basin in Utah and the Permian Basin in Texas); domed salt sites (Vacherie Dome in Louisiana and two sites in Mississippi); fine-grained igneous basalt (Hanford, Washington); and, in southern Nevada, volcanic tuff—rock composed of the finer kinds of volcanic detritus and fused by great heat. Under the Nuclear Waste Policy Act of 1982, the list was narrowed to three sites—Deaf Smith County, Texas (eliminated: the site was beneath the agriculturally crucial Ogallala Aquifer); Hanford (eliminated: too close to the Columbia River); and the winner, designated by an impatient Congress last fall, the barren desert ridge called Yucca Mountain, north of Las Vegas, maybe fifty miles from California's Death Valley, and a couple of hours' drive

lliam Kittredge is the author of Owning It *, a collection of essays. His memoir "Who n the West?" appeared in the April issue of rper's Magazine.*

tograph by David Cross



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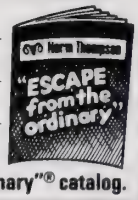
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south from the Mizpah.

Researchers are just "testing" Yucca Mountain right now, but don't expect them to find any snags. The government proposes spending more than $6.6 billion at Yucca Mountain in order to inter about 77,000 tons of high-level radioactive waste produced by Pentagon bomb-making and nuclear power plants. The junk they want to bury will remain seriously lethal for something toward 10,000 years. I wanted to stop by and have a look and see if I could convince myself that this was not a crazy idea. You might give it some thought yourself; Yucca Mountain is closer to Los Angeles than it is to Carson City.

The lobby of the Mizpah was dominated by a long bar, a dusty, scuffed-up dance floor, and some gaming tables, and it was populated by a crowd you would not have expected in the outback reaches of the Great Basin. Nobody was drinking much or gambling at all. It was not your go-to-town Saturday night Nevada whoop-up crowd, although some of the bare-legged rag-sock young folks were acting happy and larky enough, holding hands and arranging assignations. After all, they were on spring break. Basically this was your subdued, Birkenstock hippie liberal crowd, sprinkled with graying oldsters. The night clerk looked like a man who might have retired from a life of hard-rock mining, and he was furious.

"The scum of Los Angeles," he said, looking straight at me.

"I got a reservation," I said.

"Last night," he said, "they was all right here in my lobby. They bus 'em up here and turn 'em loose on the streets. I had a thousand of 'em."

We had stumbled into the remnants of an event. The afternoon before, a hundred and fifty or so miles south on Highway 95, on the way to Las Vegas, there had been a huge anti-nuke demonstration outside the gates of Mercury, the little dormitory town the Atomic Energy Commission built to house workers inside the government's Nevada Test Site right after World War II. Several thousand demonstrators had gathered to protest the continuation of underground nuclear testing; the Nye County Sh iff's Department had arrested m than a thousand for trespassing, a bused them north to the county s in Tonopah, where the Nye Cour Court had turned them out with housing or transportation to wan the cold streets. Good joke. Ma had suffered the night in the lobby the Mizpah, and some were still town, waiting for rides.

The ones who interested me w my age. What were they thinki these men and women beyond ty, some of them white-haired a almost professionally beatific, protesting in the Nevada deserts, during arrest? Where was their ed What were they risking?

People like the night clerk and m there in the lobby of the Mizpah—i very easy for us to call up our hatr and fear of strangers. Our sacr homelands have been trashed, m of the time by powerful outside And, of course, we let them. Many us, looking out over the tailings, a deeply shamed. We know we are jus fied in our xenophobia. Otherwi we would have to hate ourselves.

In truth, these travelers were lik the people I would agree with on n clear issues. So, after a while, I walk over and insinuated myself into chair in the lobby beside an old ma and asked him what was going on.

"Everything," he said. He told r this part of the world was vibrati with secrets. "You know what they around here? I don't know if I gi a damn," he said, turning to grin me with truthfulness, his teeth hu and perfect in his weathered fac "but they're going to kill all."

The next morning the True Co panion and I drove south from Ton pah, down Highway 95 toward Yuc Mountain, which lies on the weste edge of the test site. Travelin through the elegant morning lig over those clean distances, with t white-topped shadows of the gre California mountains far off on t western edge of things, I thought h unfair it was that this particul stretch of America should be our ca ital of radioactivity. Nuclear waste so clearly a problem that belongs

ners, people who commute to sub-
s on one coast or another. They
uld be the first to stomp around and
l "Not in My Backyard."

It seems increasingly clear that a lot
people in the nuclear power busi-
ss have a considerable stake in see-
things work out at Yucca Moun-
n. The site is in some respects an
swer to the crisis in the industry.
ctric utilities ordered 231 nuclear
wer plants in the years before 1975;
ce then they have ordered 13
one after 1978), and they have can-
led orders on 114, several of which
re under construction. There are
mplex reasons for this decline: a
op in demand for electricity during
e mid-1970s, after people began
nserving in the wake of the OPEC
embargo; increasing public aware-
ss of the potential for disaster after
e Three Mile Island accident; and
istory of indecision about the prob-
m of high-level nuclear waste.
he nuclear repository in Nevada
is supposed to solve that
one.

We checked into a motel in Las
egas, and an employee of the De-
rtment of Energy named Karen
ndolph picked me up and drove me
er for a visit with Carl Gertz, man-
er of the Nevada Nuclear Waste
orage Investigations Project. I ex-
cted armed guards at the door, and
e kind of pomp we so often get when
r democracy tries to play superpow-
. Instead I was led to some window-
ss offices built into the third floor of
parking garage a couple of blocks off
e Las Vegas strip. I was happy: there
ere lots of maps and cutaway models
Yucca Mountain. There's nothing
ke schematics to make things look
nsible and well planned.

It was the drill for Carl Gertz to
rief me before Karen Randolph
ove me to Yucca Mountain. "The
pository, when filled," he said, "will
e no more dangerous than unmined
anium ore." Who says? I wanted to
sk. "It's our job," he said, "to inform
e public. We're open. This whole
ing is an experiment, conducted
nder public scrutiny. According to
w," he said, and I didn't hear the
st. An experiment on what, and on
hom? Who is ever going to get to vote on any of these matters?

After the briefing, driving past Nellis Air Force Base on our way to Yucca Mountain, Karen Randolph and I watched a couple of F-16 Thunderbirds (from the Air Force aerobatic team) come in low over Indian Springs, throttled back and looking so casually invincible. Out in these deserts we still find staging grounds for our shoot-out make-believe, as in Westerns.

But that kind of machismo seems almost innocent when compared with the accumulating power of the quiet empire that has taken control of so much of our empty lands in the years since World War II. And "empire" seems like the right word for the intertwining structure represented by the military and the Department of Energy. Not only at the test site in Nevada but in places like Los Alamos and White Sands in New Mexico, we are breeding a secret and enormously well-funded society of scientists and technicians, unseen for the most part, hidden behind fences and Top Secret Clearances, an elite answerable to almost no one except one another. That is not the way we are supposed to do things in our democracy.

Which may sound like another sci-fi paranoid dream.

Or not. Once I was cleared through the gates at Mercury, we headed out across the deserts inside the test site. It was like a trip through a land thick with national memories, names and huge prehistoric-looking monuments left from a heroic and dimly remembered time of greatness. Lost in the distances, looking abandoned for the most part, were clusters of huge stark buildings where our society perfected its secret work: the EMAD Facility; the Engine Test Stand, where they worked on the idea of a nuclear engine; Test Cell C; Test Cell A; RMAD. What did they do in there? The Bren Tower, once used to simulate air-drops, stands thin as a pencil line against the blue skies, taller than the Empire State Building. And beyond, Yucca Mountain. It was a nice day, and Karen Randolph was a person I liked. She had been at Oregon State College only a couple of years after me in the 1950s. We knew some of the same people.

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Yucca Mountain is a long, un- ceptional-looking desert ridge, co- posed of layers of volcanic ash-fl tuff deposited 13 to 18 million ye ago, some of which have welded i a very dense, nonporous rock. It is i formation of this type, some 1,2 feet beneath the surface of the mou tain, that the repository would be cated. At the top of Yucca Mount Karen Randolph and I were met b young shaven-headed man nam Tony Buono, a hydrologist worki for the U.S. Geological Survey. I gave me a whole portfolio of cha and maps, all the detailed inf mation I could ever want about t site, and references in case I want more.

Gazing west over the shimmeri distances of the Amargosa Valley, y see little volcanic cones, one of whic was active no more than 20,000 yea ago, and beyond you see faint lines trees, which would have to mea there is pump agriculture in th country. Somebody out there is usi up an aquifer whose water took mi lennia to accumulate; that must fe like quite a privilege.

The chance of volcanic activi and the presence of that aquifer, wit its water and permeable rock, alon with the unsettling fact that earth quake fault lines course nearby, repre sent the main geological concer about Yucca Mountain as a site for 10,000-year nuclear repository. Is truly stable? Is there any way radioac tive material might work down to th water table, which is more than 1,90 feet below the mountain top, and a least 700 feet below the base of th proposed repository? Yucca Mountai is one of the driest places in the Unit ed States, with an average rainfall less than six inches a year. But still we're talking 10,000 years—and a lo can change, and does, in 10,00 years.

After a lot of scientific talk about probabilities, meant to be reassuring, I was left with the idea that these kinds of questions are really unan- swerable. While Yucca Mountain is probably going to prove as safe as any nuclear repository could be, nothing geologic is forever. I carried home a sample of welded ash-flow tuff. I see it now, as it sits on my windowsill, gray

dense, and I pray to God, imperble enough.

Nothing has been decided," no said to me before I left. "That's t we're doing here. We're getting y to study this site, and see if it's This is a case in which the public o trust the scientists."

h, yes, but. Trust the people who brought us all this in the first place.

Which brings us to the ways trust rned in southern Nevada. You t have to spend much time in this on to figure out that Top Secret n means money in the air. The lear industry provides jobs and hecks, and a good life for a lot of nt people. It also attracts those are perfectly willing to screw other if there's enough money lved. Which gets us to the story ullfrog County.

Congress decided, early on in all , that the county selected as the for the repository should be paid nds in lieu of taxes." Think of this ney as a kind of bait. Estimates of amount involved range from $2 to million, depending on whether E or the State of Nevada evaluates worth of the site. Which is an is- that will no doubt be resolved in courts. But in the meantime, it ked like great empty Nye County, of the largest counties in the ited States (18,000 square miles, ulation 14,250, 6,000 registered ers), was coming into a considere windfall.

As can be imagined, a lot of people nted in on the action. In one of the sessions of the 1987 Nevada legisure, with the strong backing of repntatives from Clark County (Las as), a new county was created und Yucca Mountain, *entirely* in- Nye County and *completely* unpopted, which was called Bullfrog unty. The seat of government for lfrog County was conveniently loed in Carson City, in the office of vernor Richard H. Bryan. Which ant the "funds in lieu of taxes" uld really go to the state, and uld end up being spent primarily in rk County, where most of the peo- in Nevada live. But then Nye unty sued the State of Nevada, and the whole notion was nixed by the Nevada Supreme Court. As things stand, nobody in Nevada wins, as usual, except maybe comic-opera fans.

It was late afternoon when I sat in the bar in nearby Lathrop Wells, trying to get myself to knock on the front door of a bordello called the Valley of the Dolls. But I didn't want to know what the whores thought about the dangerous business of selling yourself. I'd already heard the jokes about radioactive, glowing genitalia. I wanted to listen to a new story, in which we were not tempted into making any more deals with the devil.

So I left those women to their lives and drove back to my motel. On the way to Tonopah a few days before, we had driven in and out of sunlight, through fifty-mile slants of storm sweeping down from the great snow-bright spine of the Ruby Mountains. I had dreamed of old explorers in the New World, Jedediah Smith and his companions in 1827, among the first white men to traverse the Great Basin. I was dumbfounded in my pleasure as I toyed with the idea that we, too, were explorers as we traveled into such beauties and long desolations.

Around noon, we had turned east from Ely toward our brand-new Great Basin National Park, which President Reagan signed into being in 1986. It is possible to understand Great Basin as Reagan's gift to his friend Paul Laxalt, the former senator—or maybe as a sop to the people of Nevada, a way of making up for the continued devastation of their lands and resources. We wanted to visit the bristlecone pines. They are the oldest living things on earth. But the roads to Wheeler Peak were snowed shut. So we visited the Lehman Caves instead.

And there the park ranger told a story about the bristlecone pine. Seems a researcher was trying to count the tree rings and establish a maximum age for the bristlecone. And he was having trouble with his core drill. So he took a chainsaw to what he thought to be the oldest tree on the mountain. And it worked. Trust the scientist; he killed the oldest thing living on earth in order to count its years. ■

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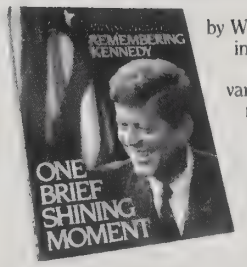
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VICISSITUDES OF THE AVANT-GARDE

In search of a worthy 'no'

By William H. Gass

The term "avant-garde" has had a strange and ironic history. From the main body of an army in medieval times, two smaller units were detached: one protected the rear during retreats, or from surprise attack, and sent back stragglers and deserters; the other comprised a line of scouts who went ahead to seek out, test, and estimate the enemy. By the sixteenth century, when the term was first applied to a literary movement, the avant-garde had become seditious, because its enemy turned out to be the very army it was supposed to serve. Thus the spatial image of a marching army was modified to describe a course of rebellious events that had a temporal shape instead: initial spark, fanned flames, full conflagration, final burnout, concluding ash, and consummatory cinders.

During the nineteenth century, the avant-garde adopted a tone that was essentially negative and oppositional, and its principal enemies were members of the expanding middle class, the so-called bourgeoisie. This increasingly influential segment of society still embraced a kind of religious patriotism that many intellectuals felt had been thoroughly discredited. The bourgeoisie also practiced an unprincipled utilitarianism, a greedy love of money and its powers that left them open to charges of hypocrisy.

William H. Gass is David May Distinguished University Professor in the Humanities at Washington University in St. Louis. He contributes frequently to Harper's Magazine.

Avant-gardes are fragile affairs. The moment they become established, they cease to be—success as well as failure finishes them off. Their unity depends upon a common "no," not on some "yes" that is jointly loved. And so far as the movement



moves at all, it requires the heave-hos of many others, most of whom the artists suspect of exploitation. Poems must be written, paintings must be painted, but mere coffeehouse talk is not irrelevant to the success of the cause, nor are letters, broadsides, feuilletons, essays, reviews, catalogue copy, the quarrels of the cafés and the slanders of the salons; nor are tumults at performances, arrests, or other excursions and alarms.

Every effort to prolong an avant-garde beyond a certain point becomes suspicious, because an avant-garde can have but a mayfly's life: the artists have only their negations to choru both their attitudes and their art w alter as they age; society's methods co-optation and disarmament will, general, be effective; their anger w be softened by success and their ain divided, their attention distracte the institutions set up by most Estal lishments, even if assaulted, will tak longer dying than most avant-gard can expect to live; while the strengt of the support groups, so necessary the energy of any movement, a even more fragile and momentar depending, as they do, on the loyal of a publisher, the generosity of a p tron, the length of a love life.

There appear to be at least thr kinds of avant-garde. One, such the architectural modernism of th Bauhaus, of Gropius, Le Corbusie and Neutra, aims to improve man ar his life; it naturally allies itself wit other forward-looking agents change (the machine, for instance and it preaches progress with the so of rosy-cheeked optimism characte istic of metaphysical Rotarians. tends to be impatient with the pas maintaining that little can be learn from it but errors, fearing nostalg above all the passive emotions. A though the members of this avan garde are largely arty intellectual there is a sense of common cause wi the impoverished and downtro den—a shared powerlessness. This what I call the liberal avant-garde. I influence is strongest among the ar that have a public posture (archite ture, theater, cinema). When the li eral avant-garde wants to becon

Illustration by Victoria Ka

trinaire, it embraces the fascism of Left. Picasso, Le Corbusier, and cht are characteristic types.

The avant-garde of Gautier, Degas, Flaubert, however, has nothing scorn for these pimps of progress. e talismanic word here is "origi-," and the focus of the group tends e on individual and artistic free-n, on disengagement and with-val. Artists in this second group ready to take from tradition, and n oppose the present by looking to past. They have a natural affinity h the aristocracy, but in general ir movements are marked by an reme dislike for the masses. Their ge of the artist is the individual in isolation. This is the conservative nt-garde, the avant-garde of Rim-d, Lawrence, Eliot, Pound, Yeats, Céline, and it is most prevalent ong the poets. When it wants to come doctrinaire, it embraces the ism of the Right, and often shows, s, a racist face.

Both of these avant-gardes occu-d important places in the move-nt called Modernism. Both were olly opposed to the state of affairs which they found themselves; both oppressed by the Establishment; h sought to produce something ew" and something thought to be olutionary. Whether formalistic expressionist, they shared a dislike what was central to bourgeois taste e., philistinism): representation d edification. However, history s still linear for the liberal wing; for em not every utopia was totally tar-shed; society of some sort was still rth saving; and art could, as in the l days, do the job. The conserva-es regarded such avant-gardes as fa-ly contaminated by bourgeois val-s; for them, society was not worth cuing, only art was. Again, howev-—despite the purity and freedom ey advocated—their works were rrilously critical and contemptu-s, and hence revisionary with re-ect to values. There was no hope to found anywhere that would lighten eir point of view or soften their imosities.

The conservative avant-garde poi-ned itself. Its dislike of society could t be confined to the page, score, or nvas but seeped into the souls of its artists. As in Flaubert's case, retching became a continuous condition. The liberal avant-garde failed when its social program failed; when the Left took over; when Modernism became, for it, the new rule of reason, and the real source of righteousness. The urban reforms urged by many architects were ruthless, arrogant, and authoritarian. (Corporations all over the world easily made Modernism their business image, the skyscraper the cathedral of credit, and the steel cage a manifestation of commercial hubris.)

The existence of a third kind of avant-garde is more problematic. The activities of any such "group," whether artistically oriented or socially focused, are so minute-minded that to call one sort permanent seems to court contradiction. Yet I believe there are works to which habit won't have a chance to get us comfortably accustomed; works that will continue to resist the soothing praises of the critics, and that will rise from their tombs of received opinion to surprise us again and again. These works may pay a dreadful price for the role they have chosen to play, but if they are going to be a permanent part of "the" avant-garde (that avant-garde common to all kinds), they must remain wild and never neglect an opportunity to attack their trainers; above all, it is the hand that feeds them which must be bitten. They have to continue to do what the avant-garde is supposed to do: shatter stereotypes, shake things up, and keep things moving; offer fresh possibilities to a jaded understanding; encourage a new consciousness; revitalize the creative spirit of the medium; and above all, challenge the skills and ambitions of every practitioner. Such a pure avant-garde must not only emphasize the formal elements of its art (recognizing that these elements *are* its art); its outside interests must be in very long-term—if not permanent—problems. It may have to say "no" to Cash, to Flag, to Man, to God, to Being itself. It cannot be satisfied merely to complain of the frivolities of a king's court or to count the crimes of capitalism or to castigate the middle class for its persistent vulgarity. The avant-garde's ultimate purpose is to return the art to itself, not as if the art

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could be cordoned off from the wor and kept uncontaminated, but in o der to remind it of its nature (a creat of forms in the profoundest sense)– nature that should not be allowed dissolve into what are, after all, me sly moments of society.

In order to define the permane avant-garde, I must turn in particul to works such as Bach's Six Sonat and Partitas for Unaccompanied Vi lin, Beethoven's Opus 111, Lisz Transcendental Etudes, Bartok's 19 Piano Sonata, Schoenberg's Suite f Piano, Opus 25, Henry James's T *Golden Bowl*, Rilke's *The Notebooks Malte Laurids Brigge*, Kafka's sto "The Country Doctor," Joyce's *Finn gans Wake*, Stein's *The Making Americans*, as well as *Tender Buttor* Beckett's trilogy, late Turner ar Rothko, some Duchamp, Hölderlir late poem "In lovely blue . . .," the p etry of Mallarmé and Paul Cela Clearly, this avant-garde is made up *works* rather than artists, and is, in th sense, the continuation of what we once real ideals in th realm of the imaginatior

The critical theories accompan ing these three avant-gardes—to d fend, explain, and ballyhoo them- have, in addition to such customa functions, another one that is just important although less advertise That function is to disguise, both itself and to others, how backwar looking this forward-looking grou of revolutionaries is. The avant-gar looks over its shoulder at the ma body, of course, and by making th look adversarial, turns against itself well; for it was once part of the ma body; it was born in that body; ar while it will reject resemblance, whi it will wish to forget its parents ar desire to shake the dust of its cultur village forever from its feet, it cann escape its genetic links, its childho history, and all its early loyalties.

In retrospect, neither Impressio ism nor Post-Impressionism were avant-garde as they were once ma out to be. (The only true cuckoo their increasingly comfortable ne was Cézanne.) Because the plast artists made merchandise, comme cialism came to them first, and aske among other things, for the contin

production of the newsworthy and interestingly odd, and there were ity of journalists ready to supply necessary subterfuges, welcoming new wave of the future with arti- wonder and bought applause, ing their daily bread with a daily In addition, commerce found it rable if the work of art could offer public "a handle" or two in order cilitate the item's sale and co- tion, if not in the form of sweet es and innocuous material (Utril- Paris, for instance, as opposed n Olympia who stares intently out he canvas to discomfit the stare re giving her), then in the shape ersonal scandal and comic cutups h as self-mutilation and mad- —always excellent; syphilis ac- red from native girls—good; nkenness and drugs—okay, but tine; tough talk on TV), or the ly regressive literary reading Sur- ist paintings required. Such han- can magically appear without h help from anybody. If Proust is one of history's social pages, *Fin- ns Wake* is a carcass on which toral candidates feed.

So even the most secure members the avant-garde were not un- ched by this tension between the and the new, success and starva- n. Between Joyce's many interleav- s, we can hear a sentimental Irish or with a whiskey-roughened ce, and Joyce's Dublin is built of realist's heavy bricks. Nor should ignore the fact that decorating the sent with the glitz of an imagined ure (a habit of Japanese architects) very bit as reactionary as the ac- ties of those post-mods who doll it with familiar fragments from the t. Art, the honest article, lives th other realities) in an active sent.

f there were, beneath the eternally nging seas of sameness, a sub- rged and unrelenting avant-garde, e reefs upon which pleasure vessels ght occasionally come to grief, n there would also have to be— ce the avant-garde defines itself rough opposition—a permanent ss of philistines . . . a proposition ite easy to believe. In the Fifties, iters such as Nathalie Sarraute and ain Robbe-Grillet tried to dismiss

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What are the facts?

■ In 1948, on the day of the proclamation of the State of Israel, five Arab armies invaded the new country from all sides. In frightful radio broadcasts, they urged the Arabs living there to leave, so that the invading armies could operate without interference. They could return after the expected quick victory in that "holy war", get their property back—*and* that of the Jews. Things turned out differently. The invading armies were defeated. Those who had left became refugees—people without a country. Those who stayed, and their children, are full-fledged citizens of the State of Israel.

■ These so-called "Palestinian refugees" have not been allowed to settle in the "indivisible Arab nation". They have been supported in camps since 1948. So far, close to $1.7 billion has been spent on their maintenance. No end is in sight. Who pays for that? You guessed it: through UNWRA Relief, the United States contributes more than 60% of the total cost.

■ But there is another side to the "refugee" story. Little is heard of the 800,000 Jewish refugees from Arab countries, who fled those countries to settle in the newly formed Jewish state of Israel. Every one of these refugees was immediately accepted, resettled, taken care of, and given full citizenship by the fledgling, impoverished, and embattled Jewish State. There never has been, and there certainly is not now, a Jewish "refugee camp" in Israel or anywhere else.

■ The Arab refugees who fled Israel left little wealth and little history, since most of them had not come to "Palestine" until Jewish settlers opened economic opportunities in what had been a desolate country for centuries. But the Jews of Arab lands have a history going back thousands of years. When forced to flee, they left behind land, wealth, and a long history. They arrived in Israel, quite literally, only "with their shirts on their backs". They now make up 55% of the vibrant and productive population of Israel. What have the Arabs, the richest people in the world, done with "their" refugees in almost 40 years? They have kept them in misery, on the dole of the world, have taught their hopeless youth the "skills" of suicide missions and of slaughtering defenseless and unarmed men, women, and children.

■ Population transfers have been widely practiced throughout history. In 1923, Greece and Turkey agreed to the resettlement of 2 million Greeks and 800,000 Turks; in 1945, the resettlement of 3 million Germans from Poland and Czechoslovakia was arranged. Following the collapse of its North African empire, France accepted close to 1.5 million people. More than 12 million(!) Muslims and Hindus were exchanged between India and Pakistan. Israel has recognized this historical necessity. The "Arab Nation", with its enormous wealth and vast, underpopulated lands, has stubbornly refused to face facts.

It is clear that the "Palestinian refugee problem" is a red herring, a phony issue, kept alive by the Arab nations for their political purposes, and with cynical disregard for the almost 600,000 impoverished people who still lead a sub-human existence in these camps. If the "Palestinian refugee problem" were to be solved—and it could disappear virtually overnight—the legitimacy of the State of Israel could no longer be questioned. But that is not acceptable to the Arabs. They are firmly committed not to allow any "non-believers" to be in control of any part of the Middle East. It is that, and that alone, which is the real cause of the "Palestinian refugee problem".

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bourgeois concepts about fiction by describing them (character, atmosphere, story, message, content, and so on) as "obsolete notions," yet these obsolete notions have remained as lively in their obsolescence as they were in their heyday: performing a minuet of mummies, if not a dance of death. Even Marx is not immune. Consider the characters who cross the stage in that drama of his: commerce, capital, industrialization, technology, the clash of classes, social uplift, glib scientism, a tantalizing determinism with its promised happy ending. The ranks of the political avant-garde are filled with philistines. Who else would want to enlist? As Robbe-Grillet remarks, "One thing must trouble the partisans of socialist realism, and that is the precise resemblance of their arguments, their vocabulary, their values to those of the most hardened critics." Both Right and Left want their art to be mimetic, and both share a naive faith in the explanatory power of narrative.

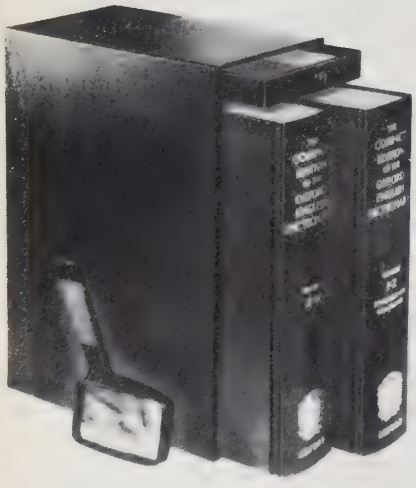
In the history of modern Europe, three great sources of cultural dominance have established themselves, and therefore, since avant-gardes say "no," there have been, for them, three opponents: Church, State, and Commerce (although now we would say Corporations). That is: religion, politics, and business. Although Modernism was made of many avant-gardes (some, like Symbolism or Cubism, profound; others, like Imagism and Futurism, shallow), they were all united in their opposition to the middle class, to the rule of monetary values and an unprincipled pragmatism. At that time, the "modern" still had the power to shame: the painters shocked their clients, the composers created for them a frightful din, the novelists tore them limb from limb. But by dint of the dollar nothing now abashes them, for culture is now Pop, and where Pop goes, goes the weasel.

In this sense, the avant-gardes of Modernism—liberal and conservative alike—opposed the elevation of the bottom line, and in so doing, acted more like rear guards. The marketplace has always been important (you went there to buy vegetables and goats); so has the begging letter been, the charming smile, the grant application, the flattering dedication, th buttering up of influential critics ar patrons, the wheedling of favors, ar so forth, since these sometimes p money in the purse you wish to op at the market; but bins of potatoe sacks of flour, tubs of fish, bolts cloth, the bank, the bourse, inve ments in oil or heavy water, Co.s a Corps.—what these businesses a commodities stand for have not ways been the decisive measures cultural value and the ultimate det miners of cultural concerns.

The religious tradition may ha been based on fraud and hypocri but at least it claimed to serve tra scendental values. The State m have been another liberator that b came a tyrant, yet it, too, pointed gun at the sky where the flag fle Furthermore, in each case, there w doctrines to be adhered to, ideals be followed, practices that promis an improvement to the spirit. N it's all Vic Tanny. And ideals last long as their symbols can be s for profit. We have at last reach the democracy of the five-and-din The cross that hangs around the n

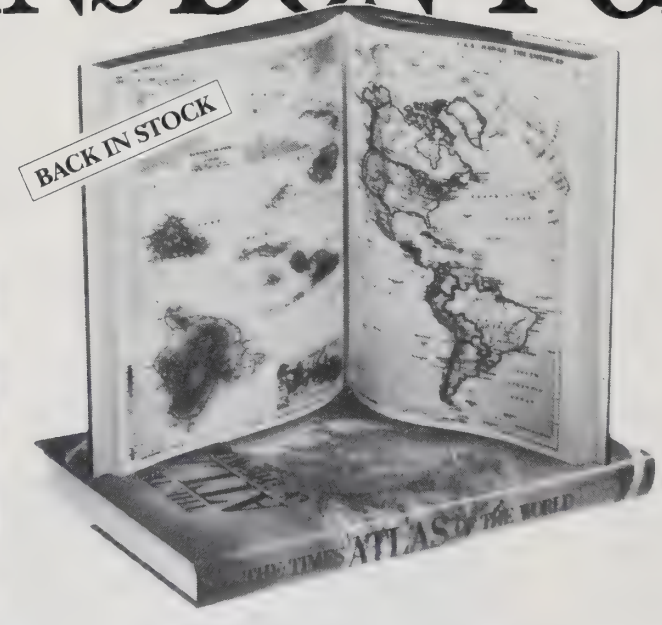
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the T-shirt that displays a prod- logo deal, as we know, with ions; but now illusions are all l, and my bumper sticker is worth every bit as much as your rosary.

Alas, no one assails the artist nore. The railings of a utopian alist such as P.-J. Proudhon be- , sadly, to another century, when rd like "form" could fill a shop- er's soul with a surge of anger:

> Art for art's sake, as it has been lled, not having its legitimacy within elf, being based on nothing, is noth- g. It is debauchery of the heart and ssolution of the mind. Separated from ght and duty, cultivated and pursued the highest thought of the soul and e supreme manifestation of human- , art or the ideal, stripped of the eater part of itself, reduced to nothing ore than an excitement of fantasy and e senses, is the source of sin, the ori- n of all servitude, the poisoned spring om which, according to the Bible, ow all the fornications and abomina- ons of the earth . . . Art for art's sake, l y, verse for verse's sake, style for yle's sake, form for form's sake, fanta- sy for fantasy's sake, all the diseases, which like a plague of lice are gnawing away at our epoch, are vice in all its refinements, the quintessence of evil.

Oh to be lice like that (if ever we were), gnawing (if ever we did) at the scalp and follicles of civilization. To be sure, artists wanted to reject Mammon and have their Mammon too, but it was once romantically supposed by both audience and author that the poet or the painter's motives were ultimately out of the ordinary—dedicated, pure—and the avant-garde artist's aims more admirably elevated than anybody else's.

Theology invented a besouled self so the soul could be damned, saved, and fought over; and the State did the same with the taxpaying soldier-citizen, who was English or German before he was baptized, and a kindergarten patriot before he was confirmed. Now Capitalism and Communism have given us the economic self: either the worker who is defined by what he produces, or the buyer who is defined by the goods he consumes. We may not have a classless society, nor be aiming for one, but we are all equally crass; high culture rests on the same penny-ante base as low; preference is power; and pushpin, as Bentham said, is as good as poetry.

In the act of attacking their enemies, the avant-garde declared them to be their equals, and we cannot imagine any self-respecting movement soon turning upon the comic book, the blood-flick, the gooey erotic romance, minimal moonshine or similar musics, painted photographs as large as small buildings, sideshow sensationalism and other vocal groups, TV's endless inanities, as if these had betrayed some noble cause, or had lured us off the high road of art and on to the low road of love and other lyrics. Any avant-garde that believes itself up to the mo should have the High Moderns as its foe, but these artists are, in fact, among its few friends, and its only equal. Although there is presently some doubt about that, because the avant-garde itself—in name, if not in substance—is now a trademark for the trendy. Even if a genuine note were to be sounded, it could not be heard, for commerce has filled the whole of cultural space

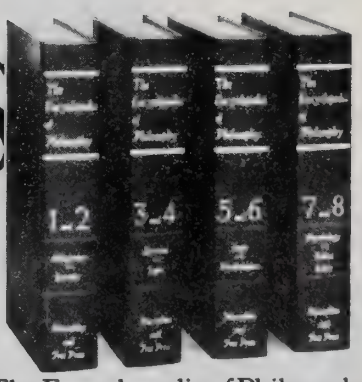
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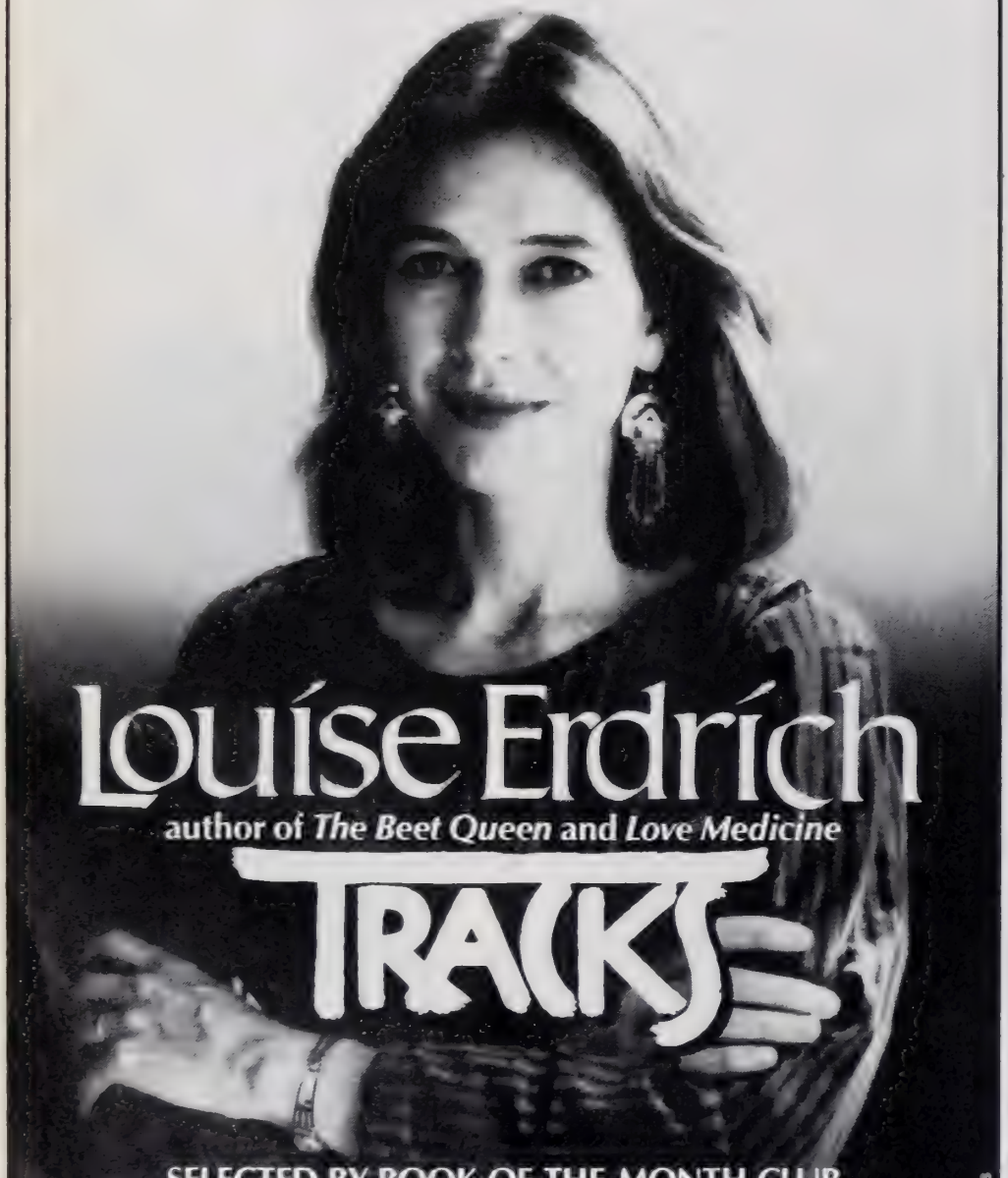
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with little cultural commotions.

In a large and diversified marke the numismatics magazine can ma profit, any heresy can too. Aga such an enemy there is no use cal yourself an avant-garde. Your ch will be in the mail. Against such enemy, there is nowhere to aim y anger; there is no real object for y scorn because business, they will you, is in the business of giving its stance away: to museums to put "the Greatest Van Gogh on Ear to orchestras to replay the classics public television to emasculate masters, to writing-program writer succeed with the superficial wh other superficialists have fai and to the makers of merchandise well, what will not be richly fo coming—commissions for bank bies and boardrooms, investments conglomerates, trophies for the trepid bankroll whose achievem will one day be honored with a gal enshrining its purchases.

When there is no windmill to at—tilt not. At the present time can only practice silence, exile, cunning, except that "silence, ex and cunning" is a cheer for the bas ball team representing the Sister the Poor. Why be silent? Becaus you open your mouth, your saliva be sold as a prescription for so thing. Why speak of exile when live very comfortably as a garg facing a quiet quad? And your c ning cannot compete with those w smell new money the way—as old joke had it—Napoleon sme de-feet.

Many and various are the vic tudes of the avant-garde, and it is that now there is nothing that a gr of this kind can do that such a gr once honestly did; nevertheless, th is one sort of something—one the one theory—that throughout common connivances cannot han head, although the old roma myths of the artist have been rem dered and each of his motives q tioned. "To live is to defend a for Hölderlin said. It might be defen still, if painters refused to show, c posers and poets to publish, and ev dance were danced in the dark. T would be a worthy "no."

But it will never be uttered.

MEMORIES OFFICIAL AND UNOFFICIAL

Notes on nationalism

By Hans Koning

On a sunny winter morning in ndon, in the mid-Seventies, the h Republican Army exploded a mb on one of those quiet, tree- ed residential squares north of Ox- d Street. The bomb, hidden under ar, killed a Harley Street physician o was walking his dog before going his office. He passed the car just as e bomb went off and died a few min- s later on the sidewalk, having lost life through the random tugging of log on its leash.

Four centuries earlier another Lon- ner, Humphrey Gilbert, step- other of Sir Walter Raleigh, had en made governor of the district of unster in southwest Ireland. Gilbert ived there in the late fall of 1569, d since the restlessness of the na- es annoyed him, he arranged with e English soldiery at his disposal t when local people came to peti- n him, they would find "the heads their dead fathers, brothers, chil- n, kinfolks or friends lying on the ound before their faces." On New ar's Day 1570, Gilbert was knight- at Westminster.

Here are two ends of a chain of ions. The chain is not one of re- nsibility—that is, of the doctor serving his death because of Gil- t's deeds—but it is nonetheless a chain of causes and effects. Governments do not choose to see such links. Their official memories are quite short. They regularly proclaim "clean slates," and then, having granted themselves amnesty, they expect their neighbors as well as their victims to forget the past and start afresh. Any subsequent violence then becomes "without precedent." Interestingly, the victims' governments usually play ball. It would be impolitic for Colonel Chadli Benjedid, President of Algeria, when he meets with President François Mitterrand at the Elysée Palace, to remind his host of the French massacres of the Arabs who peacefully demonstrated in Algeria for their independence at the end of World War II. And Mitterrand's Western allies won't remind him of these or other French massacres when he lectures them and the more benighted nations of the world on France's role as the bearer of values of Western civilization. Statesmen skip over the past misdeeds of their nations with the greatest of ease. They *all* rewrite history as they go.

If governments manage to have conveniently short memories, peoples have exceedingly long ones. I'm using the word "peoples" to refer to those populations that have not yet achieved—or no longer possess—undisputed nationhood. Among them are the Basques, who, as devoutly Catholic enemies of Franco, were used to good press. (Today, a Basque *franc-tireur*, like a member of the IRA, makes his media appearance as a terrorist.) If the Irish remember Humphrey Gilbert, the Basques go back further. Five years after Franco's death I attended a meeting of the Basque Nationalist Party in the mountain town of Vitoria. I remarked to my neighbor that there appeared to be only two women among several hundred delegates. "Four," he said, "four out of two hundred and fifty." "Well," I asked, "isn't that a sign of machismo in your party?" "Machismo!" he cried. "We don't have machismo! Do you take us for Latins? Don't you know we fought on Hannibal's side against the Romans?"

I hadn't known and I admired the "we" in that sentence. With *we*'s like that, I thought, the Basques might eventually persuade Madrid to grant them the national autonomy they once had.

For many years it was the established wisdom that mankind was proceeding toward ever larger national entities that one day would dissolve into a true internationalism. "Under the influence of religious toleration and the naturalization laws, nationalities are daily losing more of their racial characteristics. The coming nationality will be essentially a matter of education and economics," according to the 1911 *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. And like steam engines, which

ns Koning is the author of Nineteen Six- Eight: A Personal Report, *published by rton last October, and* Acts of Faith, *a el published by Henry Holt last March. ning lives in Connecticut.*



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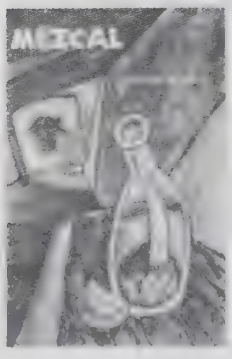
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when twice as big are four times m efficient, nation-states by law of ture would become ever fewer stronger. (In anthropology such analogy was dismissed as sympath magic, but economists got away w it.) Then came the airplane to furt erase national frontiers, and l the League of Nations, the Uni Nations, the European Econo Community.

Actually this march toward su states is not taking place at all, to contrary. Corporations may minin borders, but people do not. Wit the borders of today's major pow races, tribes, and peoples, far from ing pleased with their possible sh in any national greatness, seek a p to a modest home of their own. A rule, this aspiration is met with an tounding violence by the encomp ing nation-state, whose rulers se to think "l'état, c'est nous," who react as if one of their arms legs were about to be sav off.

Beside Basques and North Irish Republicans, there are the Ku the Armenians, the Lithuanians, Tamils, the Sikhs, the Ibos of Ni ria, the Québecois, the Saharawi the western desert of Morocco, Karens in Burma, the Palestinia the Scots, the Welsh, the Breton depending on your definitions, list can be lengthened or shorten What these peoples have in comm is a communal memory of oppress stronger than the political and e nomic facts of life that might m being part of a larger entity desira Their nationalisms are different fr the ones that rule them. They are after domination. Rather, they turn upon their origins (real or imagine hoping to find security in a world t increasingly alienates and frustra them. It isn't as odd as it may se that many of them make determin efforts to rescue their own dark l guages. In Britanny, young Bre families that don't speak a word their ancestral Celtic language co the province for teachers to te their children bilingually. In Wal stayed in the house of a Welsh nati alist whose children spoke hesita accented English as a second l

ge. "Isn't it a waste to have your
ldren grow up with a mother
gue spoken by only a handful of
ple?" I asked. "No," was the an-
r, "we want our children to return
Welsh not in spite of but *because* it's
ng spoken by a handful only." The
sh writer Ned Thomas explains
"a Welshman can choose his fu-
either with the tawdry glitter of
capitalism, the images concealing
permanent and unrelenting pres-
s, the fundamental worthlessness
uch of the work he will be asked
o . . . or he can decide to resist on
own territory the dehumanizing
es found everywhere. . . . Our own
guage frees us from the controls
the mass media and the economy
he world try to force upon us. To
m, our language seems an area of
os, a latent threat. To us it is an
of inner freedom."

When I think, for instance, of the
ndinavian countries or Switzer-
d or Holland, my own country of
in, I see small states, their nation-
d long taken for granted, that of-
heir people some of that breathing
ce Thomas wrote about. They
't lack in "tawdry glitter" and "un-
nting pressures," but the intimacy
he small state creates a brotherly-
erly bond. It makes it easier for
se states to have social (or near-
ialist) welfare on an almost apo-
cal basis, and beyond that, and
cisely in the areas of "unrelenting
ssures," this solidarity means that
n-Jacques Rousseau's Social Con-
t is a less heavy instrument.

'Science . . . commerce and other
. . . tightening the bonds of soci-
among men by personal interest,
ce them all in mutual dependence.
ese ideas are undoubtedly pleasant,
examining them carefully and
partially, many drawbacks are to
found. . . . For it is an astounding
ng that it has been made impossi-
for men to live together without
ng always on their guard, usurping
h other's places, deceiving, betray-
and destroying each other . . ."
Rousseau wrote these
words in 1752.

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1. A(GE)S; 2. DRAG-ER-FLES(h), reversed; 3. DAWDLER, anagram & Lit; 4. A-W-AITED (anagram); 5. LA-BEL; 6. P(L)AINS; 7. SHA(PIN)G; 8. B(OG)US(h); 9. PAUSE, "paws"; 10. SALTBUSH, anagram; 11. WOLF(reversal)-RAMS; 12. FOREPAW, anagram; 13. ESPLANADE, hidden in reverse; 14. SWAM-PER; 15. PEAL, "peel"; 16. DA(ME)'S; 17. ENT(anagram)-OUR-AGE; 18. GENERALSHIP, anagram; 19. UPPERMOST, anagram; 20. TOM-RAM, reversed; 21. VAN-I-LLA(reversal); 22. P(A. . .)LINDROM(anagram)-E; 23. SORREL, hidden; 24. TACH, "tack"; 25. MU(L-TIP)LE; 26. OVERACT (anagram)-S(word); 27. MA-NEATER; 28. ULUL(reversal)-ATE; 29. RE-VOCATION; 30. ST(RETCH)ING; 31. BI(R. . .)ETTA, anagram; 32. NOUGHT, anagram; 33. REBIRTH(e), anagram; 34. (h)AIRLINE; 35. U-SEFUL (anagram); 36. QU(O. . .)ITS; 37. DING(y)-US.

SOLUTION TO SEPTEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 69). PHILIP HOWARD: WEASEL WORDS. A man would be batting on a sticky wicket and queering his own pitch if he insisted that session could never be used except for sitting. . . . such a crass rule would prohibit all metaphor, which is the principal flower-bed for new and vivid language.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 70, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by October 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the November issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 68 are A. J. Tyzenhouse, Richmond, Virginia; Bill Wooley, Dunwoody, Georgia; and Steve Bowley, Denver, Colorado.

thereabouts. These events have be
so mythologized that they seem
confer on the republic a divine sar
tion once reserved for absolute mo
archs. Our society (more than oth
major powers West and East) forces
citizens to be, as Rousseau says, "
guard" against each other. Wher
consider the reasons men and wom
such as the Welsh nationalists give
wanting to opt out of a major powe
cannot but wonder why so ma
Americans think it desirable for t
republic to constantly increase
power—that is, its *weight*. Profes
Paul Kennedy wrote in the *New Y*
Times that the question most f
quently raised by his recent book T
Rise and Fall of the Great Powers was '
it reversible?" I think a more per
nent question would be "Does su
decline of a great power also mear
decline in the common happiness
people, in the qualities of their liv
in their chance for a more just ex
tence?" The pleasures of natior
greatness were genuine to a tiny gro
of men (no women), from Benjam
Disraeli to Winston Churchill, fr
Teddy Roosevelt to FDR, who hac
chance to enjoy the spectacular hi
of making history. Most of the rest
us were asked to enjoy this greatn
vicariously while paying the price
money, life, or limb. Unless, that
we shared the frenzy of the late Ser
tor Richard Russell, who declar
that he didn't mind if there were or
two people left alive after the ne
war, as long as they we
both American.

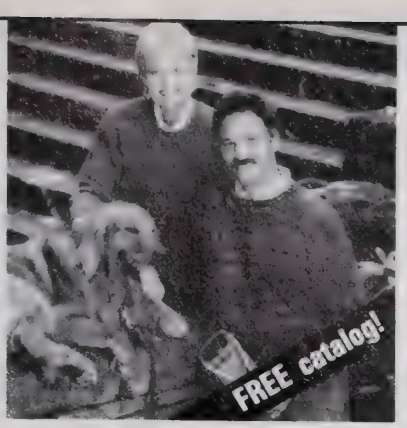
Thoughts going through the he
of Jacques Thibault (in Roger Mar
du Gard's novel-series *Les Thibaul*
as he stands in the Paris Gare de l'
on Saturday night, August 1, 19
"The average man identifies hims
naively with the state—his habit
saying, 'We French,' 'We Germa
. . . and it becomes so easy to co
vince him that a hostile threat m
come from abroad, that his gove
ment is not responsible." On th
day, the French intellectuals—w
had convincingly argued that w
stemmed from economic confron
tions and that we were all made fo
of by flag-waving politicians—w
crowding the railroad stations, si

"La Marseillaise," and joining the
y. They felt it was their own deci-
that they were off to kill the men
a week earlier had been their fra-
al colleagues. And, in a way, it
. "Aren't wars the result of an ob-
e, untamable conflict of passions
ch makes use of the 'confronta-
s of interests' as its pretext?" Thi-
lt asked himself. Even now, in the
lear age, the bugle call so natural
you wanna go to war is still think-
. What is not thinkable is such a
's deadliness, on a scale so absolute
the very veterans of the 1914–18
ches with their 10 million corpses
ld have been unable to imagine its
th.

a gloire and our Old Glory are now
pocalyptic as the silent, invisible
siles themselves. "International"
is the only possible word of
salvation.

We live on a planet whose in-
itants belong mostly to the Third
rld, nations that have not yet
naged to come to terms with mo-
nity, not even to the less-than-
pressive degree that the First and
ond Worlds have. Because of that,
ir repressed collective identities,
otional and religious, are raising
ir heads with a vengeance. Those
n and women are taking our Fourth
July and Quatorze Juillet exalta-
ns of nationalism very seriously in-
d, as seriously as they take our
ctronics and chemistry. And this is
ural, for in a very real sense they
e lived outside our twentieth cen-
y and its two world wars: they have
learn all those bloody lessons for
mselves. In 1953 when the CIA
erthrew Iran's calm, twentieth-
ntury-ish Prime Minister Moham-
d Mossadegh, it became directly
ponsible for the eventual rise to
wer of the Ayatollah Khomeini. In
79 Khomeini put the Iranian calen-
at the Moslem year 1357 of the
gira. We conjured back onto the
ge a cast of medieval pikemen with
ded missiles for their pikes.

Chickens come home to roost. We,
peoples of the First World, have
own the Third World how to make
d use high explosives, and it is but a
estion of years before we will have
own them how to build hydrogen



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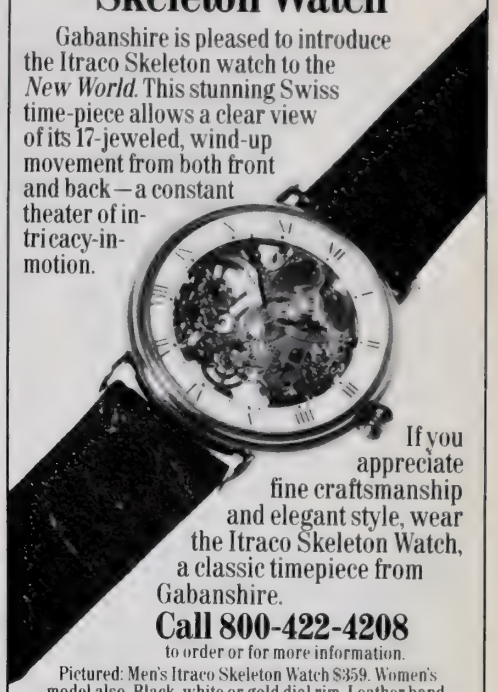
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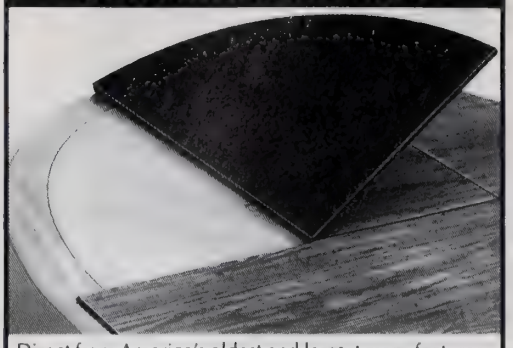
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French told me, "When we know h
to make atomic missiles, our first c
will be sent to destroy the old sl
port Liverpool, hence came
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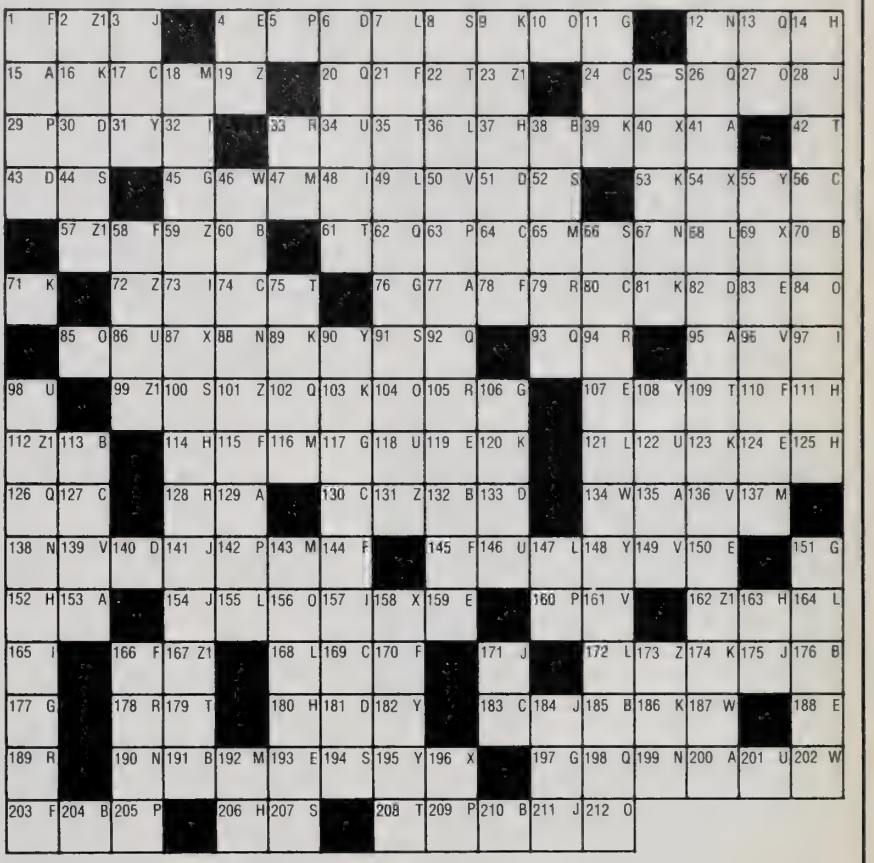
1 *Jane's Defence Weekly* (London)
United Nations (New York City);
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(Prairie Village, Kan.); **12** New Yo
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Conservation (Albany); **13** Gl
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san Chira, *New York Times* (Toky
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cation; **17** National Family Opini
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Opinion Research Center (Chicag
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23 Ethan Nadelmann, Woodro
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(College Station, Tex.); **37,**
Waldenbooks (Stamford, Conn.
39 Laurie Cabot (Salem, Mass.
40 *Harper's* research.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 70

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 74.



CLUES

A. Emotional disorder — 41 153 135 129 77 / 200 15 95

B. Simple, uncompounded; primary — 70 176 204 191 132 60 38 210 / 185 113

C. Of long standing — 17 64 183 80 127 130 169 24 / 74 56

D. Device for securing a wheel — 6 82 133 51 181 140 30 43

E. Assume — 4 188 193 124 119 107 83 159 / 150

F. Arrogant, excessively proud — 1 203 58 144 166 21 170 78 / 115 145 110

G. Puts an end to, stamps out — 106 76 197 151 45 117 177 11

H. "Which far / Outshone ____ of Ormus and of Ind" (2 wds.; *Paradise Lost*) — 206 163 125 114 111 37 14 180 / 152

I. Ascends — 48 97 157 73 165 32

J. Hole, gap — 171 175 28 154 211 141 3 184

K. No way! Absolutely not! (2 wds.) — 81 123 120 53 39 103 16 71 / 174 9 89 186

L. Enjoy; esteem — 164 121 172 68 49 36 7 168 / 147 155

M. Elephant drivers — 47 143 137 18 192 116 65

N. Din, clamor — 88 138 199 67 190 12

O. Whomp, whip, clobber — 156 212 104 84 27 85 10

P. Set apart from others — 160 205 5 142 63 29 209

Q. Feeds, fosters — 20 93 198 62 102 92 26 13 / 126

R. Leaves; explodes (2 wds.) — 79 178 33 105 128 189 94

S. Equipped — 207 100 25 66 194 91 8 52 / 44

T. Adverse, inauspicious — 35 179 61 75 22 42 109 208

U. State tree of California — 122 201 34 98 118 146 86

V. Assail scathingly — 161 149 139 50 136 96

W. Patron saint of sailors — 187 202 134 46

X. Type of immovable blockage — 158 40 196 87 54 69

Y. Cowpox virus, e.g. — 55 108 31 90 148 195 182

Z. Begrudges — 173 19 131 72 59 101

Z1. Short, bristly growth — 23 162 2 99 57 112 167

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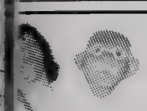
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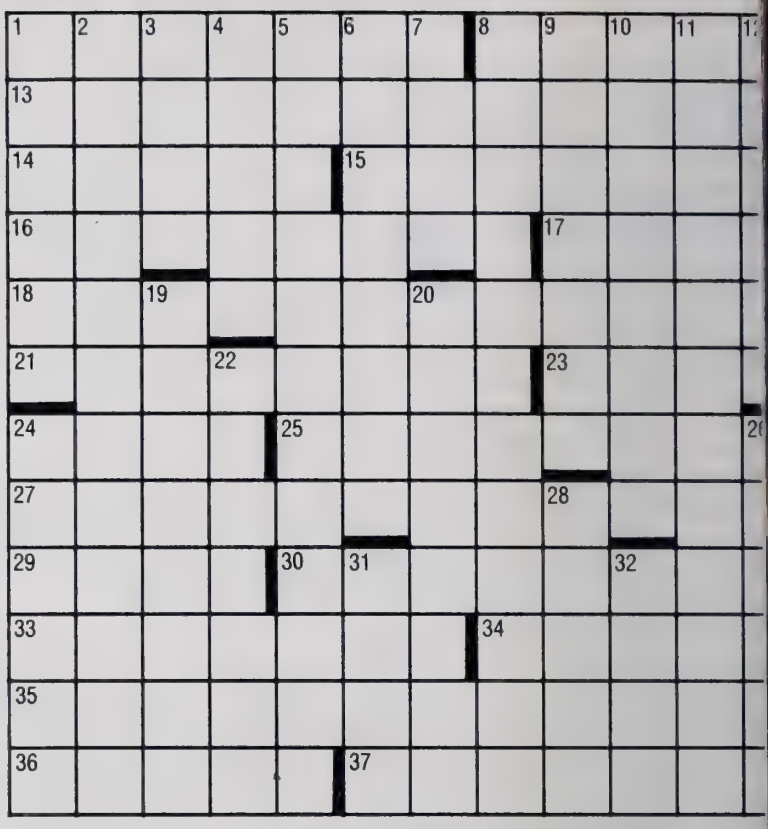
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PUZZLE



No Unches

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

"Unches" are unchecked letters—that feature of "listener-style" diagrams in which one or more letters in an entry are unidentified by crossing entries, thereby making it necessary to solve every clue. In this diagram we've made it easier for you by eliminating all unches. But not too easy . . . one quarter (ten) of the clue answers are entered with their letters jumbled.

Clue answers include a common foreign word, three capitalized words, a variant spelling (6D), and several uncommon words (1A, 1D, 10D, 32D among them). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 74.

Across

1. Dagmar's construed to be a real gem (7)
8. What's heard at the wedding reception is like having a baby around (5)
13. Rashly, I call her up about love, beginning to yell with pleasure (12)
14. For Romans, a year is concealed by Roman numerals (5)
15. Stuck with rent (7)
16. Farmers holding liter containers for beer (8)
17. Surreptitious remark—it's symbolic of the Welsh, one hears (4)
18. You can buy anything here, from some brass to heads of romaine and endive (12, *two words*)
21. This is due after phone company made a noisy call (8)
23. Strip of material, laminated rock mostly (4)
24. Dillydally in Botswana (4)
25. Unlevel ground almost jolts chamber pots (8, *two words*)
27. One kind of racer shows run in conversion of shear torque (12, *two words*)
29. Egg produced by sturgeon (4)
30. Is page clipping making a splash? (8)
33. Half of frieze arranged like biblical prophet (7)
34. Somewhat pedestrian line (5)
35. Flighty? Could be, out in area by California (12)
36. Kind of light lager's first put into barrel around one (5)
37. Royal Academy dislodged class miscreants (7)

Down

1. Sprinkle, for instance, blows up (6)
2. One thousand, awful unwell, graze cattle food (12, *hyphenated*)
3. Superficial eruptions turn Caen inside out (4)
4. Agitate roués turning tail (5)
5. Smart winger foolishly left in one-on-one sport (12, *two words*)
6. The Spanish and French dance (drag) coming up credulous (8)
7. Sounding fearful, he often changes colors (4)
8. Mystic believers dashed his tot's hopes (12)
9. Old Jets rudely pushed aside (7)
10. Like sockets for teeth, one crooked all over (8)
11. Bring up everything I knock as radical . . . like flavoring for soda (12)
12. Check *The French Connection* and *The Right Stuff* (6)
19. North African gale rain storms (8)
20. Comprehensive oral revised to include Latin and German (8, *hyphenated*)
22. We're on base, assuming King's gotten up again (7)
24. Escape from wild quakes (6)
26. Flower leaves bit of pollen in tight closures (6)
28. A mirror, e.g., could show spasm after work (5)
31. Equipment that's marginal in German car (4)
32. A whale, to a biologist or commercial agent (5)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "No Unches," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the December issue. Winners of the August puzzle, "Superfluities," are Richard M. Miller, Gaithersburg, Maryland; George Sykes, Blue Bell, Pennsylvania; and Wally Harper, New York, New York.



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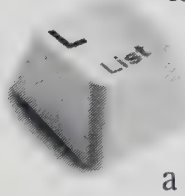
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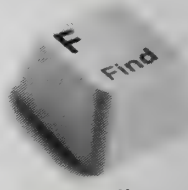


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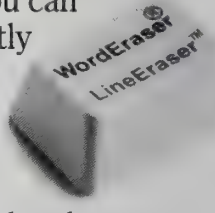
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Cover: Photograph by J.L. Atlan / Sygma

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Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Please send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (614) 383-3141, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. *Harper's Magazine* does not publish unsolicited poetry.

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LETTERS

Just the Facts

After reading Francisco Goldman's "Sad Tales of la Libertad de Prensa" [August], I had to roll my eyes. Goldman clearly does not understand the difficulties of practicing journalism in Central America, where doing so frequently leads to an increase in the number of widows and orphans.

He admits that he judged the Guatemalan daily *Prensa Libre* after reading "between the lines" of the March 14 and April 4, 1988, editions. Goldman uses a sample of 0.0171276 percent of the paper's total editions —which he read in a Brooklyn café— to accuse the paper of unethical journalism.

Maybe he thought he was writing a chapter of his novel—he certainly shows a fertile imagination. But *Prensa Libre* circulates 73,000 copies, not 85,000. And Guatemala's real illiteracy rate is 75 percent, not 55 percent.

Goldman says that *Prensa Libre* does not live up to its motto of independent, honest, and dignified journalism. He proves his assertion with a story published in *El Grafico*, the rival paper, about ten years ago. *El Grafico*, according to Goldman, did something "that *Prensa Libre* never has": it ran a story that "upset the Guatemalan business community." The story alleged (wrongly, by the way) t the popular fried-chicken franch "Pollo Campero" was owned by Ar tasio Somoza, then dictator of Ni ragua. He implies that *Prensa Li* ignored the story, which provoked advertising boycott of *El Grafico* so vere that some editions were "o four pages."

Although the boycott did ind exist, *El Grafico* never had edition four pages. The number of pages clined from eighty to forty-eight, the paper published two twenty-f page editions.

Goldman says, "A quick tou *Prensa Libre*'s inner pages reve wedged in among the society pa two- and three-paragraph account the ongoing violence," which is sented as "crime-blotter filler." says the paper does not put the n ders in a political context and "c not breathe a word that maybe, maybe, a military man had someth to do with it."

Political killings have been a tr fact of Guatemalan life for too l But since President Vinicio Ce took office in 1986, there has be decrease in the number of killi Unfortunately, the problem rema But the activity of political grou different ideologies—all of them believers in political crime as a v political weapon—makes it imp ble, and dangerous, to blame any in print. But Goldman seems to lieve that in order to produce g journalism all the political kill should be attributed to the Guate

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

n military! Not a strong point.
Prensa Libre has learned the hard
y that it is difficult, risky, and even
adly to practice journalism in Gua-
nala. The paper was founded in
51 by five young reporters. One of
em, Isidoro Zarco, was machine-
ined in 1970 in Guatemala City.
o others were kidnapped, and their
en-figure ransoms, paid in U.S.
llars, nearly bankrupted the paper.
e newspaper's offices have been
mbed twice; the houses of three of
owners were also bombed. There
a bullet hole in my office window.
e are the only Central American
wspaper with a union—the leader
which was among the twenty-one
ion leaders who "disappeared" in
81. In 1982, *Prensa Libre*'s chal-
nge to the law forbidding stories
out guerrilla activities led to the
v's abolition. Such is journalism in
e tropics.

I agree that the Central American
ess needs improving. But we are
ver going to be, as Goldman wish-
, "like the *New York Times*." News-
papers reflect their societies, their times, their nation's political stage. It is not possible to have "developed" journalism in an underdeveloped country. We recognize that fact and are trying to remedy it. We deserve criticism. But we do not deserve superficial criticism, delivered in an unprofessional manner, such as Goldman's article.

Mario Antonio Sandoval
Guatemala City, Guatemala

Mario Antonio Sandoval is deputy editor of Prensa Libre.

Francisco Goldman responds:

Mario Sandoval rolls his eyes; several thousand miles away, my stomach turns. I've spent nearly four of the last ten years in Guatemala. I've read all too many of the 0.9828724 percent of the editorials he seems to think I've missed. In fact, I've just returned from a summer in that country, where I read two months of celebratory accounts of one Padre Chemita. This tawdry right-wing priest and activist held daily rallies at which he burned effigies of President Cerezo, his mistresses, and the archbishop. He even conducted exorcisms of these effigies. No, *Prensa Libre* is not a politicking rag.

My essay does not propose that Central American newspapers should be anything like the *New York Times*. I argue that the Reagan administration's exclusive focus on freedom of the press in Nicaragua seems to have created the impression that the other Central American "democracies" possess something that Americans would recognize as a "free press," an illusion I want to dispel. Sandoval's apologia for his own newspaper's failings only reinforces my point.

The larger question is, what role should a newspaper play in a country such as Guatemala? Sandoval offers just the facts, as if Guatemalans need nothing more from a newspaper than a dispassionate counting of corpses in the streets. Threats of violence, says Sandoval, "make it impossible, and

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dangerous, to blame anyone in print."

Nothing is more sorely missed in Guatemala than a public airing of its more painful truths. It is indisputable that the few in the Guatemalan press who have fought for the right to express the truth have met with violent intimidation, forced exile, or death. For Sandoval to claim to identify with that struggle is nauseating.

As to Sandoval's more specific complaints:

1. The quoted statistics on Guatemala's illiteracy rates and *Prensa Libre*'s circulation are not a product of my "fertile imagination" but are statistics from UNESCO and UNICEF.

2. I was wrong about *El Grafico,* but even if it shrank from eighty to twenty-four pages and not four, this still illustrates my point about private-sector influences.

I stand by my assertion that the military has been responsible for the vast majority of political killings in Guatemala, and that *Prensa Libre* does not report on the military's role, in part out of fear, but mainly because it would not suit the paper's ideological interests to do so.

Does that seem cynical? Unfair? Yet I have seen *Prensa Libre* be bold when so disposed. In 1985, after the military had killed two of the leaders of Guatemala's only independent human rights organization, an Amnesty International delegation arrived to investigate these and other abuses. Because of the long-standing hostility of the Guatemalan press to human rights organizations, and because of the delicacy of the subject, Amnesty International requested that the press be barred from a private meeting with high military officials. The next day, *Prensa Libre* countered with this front-page headline: AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL VIOLATES HUMAN RIGHTS.

Facing Our Own Savagery

I enjoyed the five-way philosophical debate on animal rights ["Just Like Us?" August], but I'm still trying to decide whether Ingrid Newkirk is a pretentious activist with an ego the size of an aircraft carrier or just a fool who lets her mouth come unglued a little too often. Silly us! If we had o listened to the activists we'd proba have the perfect society! After re ing and then rereading Newki proclamation that "we activists h to tell people exactly what they *sho* do," I cleaned my spectacles, read passage for a third time, checked bio to see if she was a practicing N and then proceeded to laugh. statements are just plain ludicrou

Unlike the beach ball New tosses up, Gary Francione does m a substantive point—albeit wron when he argues that the ability to pain is unrelated to the ability to son and/or use language. If my schnauzer and I are watching *Nigh* and Ted Koppel broadcasts the im of my entire family being blown u a French bistro, who would feel and guilt? Certainly not the qua ped. Meanwhile, I would be pic my brain off the floor because a co million years of evolution had gra me the ability to build TV sets then watch my family die, wit ever leaving my La-Z-Boy lounger hairless apes who drive expen

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humans do *not* require tangible
uli in order to experience pain.
is as much a part of being hu-
as eating the right breakfast ce-
The more we understand, the
we may be hurt by that under-
ding.
am not a bloodthirsty Neander-
with squirrel fur in my tire treads.
, however, a staunch advocate
he rightful place humanity has
ed. Unlike animals, humans *wish*
ve, or, if they do not, they are the
animals who can consciously de-
to end their own lives.

rt Tiedmann Schreiber
ington, Vt.

was surprised, though I guess I
uldn't have been, to read the
oundly bizarre August forum in
ch five people tried to make sense
he relationship of man to animal.
e of us have long held that man
st another animal. Now animals
discovered to be other kinds of
ple. I should have expected this
pping confusion.

Sliger Bird
hell, Wash.

is incomprehensible to me that
one would consider using a pig's
rt for a human heart transplant.
hearts are far too tasty to use as
e pumps. And to use rabbits as
inea pigs" is unfathomable. Rabbit
dquarters fry into a feast fit for a
g. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of
sage, after all, is the foundation of
society.
am concerned about the wanton
truction and, yes, mutilation of
vegetable. No one in the forum
mented on the rights of the egg-
nt or the potato. Every day, people
them in oil and don't even think
ut it. Unlike animals, no plant has
r attacked and killed a human.
nivores of the world, we must
olt against the inanity of organi-
ons such as People for the Ethical
atment of Animals. These folks
e discriminated long enough
inst plants.

nnis Dean Carpenter
hlonega, Ga.

You deserve to know the facts about. . .

Jordan

Is it or is it not Palestine?

The world was surprised recently by Jordan's King Hussein severing his and his country's involvement with the Palestinian Arabs of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and by thus exacerbating the political vacuum in the area. In "washing his hands" of the problems of this area and its inhabitants, the king made the statement "Jordan is not Palestine"!

What are the facts?

■ In order to understand King Hussein's statement, a review of Jordan's history is in order. It is a short one. Before World War I, the area now known as the "Middle East" was part of the Ottoman (Turkish) Empire. The French and British defeated the Turks, drove them out of the area, and split it between themselves. The French took what is now Syria and Lebanon as their "sphere of influence"; the British took Iraq, Palestine, Egypt and the Arabian peninsula.

■ In 1917, Britain had issued the Balfour Declaration, a statement expressing Britain's promise for "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." In 1922, the League of Nations granted Britain the mandate over Palestine, specifically including the requirements of the Balfour Declaration. Since Biblical times, the country now called "Palestine" always included the area now occupied by Israel (including the "West Bank"), Gaza and Jordan. The British drew a few lines on the map and granted the entire area east of the Jordan River—close to 80% of mandated Palestine —as a kingdom to Abdullah, the grandfather of King Hussein. The Jewish homeland, promised in the Balfour Declaration by the same British, was reduced to a mere one-fifth of its original size. Transjordan (as the new country was called) attained its independence from Britain in 1946.

■ In 1947, the United Nations proposed a plan under which the just over 20% remnant of Palestine was to be further divided between the Arabs living in the area and the Jews. Such was the desire of the Jews to get their homeland, and so great the need to gather what was left of European Jewry after the Holocaust, that they accepted this further partition. The Arabs flatly refused. When Israel declared its independence in 1948, five Arab armies invaded it on the very day of its birth. Transjordan's army, led by British officers, was among them. The Israelis defeated all five armies. Egypt managed to hang on to Gaza, and Transjordan to the "West Bank" and the eastern sector of Jerusalem. Transjordan promptly renamed itself Jordan, proceeded to annex the area and to keep it as an integral part of its kingdom.

■ In 1967, Hussein made the fatal mistake of his kingly career. He let himself be seduced by Egypt's Nasser to join in what became known as the Six Day War. All Arab armies were devastated. Israel regained the "West Bank." Pending final disposition of the area, Israel has administered it ever since. The inhabitants retained Jordanian citizenship. Israel allowed Jordan to stay in control of the judicial systems, of the school system, and of the local administrative and religious networks.

■ The Jordanians, of course, are the real Palestinian Arabs. Over 70% of the 2.8 million population of the kingdom are Palestinian Arabs. The Arabs of Jordan are exactly the same people as the Arabs living in the "West Bank." There is no difference between them in language, ethnicity or social customs. Before the Six Day War, the concept of a *second* Palestinian state located in the "West Bank" had never occurred to anybody. Because the Palestinians, *do* have a country. It's Jordan. Over 2 million Palestinians live in Jordan, and only 800,000 in the territories administered by Israel. Do they need another country? Of course not! It makes no difference what King Hussein says. Jordan is and always has been Palestine. His saying "it ain't so" does not change that at all.

One wonders why King Hussein would abdicate his "rights" to the area west of the Jordan River, cutting its inhabitants loose and leaving the field to the Israelis and the PLO. The King is a clever man and a survivor. He has come to realize that he already has 2 million Palestinians in Jordan. They owe him little loyalty and are in almost constant rebellion. It's clear now to King Hussein that if 800,000 Arab Palestinians from the "West Bank" were to form an independent PLO state, they would seek union with their brethren in Jordan. But that union would not be under King Hussein—it would be under the PLO. And that would be the end of his dynasty. Whatever statement King Hussein wishes to make: It is clear—historically and by common sense—that *Jordan is Palestine and Palestine is Jordan.*

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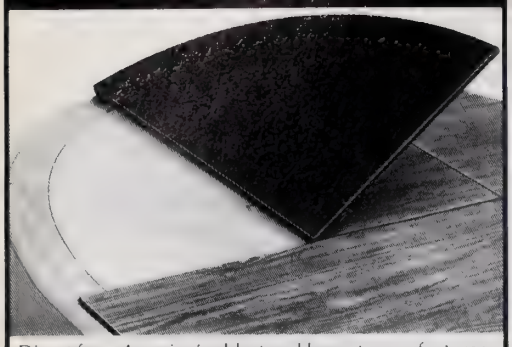
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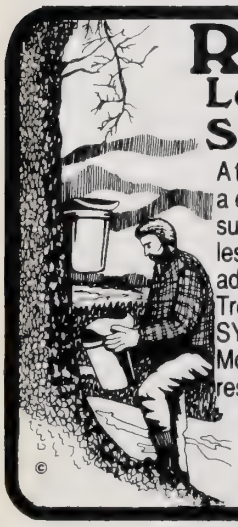


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Your animal rights forum raises on basic question that is never addresse by the participants: How can we hu mans promote respect for the diffe ences among those creatures who, fi sound ecological reasons, are distin from us?

Richard Adams's "autobiograph of General Robert E. Lee's hors *Traveller,* does more than offer a no human view of the Civil War and Lee himself. *Traveller* also perceiv the similarity between the bondage slaves and of horses, each witho any legal claim to self-determinatio And the subsequent shift in the stat of blacks can be attributed not on to powerful black activists but to th voices of literature as well.

Newkirk and Francione are mo than justified in their impatience. agree that the fight for legal prote tion for all animals must intensif But in the long haul, Arthur Caplan right. Heavy legal artillery doesn alter hearts or minds.

Literature can bring the voices other species to human ears. There an extensive, largely unexplore group of novels—from Anna Sewel *Black Beauty* to Adam's talking-an mal novels *Watership Down, T Plague Dogs,* and *Traveller*—in whi animals reveal their own imagin tions. The writings of Kipling, Lo don, Woolf, Grass, E. B. White, a T. H. White also encourage readers experience the world from the poi of view of organisms that are differe from us in many ways but often d turbingly similar as well.

When *Black Beauty* and its proge are added to the canon, we will h those voices and experience th lives, albeit in translation. Th there will be some hope for a paradi shift in the way we think about a mals and in our understanding what "life, liberty, and the pursuit happiness" may mean.

Marion W. Copeland
Pelham, Mass.

Suppose we eliminate zoos, c cuses, and other offensive insti tions? Would the animals be free roam wherever they wished, or wo they be "deported"? Would a reti dancing bear be free to make his ho

the campus of Professor Fran-
ne's University of Pennsylvania?
ould a hungry lion be free to eat
ncione for dinner?

n Baustian
rth Hollywood, Calif.

f sociability is the criterion for
nding out rights, what about in-
ts, with their complex social orga-
ations? In fact, animals may be
re social than humans because they
not hampered by anti-social ideas
h as freedom, autonomy, and iso-
on. But because we no longer live
e by side with animals, we no long-
empathize with them and are thus
uced to the wretched business of
anting them rights." For this rea-
, hunting should be outlawed.
er hunters from big cities share few
the ties that bind lion to gazelle.
Eating meat is not wrong. What is
ong is that the person enjoying
t nice cut of meat is not present—
e-to-face—when the killing takes
ce. Life demands sacrifice, accom-
nied by guilt. Stripped of the rituals by which our primitive ancestors assuaged their guilt, we can only seek refuge in ignorance and indifference. We eat our meat guilt-free while watching *Bambi* on the Disney Channel.

We need to foster in people a feeling for the connectedness of all things. This means that an animal's or a plant's life must be taken intimately, based on true need and with gratefulness. To feast is to rejoice and come face-to-face with our own savagery.

Wayne Allyn Thompson
Jelm, Wyo.

If we believe in divine creation, it follows that *all* living things—not just the human species—are created in God's image. The truth is that we monotheists (Christians, Jews, Muslims) have created a God in *our* image, and then marvel at our likeness to him. With this delusionary sleight of hand we justify ravaging the earth and lording it over all other creatures. As long as we persist in this arrogance, we are doomed to continue our suicidal journey ever farther from the Garden of Eden.

Gard Norberg
Dania, Fla.

Through a Photo Op, Darkly

Walter Karp must live in a different society than I do ["Uncle Miltie v. Mass Man," Readings, July]. In my society, the influence of television is awesome, determining the nature of celebrity, the appropriate items to eat, drink, and wear, and the public's perception of presidential effectiveness. The advisers who guide President Reagan through photo opportunities understand the ability of television to generate "mass 'loss of autonomy'" better than Karp does.

To cite Milton Berle and Jackie Gleason as examples of television's ability to violate "mass culture" is tantamount to pointing to convicts exercising in a prison yard and claiming they have total freedom.

Adam Hanft
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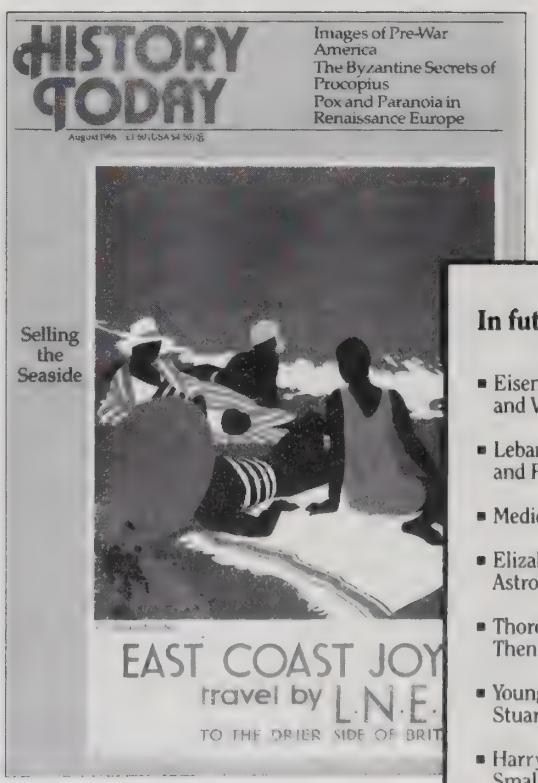
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NOTEBOOK

Burnt offerings

By Lewis H. Lapham

Routine and ritual constitute the standard substitute for faith of the incandescent, personal, and revolutionary kind. As such faiths—Marxist or liberal-democratic—fade towards mere shibboleth, ritual and routine alone remain.

—William H. McNeill

It isn't often that anybody gets invited to attend the ritual sacrifice of a ballistic missile, and so when the chance presented itself on September 8, I made the journey south to the Longhorn Army Ammunition Plant at Karnack, Texas. Together with a delegation of Soviet observers, roughly 300 representatives of the national and international media gathered at 8:30 A.M. in a clearing in a pine forest.

The Army provided coffee and doughnuts as well as a stand of bleachers for the television cameras and two canvas pavilions under which the duly assembled witnesses seated themselves on folding chairs. A number of ushers in uniform, none of whom appeared to be of lesser rank than lieutenant colonel, handed around earplugs and sheaves of documents in which it was explained that the morning's elimination of the propulsion section of a Pershing II rocket (propellant weight—7,900 pounds; thrust—42,000 pounds; burn time—56 seconds) was the first in a series of eliminations mandated by the INF treaty signed last December by President Reagan and First Secretary Gorbachev at their summit conference in Washington. The Soviet government had begun the destruction of its own arsenal of intermediate ballistic missiles (most notably the SS-20) at ceremonies conducted in Siberia in July, and now it was the turn of the United States to comply with the treaty's fourth and most photogenic protocol.

The rocket casing—painted green and made of Kevlar—rested in a horizontal position on a steel harness bolted to the concrete floor of what looked like a loading dock at the rear of a wooden building not much bigger than a toolshed. From a distance of 1,300 feet the casing was barely visible and no more intimidating than a barrel of linseed oil. While the crowd waited for the arrival of Vice President Bush, who was traveling through Texas that week on his political campaign, the civilian officials presiding over the ceremony encouraged the reporters to ask questions. The response was listless. Most everybody present knew that he or she had been sent to a photo opportunity that would receive no more than a few paragraphs in the back of the paper or, if nothing much happened elsewhere in the world, thirty seconds on the network news. Nobody could think of anything to say.

Embarrassed by the torpor of his companions, a polite gentleman from the BBC in London asked how much it had cost to manufacture the rocket so soon to be offered as alms for oblivion. The briefing officer said he didn't know, and his manner, which was condescending, suggested that he found the question both distasteful and impious. It was as if one of Homer's Greeks standing on the beach of ancient Troy had asked the priest of Apollo how much it had cost to breed the sacrificial bull.

Vice President Bush arrived shortly before 10 A.M. in a swarm of Secret Service agents. A general stepped up to a microphone to say that the countdown now had begun at ignition minus thirty minutes. The cameramen drank the last of their coffee and refined their angles of perspective. A hawk drifted through the clearing, and a light wind ruffled the leaves of the sweet gum trees.

The firing of the rocket divided into four sequences—first a flash of white flame, then a tremendous ro ing sound, then a steady orange fla dissolving into a cloud of hea white smoke. The effect was surpr ingly unimpressive, and I thought child's firecracker left to burn its out on a playground.

When the rocket had been p nounced extinct, Vice President Bu read a brief funeral oration. T words were grandiloquent—"This the day we began to reverse the ar race. . . . [A day when] the tides history turned and a new futu dawned"—but his voice lacked re nance and conviction.

After the rocket casing had cool a forklift carried it a distance of abo 400 feet to a trash compactor plac between the firing dock and the ca vas pavilions. The forklift labor slowly and clumsily across the unev ground, its progress under the av ward weight of its burden as hideous it was primitive. I saw a barrel o forklift, but I thought of a process of half-naked men bearing a dead a mal to a stone altar. The witnesses ranged themselves in a circle arou the crushing machine and watch impassively until the casing had be split open with a sound like that breaking plastic. A few of the youn and more impressionable reporters tempted a round of applause, but th motion of approval was not sustain by the rest of the crowd—presuma because any display of feeling mi be construed as an expression of edi rial opinion—and the sound of th tentative clapping subsided into chagrined silence. Bush smiled ple antly, as if at a church picnic, a handed a shard of the broken casing the chief of the Soviet delegati The cameras took note of the gestu and the Vice President, late for next appointment, stepped hurrie into his car.

Within a matter of minutes

evision crews were loading their neras into trucks, and the Army s taking down its makeshift stage . The reporters departed as abrupt- and as noisily as a flock of crows. I oked for the hawk but could see thing in the pale and empty sky ex- ot, far off on the horizon, what was t of the pillar of white smoke drift- east toward Louisiana.

Not being pressed with a deadline harried by the chore of sending fifty onds of film to New York or Paris, I d a chance to ask myself what I had n, and it occurred to me that an thropologist probably would clas- the morning's ritual under the ading of paganism. Certainly it was e that the American government d offered a costly sacrifice—the 859 ssiles marked for destruction in ac- rdance with the INF treaty once re worth $2.5 billion—but a sacri- e of what and to whom?

Under the terms of the treaty nei- er signatory consents to destroy a gle nuclear warhead, and both the nited States and the Soviet Union ll possess (and will continue to pos- ss well into the next century) more an enough megatons of nuclear ex- sive to obliterate all the targets awn on all the military maps in oscow and Washington.

Nor did the broken rocket ever pos- ss any practical value as a weapon. It as a totem, a symbol of power, a agical object not unlike a bronze sc, a shred of mole's fur, or a shrunk- n head. As long ago as 1950 the nu- ear weapons had become so frightful at even the most militant theorists uldn't conceive of sending them ainst either a strategic or a tactical jective. The secular, military pur- se gave way to the theological rpose of sustaining the myth of nnipotence. Because the miracle of terrence required an arsenal that uld stand as both the symbol and e embodiment of absolute power, th the United States and the Soviet nion, like druids assembling pol- hed stones into holy diagrams, con- nued to pile missile upon missile, idance system upon guidance sys- m, bomb upon bomb.

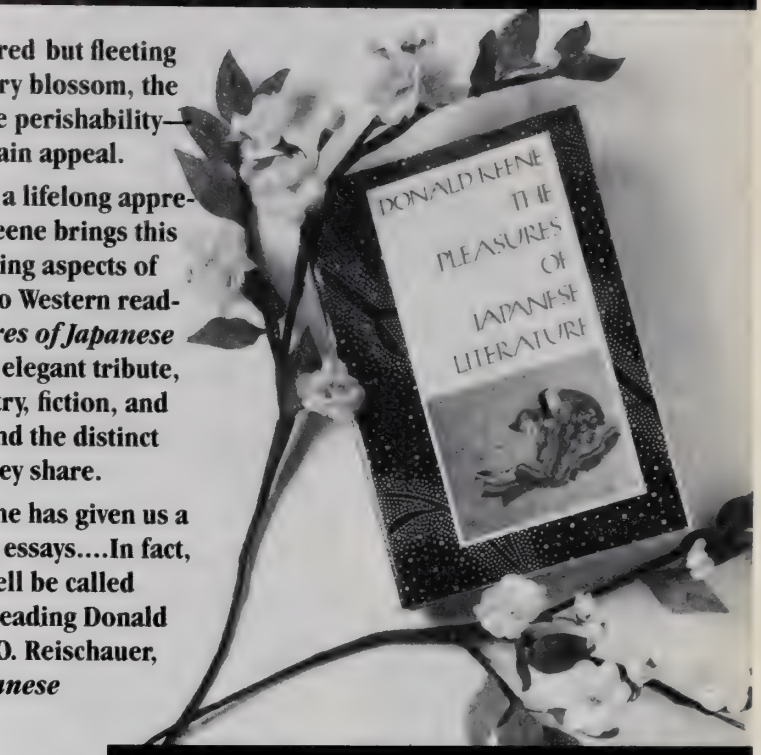
To the skeptics who asked what was e point of collecting so many weap- ns when no more than a few nuclear

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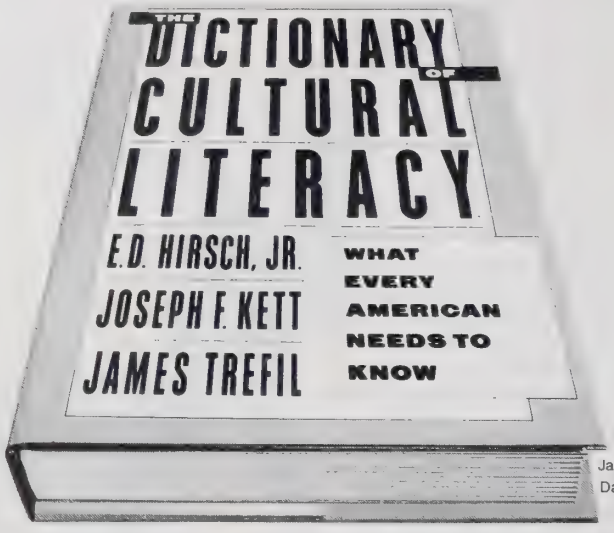
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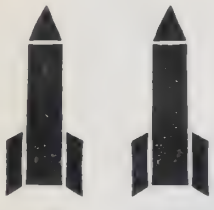
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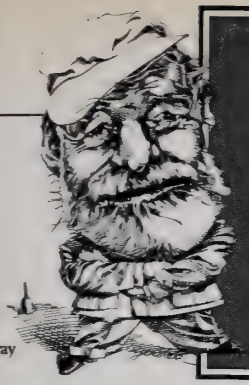
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explosions were sufficient to pois the earth, the policy intellectuals plied in the language of oracle. Det rence, they said, was not consta not a revelation that could be m sured out in "mere numbers" (eit of kilotons of warheads or casualti but an unutterable mystery that fli ered in the fire of perception a resided in the always shifting "inter tion of capabilities and vulnerabilitie

What was human became divi The sum of knowledge invested in construction of a nuclear weap comprised as brilliant a work of imagination as the world had e seen. The collective genius of h dreds of thousands of mathem cians, physicists, and engine managed, at incalculable cost, compress the fire of Heaven int barrel of Kevlar.

What was temporal became spir al. Statesmen came and went, but towers of hideous strength remai in place beyond the curve of the h zon. Each congregation worshi the terrible magnificence of the i in their aluminum silos, burnish them with greater degrees of sp and accuracy and quotients of pow

Soon after the last press bus Elimination Area A, a tow truck moved the broken rocket casing, in the dirt under the crushing chine, I could see nothing more t a few grains of burnt Kevlar. Bef the walls of Troy, the ancient Gre had offered burnt meats; on the pl of Texas the latter-day priests Apollo burned, for fifty-six second Firing Control Building 34-T, 7, pounds of propellant. To the p Christian gods of the empty hori they had sacrificed not an animal an image. The INF treaty does promise an end to the threat of nu ar annihilation, but it signifies symbolic dying of the Cold War. the time being at least the Uni States and the Soviet Union agreed not to define each other as incarnation of evil. Given a worl willingly beguiled by ritual, the tures on the evening news and in next day's papers conceivably mi reduce the throw weights of the arr clichés that the politicians hurl, feathered rattles, at their fear of dark.

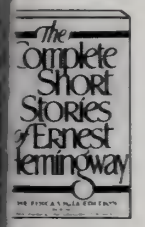


3 BOOKS, 3 BUCKS. NO COMMITMENT. NO KIDDING.

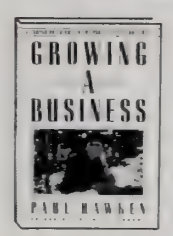


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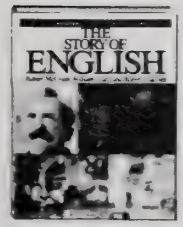
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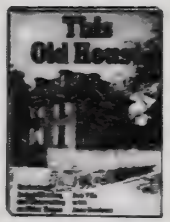
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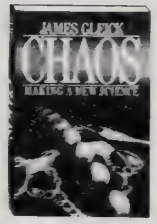
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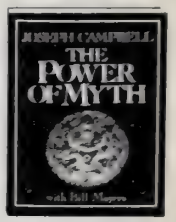
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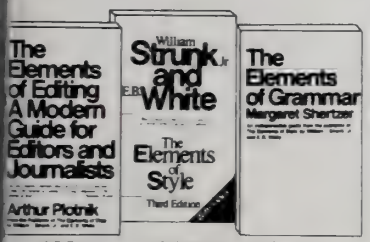
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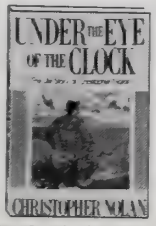
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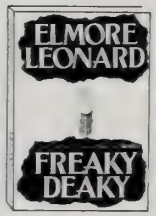
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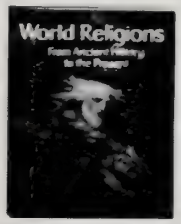
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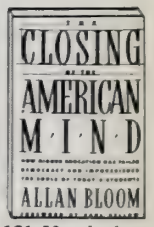
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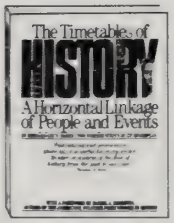
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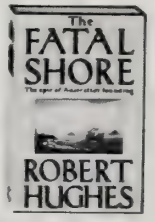
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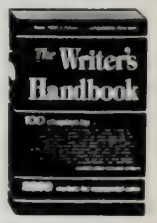
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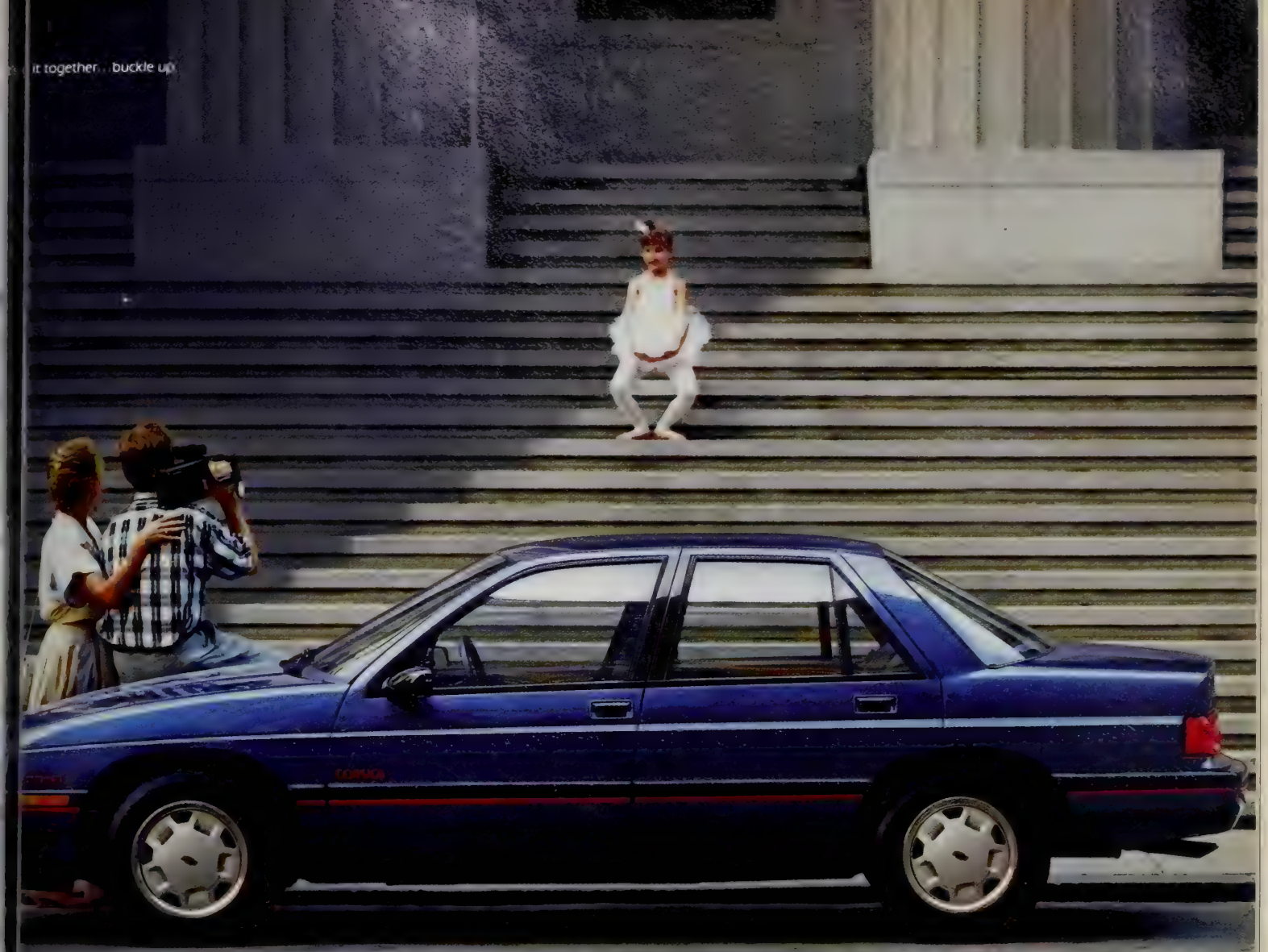
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HARPER'S INDEX

Chances that Dan Quayle will become president within the next eight years if George Bush is elected : 1 in 4
Estimated number of times George Bush recited the Pledge of Allegiance in the month following his nomination : 25
Number of times he recited it while a student at Greenwich Country Day School : 0
Number of special-interest tax breaks in the Republican party platform that would benefit the oil industry : 6
Number of government programs the Republican party platform proposes to eliminate : 0
Total federal spending in 1987, expressed as a percentage of the GNP : 23
Total federal spending in 1980, expressed as a percentage of the GNP : 22
Number of the 10 states with cuts in personal income taxes between 1986 and 1987 that had Democratic governors :
Number of American state governments that maintain offices in Tokyo : 39
Number of the world's 25 largest banks that are Japanese : 17
Number that are American : 0
Rank of "freedom" among the words that the Japanese associate most strongly with the United States : 1
Percentage of Americans who say they have "a great deal of confidence" in the executive branch of government : 16
Percentage of Americans who believe that the Soviet Union is a member of NATO : 16
Estimated number of unexploded land and trip mines in Afghanistan : 4,000,000
Members of Congress who have sent condolence letters to the families of the victims of the Iranian airliner crash : 6
Number of child-care bills introduced during the 1979–80 session of Congress : 71
Number introduced during the current session : 167
Percentage of teenagers who say the world is "getting worse" : 45
Percentage of Iowans who say that the death of Sid Vicious affected them personally : 5
Amount the Pentagon has spent this year on test samples of marijuana-laced, freeze-dried urine : $9,000
Value of the narcotics that the U.S. Border Patrol's 3,200 agents detected this year, per agent : $123,758
Value of the narcotics that the Patrol's 24 drug-sniffing dogs detected this year, per dog : $4,696,574
Price of a 45-minute private yoga lesson for a dog at Japan Trimming School in Tokyo : $34
Average portion of paid vacation time that a Japanese worker takes : 1/2
Ratio of engineers to lawyers graduated each year in Japan : 10:1
In the United States : 1:10
Ratio of administrators to students in Chicago's public schools : 1:143
In Chicago's parochial schools : 1:6,250
Percentage of Americans who say that God still performs miracles : 82
Parking fees that Universal Studios collected from picketers of *The Last Temptation of Christ* : $4,500
Total amount paid in residuals to the 10,000 members of the Writers Guild last year : $57,037,100
Amount the Walt Disney Company paid its chairman in salary, bonuses, and stock options last year : $37,700,000
Ratio of television sets produced to babies born each year in the United States : 3:1
Average number of alcoholic beverages an 8- to 12-year-old American child can name : 5.2
Average number of U.S. presidents a child can name : 4.8
Percentage increase in video rentals of *Hoosiers* on the weekend following Dan Quayle's acceptance speech : 39
Average number of golf games Dan Quayle played each week last year : 3
Tons of jelly beans the White House has purchased from the Goelitz Candy Company since 1981 : 12

Figures cited are the latest available as of September 1988. Sources are listed on page 80.
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READINGS

[Interview]

LEARNING TO LIVE WITHOUT A SOVIET THREAT

From "Obituary for the Cold War," an interview with George Kennan in the Summer issue of New Perspectives Quarterly. *As head of the State Department's policy planning staff in the late 1940s, Kennan developed the U.S. policy of "containment" toward the Soviet Union. He served as Ambassador to the Soviet Union in the early 1950s. The interview was conducted by Nathan Gardels.*

You have long been regarded as one of the American figures who best understands the "nature" of the Soviet system. Under Gorbachev, has the nature of the Soviet system changed in ways that no longer render it an inevitable threat to the West?

What kind of a threat—military or political? It is important to distinguish.

I have never thought of the Soviet Union as a military threat to this country—except during the Berlin blockade. Yet even then, Soviet motives were primarily defensive. Otherwise, since World War II, I have seen no evidence of Soviet desire or intention to attack us or our allies.

The Soviet Union was a serious political threat only in the immediate aftermath of World War II, primarily because Western Europe was politically and economically unstable. Since Western Europe recovered (largely through the Marshall Plan), the Soviet Union has scarcely been a political threat to us.

Given this, it is hard for me to say whether the Gorbachev reforms have made it less of a threat. However, no Soviet leader has had less incentive than Gorbachev to muddy the international waters by threatening the United States.

The task of internal economic and political reform he has undertaken is gargantuan and extremely difficult. Accomplishing it will require every ounce of energy and attention he can give. No international complication or tension can fail to detract from the success of his effort, and hence would not be welcome by him.

The strategy of containment outlined in your famous 1947 "X" article in Foreign Affairs *sought to achieve several objectives: to block the expansion of Soviet power "short of war"; to expose the falsities of Soviet pretensions; to induce a retraction of Kremlin control and influence in the world; and to foster the seeds of destruction within the Soviet system so as to make its behavior conform to accepted international standards. Have these objectives been achieved? If so, is their achievement primarily the result of the internal evolution of the Soviet system, or a result of U.S. containment policy?*

The strategy of containment embraced the hope, and envisaged the possibility, that it would lead to a "mellowing" of the rigidities of Stalinist power and to a Russia that would be easier for us to deal with.

This is precisely what has occurred. The change began with Stalin's death. It has been slow, but it has never been insignificant. And today, under Gorbachev's influence, change is proceeding faster than ever.

But these changes are primarily the result of forces operating within Soviet society: the general dislike of the Stalinist system (even within the party); the change of the generations; the influence of the non-Russian nationalities, as well as the Jews, within the Soviet empire; and the gradual recognition on the part of many people (outstandingly, Gorbachev himself) that the remaining Stalinist rigidities were seriously undermining the Soviet system and making it uncompetitive with the advanced countries of Asia and Europe.

To the extent that we have tended to overmilitarize our relationship with the Soviet Union, we have been more of a hindrance than a help to this "mellowing" process.

What do you mean by "Stalin's rigidities"?

I'm referring to the terrorism that affected the people closest to power even more than the mass of the population. The party itself abhorred Stalin's terror. The people around Stalin were immensely relieved when he died. If he hadn't died when he did, they would have surely tried to pull together and remove him. Everybody hated government by terror.

This feature of the Soviet system is gone. There is simply no comparison between the Gorbachev era and the Stalin years.

Is the Soviet system beyond reverting to Stalinism?

I don't think it could possibly revert to Stalinism. Brezhnev's death marked the end of Stalinist influence. There are very few remnants in the Soviet bureaucracy that remain loyal to Stalinist principles. Very few.

There are some people who would like to return to Brezhnevism, but every serious person in the senior ranks of the party realizes that even this is impossible. Even Yegor Ligachev, the man considered to be Gorbachev's chief opponent, realizes that there is no returning to what existed just ten years ago. He, too, is committed to *perestroika*.

How should the United States relate to a Soviet Union that has mellowed? Should we keep up the pressure of a "containment" policy?

In 1947, containment was devised against the political threat of international communism under Stalin's control, especially the Communist parties in France and Italy. Those parties are in no sense a danger today. In short, the notion of containment is today irrelevant.

Should we accommodate perestroika *by loosening up trade and technology restrictions?*

Yes. Of course we must limit the flow of technology that has sensitive military aspects to the Soviet Union or to any great power that is not an ally of this country. But beyond that we shouldn't attempt to influence the course of events in Russia very much. I don't think we can be successful in that, and I don't see why we should try to make things more difficult for Gorbachev. It is completely in our interest that Gorbachev succeed in his program of liberalization.

Would you venture to put a new name on what our strategy toward the Soviet Union should be today?

We should regard our relations with the Soviet Union today as being relations with a normal great power that is the heir to the congenital problems of the Russian empire. The communist aspect of it all has very little to do with the Soviet Union today.

The Marxist-Leninist ideology is a stale and sterile ritual to which lip service must be paid because it is the only ostensible source of legitimacy for the Communist party in Russia. Beyond that, nobody takes it seriously.

Gorbachev and his chief ally in the Politburo, Aleksandr Yakovlev, believe in socialism but not in communism in its world-revolutionary sense. That is clear. The whole rhetoric of communism that existed from Stalin to Brezhnev has now been abandoned.

Can U.S. public opinion and the politicians let go of the Soviet bogeyman as the defining point of our worldview?

I am skeptical about that possibility. A large segment of the American population has the need to cultivate the idea of American innocence and virtue—which requires an opposite pole of evil.

When will the Cold War be over?

I feel very strongly that the extreme military anxieties and rivalries that marked the high points of the Cold War have increasingly lost their rationale. Now they are predominantly matters of the past. The Cold War is outdated.

Of far greater importance are problems that demand collaboration between the Soviet Union and the United States. Of these, I would cite global environmental deterioration; the need to manage the revolution in electronic communication; North-South economic relationships; and the situations in the Near and Middle East. Compared with the dangers these situations present, the perceptions of danger that inspired the Cold War are insignificant.

Yakovlev said similar things in an interview with this publication in Moscow last year: "The world has become multi-polar. With the revolution in electronics, it has become interwoven and interdependent. With nuclear weapons, war has become impossible. Ecologically, the world is interdependent." Are Yakovlev and Gorbachev sincere?

They are sincere. In adapting to the new global realities—especially the fact that military competition is less and less important in the affairs of great powers—they are more serious than people in high positions in this country.

We have a community of interests with the Soviets. The Soviet leaders today see this.

Have the Soviet leaders succeeded better than our own leaders in stepping out of the Cold War frame of mind and adapting to new realities?

Yes. They don't have to deal with a public opinion that can only be changed very slowly.



m Love Is Hell, *a collection of cartoons by Matt Groening, published by Pantheon.*

What worries me more than whether Gorbachev has changed the Soviet Union for the better is the American media's persistent dramatization of Cold War myths and stereotypes. The Soviets dropped the Cold War mentality. Now, it's up to us to do the same.

[Monologue]

GEORGE HITS TOWN

By Frank Gannon. From the August issue of Southern Magazine. *Gannon is the author of* Vanna Karenina, *a collection of his stories.*

They told me to take a streetcar named Desire and then transfer to one called Cemeteries and ride six blocks and get off at—the convention. These were some of the lousiest directions I've ever heard, and I raised hell about it. I don't know whether you heard, but I'm not taking any crap anymore.

So I get into my room, lie down on the bed, and I think, hey, I'm the candidate, it's all over, I already won, let's party.

Right away I call room service, order up a CASE of diet soda on ice, and lie back down on the bed. I'm thinking LET THE GAMES BEGIN.

Don't get the wrong idea about me. I haven't been, as one G—d— rag put it, "emasculated by the office of Vice President." That's a laugh. I am ready to GET DOWN.

But I'm not going to do anything politically imprudent in public view. I'm not going to say "pregnant," I'm going to say "having a baby," s—head, if you catch my drift.

I know this town. I have read all about this town. This is a town where they tempt you with the pleasures that this flesh does surely hold. Eve tempted Adam with an apple, but I ain't going for that.

But maybe, just maybe, I'm headed for the Jimmy Swaggart side of town. I've heard the kind of thing that is "going down" over there, and I think, if you'll excuse the expression, that "I'm up for it."

Picture this. I'm alone in a hotel room. Except there's a girl. One of those types of girls. The kind they have here in N'Orlins. The lights are low. I go over and turn down the TV because the convention is at a boring point and all

we have is a bunch of liberal newspeople going blah-blah.

Then I look over at my companion.

"Could you hand me one of those Diet Sprites?" I say. My voice is very husky, much deeper than it sounds on TV.

"Sure," she says. Then she opens it for me.

Oh boy. Oh boy oh boy. I'm special now.

I have been "channeling my emotions" for a bit too long. Now it is over and I am headed to the nineteenth hole.

Sorry, I didn't mean to say that. I'm not headed to the nineteenth hole. "Headed to the nineteenth hole" has the connotation of a preppy, softhands, send-the-car-around-Jim life. That's not at all my life. I don't know how that impression got out, but privately, when I meet people who have that impression of me, as some kind of pencil-neck, doormat flyswatter, I just say to them, "Stop talking about yourself, stinker."

By the way, I meant to use the F word in that last sentence, but I forgot.

Since this thing is all bagged, I guess I have this evening ahead of me, and I guess, being the way I am, I'm going to be rambling.

If you're going to be rambling, and you want to make sure that you're doing the politically prudent thing, you might perhaps try to adopt the mores of the local inhabitants of that region, don't you think? Maybe? Isn't that a good idea? No? What do you think?

You want a diet soda? You sure? Here, take half of this one. You sure?

My kind of town, N'Orlins. I like it when it's cool, but I really like it when it's hot. I think of all of the names that have passed through here. Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong. William "Bebe" Ridgely. Fats Waller. King Oliver. Emile "Stalebread Charley" Lacombe. Oscar "Papa" Celestin. Jelly Roll Morton.

Now add one more name to the list: George "Pit Bull" Bush.

Oh yeah.

Actually, we never did go out. We sent up for a tray of Colby cheese and Fritos and we watched the convention on three televisions. I must have had three or four Diet Sprites. It was quite an evening. Late in the evening—it was after nine—somebody offered me a Tab. I turned it down. Never mix, never worry.

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From "Description of Coverage for Auto Rental Collision/Loss Damage Insurance," a pamphlet recently sent to Citibank Preferred Visa card members.

The plan provides coverage for most auto rentals, with the exception of certain expensive, antique, and exotic automobiles.

Certain *exclusions* apply. *This plan does not cover losses caused or contributed to by:* operation of the vehicle contrary to the terms of the rental agreement; wear and tear; gradual deterioration; insects or vermin; inherent vice or damage; hostile or warlike action in time of peace or war; any weapon of war employing atomic fission or a radioactive force; insurrection, rebellion; revolution, civil war; usurped power or action taken by government or public authority in hindering, combating, or defending against such an occurrence; seizure or destruction under quarantine or custom regulations; confiscation by order of any government or public authority; transportation of contraband or illegal trade; nuclear reaction, nuclear radiation, or radioactive contamination.

[Letter]

JUST SAY NO—OR ELSE

From a letter written last year by P. H. Goldman, a promotion manager at Procter & Gamble, to W. T. Adams, then president of the Just Say No Foundation, established in 1986 and chaired by Nancy Reagan. The letter was released this August by Representative Charles Rangel, Chair of the House Narcotics Committee, who stated that the campaign against drugs was "being abused as a sales promotion" by Procter & Gamble. Earlier this fall, the company sponsored a Just Say No pledge drive.

Dear Tom:

In light of the many corporations, organizations, etc., jumping on the drug-prevention campaign bandwagon, I want to reiterate the Procter & Gamble position on continuing support of the Just Say No Foundation.

As you know, we are planning a multimillion-dollar action-oriented and response-generating promotion in support of the Just Say No Foundation's Back-to-School Pledge Campaign. While we are excited about the opportunity to teach kids to stay drug-free, we remind you that our primary objective is to build the

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Chances are, you have
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l endlessly rehashed news
l opinion they receive
n the national media.
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everyone who truly loves
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may be included at this money-saving rate.)

We'll mail handsome full-color cards announcing each gift, hand-signed as you instruct and timed to arrive for the holidays.

And you need send no money now. We'll be happy to bill you after the holidays, if you prefer.

Now, here's something for *you* to think about. Consider the perfect gift for all those hard-to-please friends on your list, wrapped up in one easy order. No worry, no fuss. No boxes, paper, or ribbon. Just fill out the attached order card or the form below, and you won't have to give your holiday shopping list another thought! Do it today.

HARPER'S
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S, I'll wrap up my holiday shopping with *Harper's Magazine*. Send a year's subscription to the people whose names appear low. I'll pay $18 for the first subscription and $15 for each additional subscription. (Add $2 postage per subscription for nada, $3 for all other foreign countries. Payment in U.S. dollars only, please.)

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Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

(PLEASE ATTACH ADDITIONAL ORDERS ON A SEPARATE SHEET)

MEL81-1

business. Our Just Say No Pledge Campaign will only work for Just Say No if P&G sales [increase] and P&G customers become excited about the opportunity to get involved and help! To accomplish this, our relationship *must be exclusive* in the packaged-goods industry. If this smacks, even a little, of "We've heard this before" or "So what's so special about this one?" our sales personnel and customers will not be moved to support our goal—lots of activity, pledges, and product.

Tom, we share a dream—to use P&G's product reach and promotion strength to get 10,000,000 kids to say "no" to drugs. Please help us prevent our dream from becoming just another anti-drug promotion. Our contract, as you have agreed, will define exclusivity. Any breech of this agreement will preclude P&G's interest in supporting Just Say No in years to come. The Foundation must continue to eliminate "competitive" Just Say No activity, such as the Hill's / Mr. Big paper-towels campaign, and do everything to minimize the presence of the already planned Ziploc sandwich-bag promotion.

Tom, please confirm what specific actions can / will be taken. Let's make sure we do everything we can to move millions of Americans to sign pledge cards and buy P&G products.

Sincerely yours,
P. H. Goldman
Promotion Manager

[Letter]

WAS RON A SURFER?

This letter, written by Philip J. Hellsten, president of the Old Wave Surfing Association in Danville, California, was recently sent to President Reagan. A White House aide replied, expressing doubt that the President was the "Mr. Regan" referred to in the letter, and declined Hellsten's invitation.

Dear President Reagan,

I have recently been editing the newsletters of the Palos Verdes Surfing Club, 1936–1940. I came across this page that mentions a "Mr. Regan" who was accepted into the Del Mar Surf Club. As the newsletter mentions other actors, I was wondering if it was referring to you? If so, I would like to make you an honorary member of our club, the Old Wave Surfing Association. We have members all over the world, even in Finland. Surfing is indeed a universal language, and now that they are building indoor surfatoriums, surfing is no longer limited to countries with coastlines. We are a historical society, doing oral interviews with old surfers. We know more about the Hopi Indians than we do about surfers from 1920 to the present. I am interested in having the U.S. Postal Service do a stamp for Duke Kahanamoku, Tom Blake, and one indicative of surfing in general. I know that this takes a long time, but can you give me any info as to where to start? Also, are there any grants available for doing the oral histories? Last I heard, Tom Blake was alive and well in Wisconsin, and we'd like to get up there and see him soon. Well I do hope that this rumor about your being a surfer is true, but either way could you help us out on the stamp problem? Take care and God bless.

Your friend,
Philip J. Hellsten

[Correspondence]

'TEMPTATION' AND ANTI-SEMITISM

From an exchange of letters last summer between Abraham H. Foxman, national director of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, and Pat Robertson, chairman of the Christian Broadcasting Network.

August 1, 1988

Dear Pat:

I am sure that you have followed the controversy surrounding the film *The Last Temptation of Christ*. No doubt you are also aware that some in the Christian community have seized upon this film, without even having seen it, to make scapegoats of Jews.

If the film is offensive, I am confident that all Americans, regardless of their religious affiliation, will condemn it. However, I am sure you will also agree that Jews should not be made scapegoats for a work created by individuals of many diverse religious and ethnic backgrounds. Those who have been blaming Jews have served merely to foster divisiveness and hatred at the expense of the mutual tolerance and understanding that has always been the hallmark of this nation's religious pluralism.

As someone whose voice is widely respected in the Christian community, you are in a unique position to condemn and counsel those who are using this film to foment anti-Semitism. We urge you to do so, and we would be pleased to





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bring any statement you make to the attention of our constituents.

Sincerely,
Abe

August 1, 1988

Dear Abe:

Thank you for your letter, which I just received. Please be assured that I will indeed raise my voice against any suggestion of emerging anti-Semitism that may come about from the release of *The Last Temptation of Christ*.

However, you must know that when word of the release of this picture came to me I knew immediately that, because MCA [the company that produced the movie] has been identified with Jewish management since its inception, the release of this movie would be viewed by many evangelicals as a Jewish affront to Jesus Christ and the Christian faith. This may not be rational, but as I found during the presidential campaign, perceptions are not always rational. Perceptions, however, quickly become reality.

This movie, as you realize, is an offense to 100 million Christians. It ridicules and blasphemes the faith that we have all committed our lives to. In my estimation, *The Last Temptation of Christ* will be a great detriment to the framework of brotherhood that you and I and others have worked so very hard to bring about between Jews and Christians in America.

I would urge you to do everything you can to exercise your influence with Lew Wasserman and others at MCA to eliminate this affront to Christianity before the trouble begins.

Sincerely,
Pat

August 3, 1988

Dear Pat:

I appreciate your prompt reply but must admit to serious disappointment with its contents. You say you will raise your voice against "any suggestion of emerging anti-Semitism that may come about," but open invitations to anti-Semitism have already come about, and yet you have been and continue to be silent. This is the time for you to speak out and confront those perceptions before they become reality.

Our immediate concern is the scapegoating the film has provoked. Since this film is obviously not a "Jewish affront" to Christianity, I cannot understand why you are willing to let this dangerous and divisive lie spread unchecked.

I would ask again that you speak out publicly against anti-Semitism and condemn those who are using this film to foment it.

Sincerely,
Abe

August 8, 1988

Dear Abe:

I am your friend. Please read this letter carefully. It is obvious from your answer that you did not read my last letter.

Saturday night I was taken to dinner by a millionaire housing developer, who had been a member of the city council of one of our largest cities, who is a prominent Republican, and a national vice president of a major religious organization. He asked me, "What do you think of this movie about Jesus?" I said to him, "What do you think?" He answered immediately, "It is a couple of Jews trying to make a buck."

There will probably be 50 million people, Catholic and Protestant, who will mirror his sentiments. I can't do much by myself to stop that, but you can deflect it with the proper strategy.

If the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, an active Jewish organization, comes out against this blasphemous movie and in the process condemns MCA for a tasteless, un-American attack on the cherished religious beliefs of a large group of our citizens, you will have said to all Americans that you are not a part of this movie and that it does not have the endorsement of the Jewish leadership in America.

When you make such a statement I will then be delighted to feature your statement on my television network and to give it as much press as I possibly can in the other media. Then instead of your coming off as shrilly blaming Christians for a problem caused by MCA, you will come off as you are—a champion of all people against all forms of bigotry and intolerance.

Please give this deep consideration because whether we like it or not the thing is going to get out of hand.

With warm personal regards, I am

Sincerely,
Pat

August 10, 1988

Dear Pat:

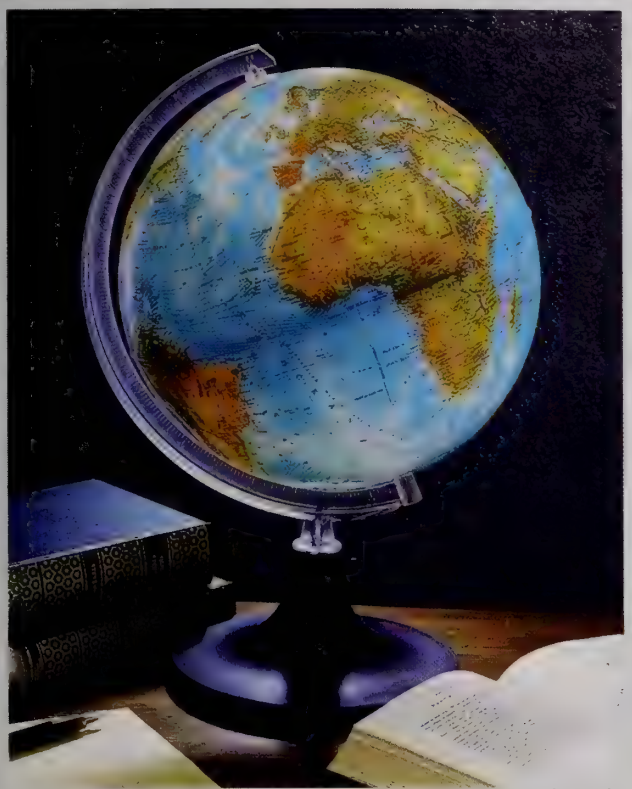
I had asked you, as someone whose voice is widely respected in the Christian community, to speak out against, and counsel, those who are using the film *The Last Temptation of Christ* to foment anti-Semitism. Certain that you would understand, I pointed out that Jews should not be made scapegoats for a work created by individuals of many diverse religious and ethnic backgrounds. How disappointing your response.

I am flabbergasted at your accusation that the Anti-Defamation League or anyone else is "shrilly blasting [sic] Christians for a problem caused by MCA." The problem is anti-Semitism, as exemplified by the housing developer's comments to you.

IT LIGHTS UP IN THE DARK!

Barnes and Noble Proudly Presents MERCURY—A World Class Illuminated Globe.

A globe is like an encyclopedia or Bible— no educated home is complete without one. Maps are all very well and good, but only the *three-dimensionality* of a globe can accurately represent the shape and proportions of our planet— it's a "hands-on" geographical learning aid the whole family can use.



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Exquisitely designed and perfectly executed, the *Mercury* is actually two globes in one! Before you switch it on, it offers a comprehensive view of the earth's physical surface, including its topography, elevations, vegetation patterns, ocean currents plus latitude, longitude and international date lines as well as 3,600 place names— everything from the tallest peaks to the tiniest islands!

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SIGNATURE

Did you answer him? Did you tell him that Jews did not write the novel or direct the film? Did you tell him that the issue is not "Jews trying to make a buck"?

Pat, if you didn't straighten him out, you should have. And you *are* someone who can straighten out others who might, in your words, "mirror his opinion."

For you to even suggest that "the Jewish leadership in America" should tell the American people that we are not part of this movie and do not endorse it is outrageous. "The Jewish leadership" is not the film industry—why should anyone believe otherwise? Why should Jews be put on the defensive because age-old false stereotypes unfortunately still exist in some quarters? We will not be blamed for the Crucifixion a second time.

There is one point in your letter with which we agree. The ADL does, indeed, oppose and condemn bigotry and intolerance wherever it occurs. Sad to say, in connection with this film it has come from some who are erstwhile friends.

I ask you once again, Pat, to speak out against the anti-Semitism surrounding this film.

Sincerely,
Abe

[Memo]

TO RUN AND WIN IN L.A.

Excerpted from a memo given to Los Angeles City Councilman Zev Yaroslavsky last spring by BAD *campaigns, the political consulting firm of Michael Berman and Carl D'Agostino in Los Angeles. Yaroslavsky is expected to challenge Tom Bradley in the 1989 mayoral election. Although* BAD *was not under contract to Yaroslavsky at the time this memo was written, the firm and the councilman had a long-standing informal relationship, and* BAD *was expecting to run his campaign. After a copy of the memo was leaked to the* Los Angeles Times, *Yaroslavsky said it was "largely unsolicited."*

This memo is not a detailed outline of campaign strategy (that may not be completed for months). Rather, this is a sounding of an alarm: the campaign is not going in the right direction, and major changes must be made.

There are two ways of looking at the possibilities for beating Bradley in 1989:

1. *The Wistful Approach* assumes that Zev can defeat Bradley because:

☐ Bradley no longer has the ability to excite black voters to turn out at a greater rate than the rest of the electorate.

☐ Zev is able (by virtue of who he is and what he stands for) to excite Jews and tree-huggers to turn out even more than normal.

☐ Zev, as an energetic, non-corrupt, perfectly acceptable mainstream candidate, will be the kind of opponent against whom Bradley has never been tested.

2. *The Reality-Fix Approach* acknowledges that Zev has an incredibly steep mountain to climb for the political fight of his life because:

☐ Bradley can and will excite black voters to outvote the white electorate (especially if there is a runoff in which his mayoral office is seen as jeopardized by a perfidious Jew).

☐ Most Jews and tree-huggers will be, simultaneously, happy with both alternatives and distraught with having to choose between the two and therefore will turn out at their normal rates.

☐ Bradley is strong and not untested with the electorate, having beaten Deukmejian twice in L.A. City [in the 1982 and 1986 gubernatorial races] and destroyed all comers for mayor for sixteen years. Therefore, the fact that Zev's relative merits as a candidate compare favorably to those of Bradley's previous opponents is not too relevant.

☐ President George Bush will not appoint Bradley as Ambassador to Uganda, and Bradley will do everything in his power to avoid the humiliation of losing to Zev.

Zev and his team can no longer afford to waste one minute of time: (1) He must disengage from the day-to-day routine of a respectable councilman from the Fifth District. (2) He must be consumed with raising enough money to massively outspend Bradley. (3) He must radically alter his day-to-day activities to maximize every advantage he has in a campaign in which normal politics is not good enough.

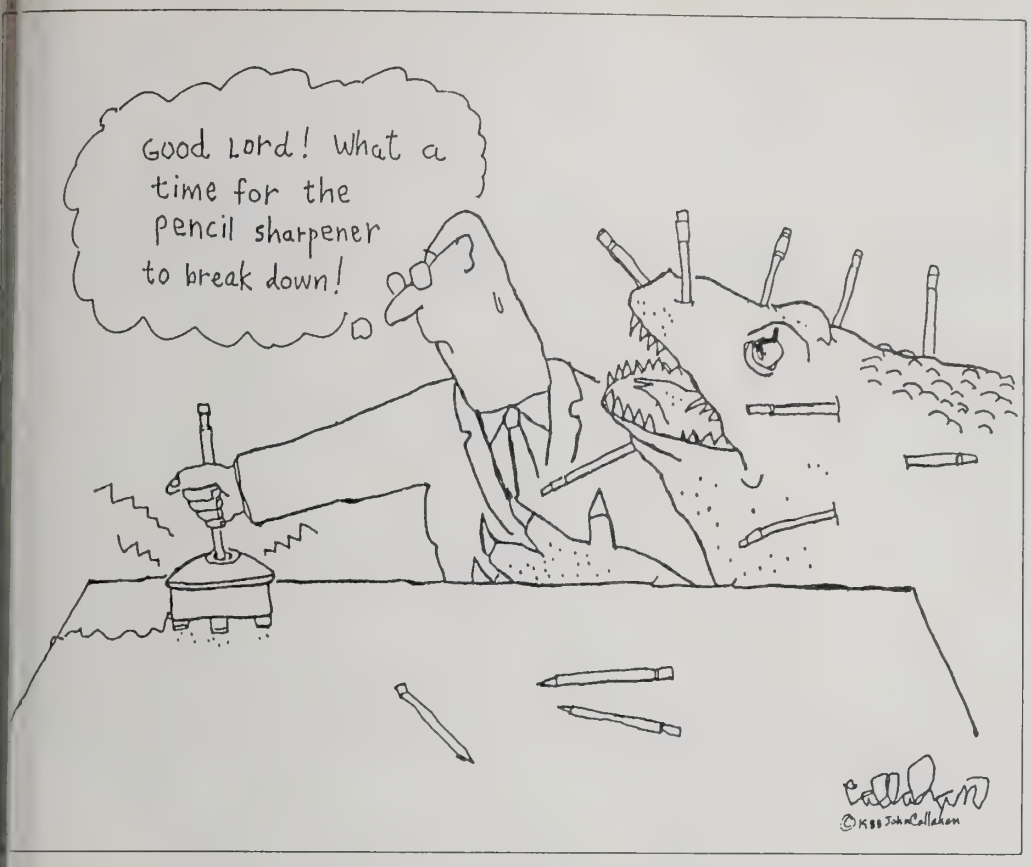
If BAD has any constructive role to play it will be to grab you by the shoulders and to beat you over the head with the following advice:

Unless you are photographed naked atop a flagpole, no amount of press you receive will be relevant to your standing in a poll or to your ability to beat Bradley.

Nobody but the press corps and a few elites care about the day-to-day workings in city government.

Being a good councilman from the Fifth District has its rewards: re-election to the Fifth District. Every minute you spend on a zoning dispute in your council district is a moment wasted [in terms of your] campaign goals. It must stop, cold turkey, now!

Three days a week tied down to City Hall and the Council is a waste. We believe that it should stop immediately. One Tuesday a week



From the Utne Reader.

is enough to waste. You will definitely get a bad story or two about not showing up for votes. That is a small price to pay for the extra million or two you will be able to raise with the extra time.

The people of Los Angeles City pay your combined staff a lot more money than they pay you. It's time they start earning it. They need to make all day-to-day decisions without your help. [Two] doctrines can guide them in almost all things: homeowner groups are always right, and the only important bureaucrat is a dead bureaucrat.

The purpose of this section is to serve as an agenda for our meeting. Time to massively expand Zev's fund-raising potential is awasting. As BAD's contract will clearly stipulate, we are not fund-raisers. We don't especially know how to do it and we especially don't want to do it. But what we do know is that Jewish wealth in Los Angeles is endless; that almost every Jewish person who meets you will like you; and that asking for $2,000 is not an unreasonable request of people who are both wealthy and like you. The question is, how do you get 3,000 additional $1,000 givers—people whom you don't know, people who rarely give to politics, people who have no business interests with the city?

1. [Make] blind calls to a contributors list of the major charities:

a. Make a complete list of mainstream Jewish charities. The list will include Hadassah, Technion, University of Judaism, Chabad, Anti-Defamation League, Vista Del Mar, Bet Tzedek, United Jewish Fund, Federation Council, etc.

b. Find a person with each charity to slip us a list with names, addresses, and phone numbers of $1,000-and-above contributors.

c. Zev begins dialing for dollars, calling each person blind and asking for twenty minutes of their time to come by and talk to them.

d. If this works, the campaign should hire a driver to chauffeur Zev on an endless schedule of meeting new Jewish $2,000 givers.

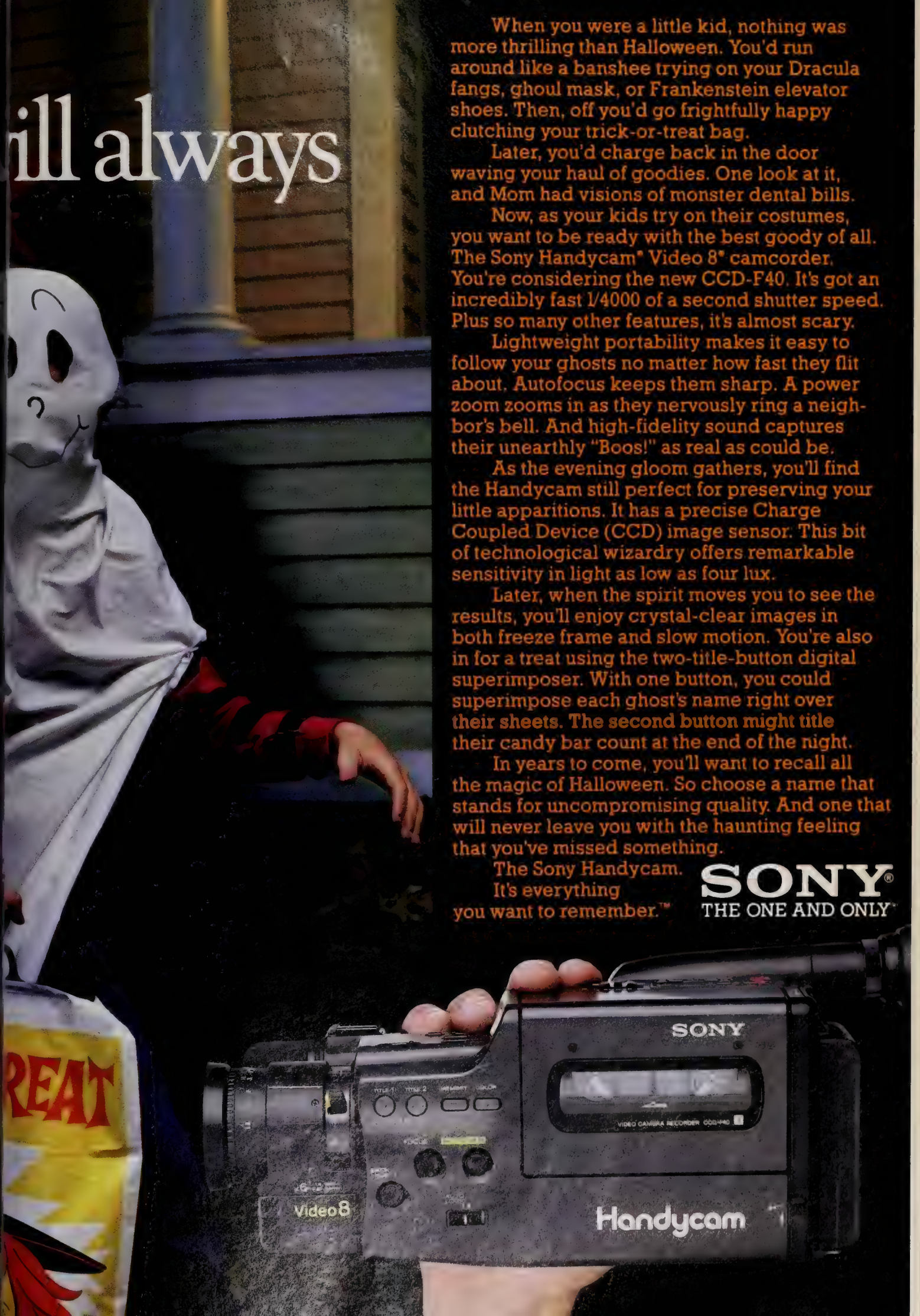
2. [Create a] fund-raising octopus to organize local charity givers:

a. Same as 1.a. above.

b. Zev calls the head of the charity or the most famous person on the list and asks him to organize his charity givers. The head honcho may not be willing to waste his credits with his constituents for Zev's campaign. Zev should ask him for names and phone numbers of the fifty most likely prospects and for permission to say that the honcho suggested Zev call. If this is the case, c. and d. same as above. If the honcho is really willing to help, he should call the fifty and arrange for joint lunches with him, the mark, and Zev. Each person should be asked to



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When you were a little kid, nothing was more thrilling than Halloween. You'd run around like a banshee trying on your Dracula fangs, ghoul mask, or Frankenstein elevator shoes. Then, off you'd go frightfully happy clutching your trick-or-treat bag.

Later, you'd charge back in the door waving your haul of goodies. One look at it, and Mom had visions of monster dental bills.

Now, as your kids try on their costumes, you want to be ready with the best goody of all. The Sony Handycam® Video 8® camcorder. You're considering the new CCD-F40. It's got an incredibly fast 1/4000 of a second shutter speed. Plus so many other features, it's almost scary.

Lightweight portability makes it easy to follow your ghosts no matter how fast they flit about. Autofocus keeps them sharp. A power zoom zooms in as they nervously ring a neighbor's bell. And high-fidelity sound captures their unearthly "Boos!" as real as could be.

As the evening gloom gathers, you'll find the Handycam still perfect for preserving your little apparitions. It has a precise Charge Coupled Device (CCD) image sensor. This bit of technological wizardry offers remarkable sensitivity in light as low as four lux.

Later, when the spirit moves you to see the results, you'll enjoy crystal-clear images in both freeze frame and slow motion. You're also in for a treat using the two-title-button digital superimposer. With one button, you could superimpose each ghost's name right over their sheets. The second button might title their candy bar count at the end of the night.

In years to come, you'll want to recall all the magic of Halloween. So choose a name that stands for uncompromising quality. And one that will never leave you with the haunting feeling that you've missed something.

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arrange further meetings with his friends, etc.

3. The Yaroslavsky campaign becomes the United Jewish appeal:

a. Make a list of every profession and/or industry (including specialities) where wealthy Jews abound, including: women's sportswear, textile wholesalers, liquor-store owners, diamond cutters, jewelers, savings and loans, retailers, criminal lawyers, trial lawyers, doctors, ad executives, entertainment industry, etc.

b. Zev either calls a famous person from that industry blind or has a current giver from that industry make an appointment with the most famous person in that industry.

c. Octopus theory applies.

4. Stop Show Biz from remaining neutral or from being for Bradley:

a. Make a list of every studio, Hollywood PR firm, and 100 top show-business personalities in Jewish Los Angeles. This list constitutes a big danger area for Zev's campaign. You must focus on meeting every one of them and getting them involved in your campaign. You already know enough of them personally to call and meet with them. If the meeting is a success, they need to introduce you to five more, etc., etc. You cannot let Bradley become the chichi, "in" candidate against the pushy Jew.

BAD is sure Zev hates the idea of calling people blind. At first you'll make some mistakes. Not every elderly haimish-looking Berkowitz cares about Bradley and Farrakhan. Not every trendy chain-wearing advertising executive cares about the problems of smog and cholesterol. After all, James Garner is a beef-eating liberal, and William Buckley is a quiche-eating fascist. But you have to try.

[Poster]

SIT AND TALK NOW



This poster was created by Peace Now, which planned to use it in a peace caravan through the West Bank last spring. The Israeli government banned the caravan and the poster (which says SIT AND TALK NOW) on national security grounds. The Israeli Supreme Court later ruled that the caravan could proceed but restricted display of the poster.

[Letter]

MIKE McGUIRE PASSES THE TORCH

From a letter sent to customers last summer by Mike McGuire, a deliveryman for the Portland Oregonian.

Dear *Oregonian* Customer,

It is with mixed emotions that I inform you of my decision to "retire" from the newspaper delivery business after nearly nine and a half years in your service. That represents almost a quarter of my lifetime, so you can see that this decision leaves me facing a significant adjustment to my daily routine. I must admit that I will not miss Sunday papers, nor will I miss rising before 3:00 A.M. every morning, and I will certainly not miss scrambling about to locate a conscientious substitute whenever I want to take a few days off. I know my children will enjoy having me in a jovial mood, rather than tired or cranky, in the evening.

But I know there are things I will miss. Believe it or not, I'll miss the challenge of delivering a quality product, even when the weather is wet and icy. I'll certainly miss the camaraderie of my fellow carriers at the warehouse as we wait to receive our daily draws. And I know that I will miss the many pleasant smiles and cheery "good mornings" that I have received from so many of you as I have gone about my rounds. I have come to regard you not just as subscribers but as valued customers, and I have looked upon my route as more than just a job as I have tried to provide you with the best-quality service in all circumstances. I hope that I have measured up to that goal in your eyes.

At this time I am pleased to relay to you that the agent for the West Slope delivery area shares with me a desire to maintain the top-quality service on this route, and it is to this end that he has assigned the route to two quality men: Mr. Chuck Mackenzie and Mr. Chuck Nance. I feel extremely gratified to know that I will be placing my responsibilities in their capable hands.

So as of August 10, 1988, I will be moving on to other challenges. I thank you for the opportunity to have served you for the past nine and a half years, and I wish each of you the best of all things.

Sincerely,
Mike McGuire, Route 210
West Slope Oregonian Agency

[Dispatch]

1945: PALESTINE'S PROMISE

From The War Years: 1939–1945, *a collection of I. F. Stone's journalism, published this month by Little, Brown. This piece, "Palestine Pilgrimage," was originally published in the* Nation, *December 1945.*

I have just returned from a six-week trip abroad, a typical bit of American blitz journalism. My primary concern was Palestine, and most of my time was spent there. I went over neither to uncover sensations nor to bolster preconceptions but to understand the British and the Arab as well as the Jewish point of view, to get the flavor of Arab nationalism, and to see for myself what had been accomplished in Palestine.

I found myself immensely attracted by the life of the Yishuv, the Jewish community of Palestine. It is the one place in the world where Jews seem completely unafraid. I did not see the displaced persons' camps in Germany, but even in such free countries as England and France—and at home, in the United States—there are premonitory tremors in the Jewish communities, conscious or subconscious fears of the future. In Palestine a Jew can be a Jew. Period. Without apologies, and without any lengthy arguments as to whether Jews are a race, a religion, a myth, or an accident. He need explain to no one, and he feels profoundly at home; I am quite willing to attribute this to historic sentimentality, but it remains nonetheless a tremendous and inescapable fact. In the desert, on the barren mountains, in the once malarial marshes of the Emek, the Jew has done and is doing what seemed to reasonable men the impossible. Nowhere in the world have human beings surpassed what the Jewish colonists have accomplished in Palestine, and the consciousness of achievement, the sense of things growing, the exhilarating atmosphere of a great common effort infuses the daily life of the Yishuv. I came away feeling that no obstacles, no setbacks, nothing but perhaps a Third World War and atomic bombs in the Middle East could stop this people.

It happens that I felt myself painfully impelled to disagree with majority opinion in the Yishuv. I am not in favor of a Jewish state in Palestine. But it would be foolish—and it would be completely to misunderstand how history and human beings work—to disparage Zionism. Only a passionate, narrow, and mystical national faith made it possible for Jews to colonize areas the goats despised. Without the Zionist movement, what has been achieved in Palestine would never have come to pass. The closest parallel in American experience is Puritanism, and Palestine is indeed much like the frontier in our own country, both in colonial times and in the West. But the strength associated with such a movement also has its corresponding defects, and the defects of Zionism are reflected in its failure to take into account the feelings and aspirations of the Palestinian Arab. The Arab has benefited from the Jewish influx, but only indirectly. (Passing from Egypt to Palestine one can see for oneself that the coming of the Jews has not degraded the Arabs but lifted their living standards.) The Zionist has not hurt him, but the Zionist has made him feel shut out. This exclusiveness is natural and understandable, but it needs to be corrected if the Jews are to build for themselves a secure life in the Middle East.

I understood after seeing Egypt and talking with Christian Arabs in Lebanon—many of them anti-Zionist only in public—why the Yishuv will fight and has a right to fight against permanent minority status under present conditions in an Arab state. But I also understand why the Palestinian Arabs, to whom Palestine is also home, who have fully as much right to be there as the Jews, do not wish to live as a minority in a Jewish state. No one likes to be ruled by an alien people, and though I, a Jew, found the friendliest sort of welcome visiting the Arabs, I found no Palestinian Arab in favor of a Jewish state. Relations on the day-to-day level between the two peoples are friendly and quite unlike what one expects. There is no sense of the race tension one feels in our South or in encounters with anti-Semites in the Western world. The Arab does not hate the Jew, but he fears being dominated by him, and this fear must be allayed.

Haifa's population—and its City Council—is

equally divided between Jews and Arabs. The mayoralty was long held by a respected Arab, succeeded since his death by his deputy, a Jew of Turkish origin. The leading British civil servant of the municipality told me that he could remember no occasion on which a split vote in the council had not found Jews and Arabs on both sides. Admittedly, it is easier to run a municipality than a nation, but Haifa nevertheless illustrates that the two races can get along in equal partnership.

The earlier day when Arab nationalist and Zionist could work together, as they did in the honeymoon period after the war, came to an end for two reasons. One was Britain's failure to fulfill the promises made to the Arabs on the basis of which Arab leaders accepted Zionism for Palestine. The other was the Jewish demand, first by implication and then explicitly, for a Jewish state in Palestine. The Jewish state slogan has made political cooperation between Jew and Arab impossible, and left the Jewish homeland completely dependent on British support. The British, feeling that the Jews had to support the Empire under any circumstances, have more and more made their concessions to the Arabs.

I came away with a great liking and respect for the English people but a great distrust of their officials. I understand the average Englishman's resentment over American interference, and I favor not only American sharing of responsibility but an international solution for the Middle East. British fears of an Arab uprising largely reflect a hobgoblin of their own making; the great powers can impose any solution they choose. I think the equitable solution would be a bi-national state for Palestine and international trusteeship until population parity has been reached between Jews and Arabs. I think the powers must recognize the Arab aspiration for some kind of league or federation and put bi-national Palestine into it, and I think they must then provide some form of international guaranty for the Christian Lebanese, the Jewish community in Palestine, and other minorities in the East. A settlement of this kind depends, of course, on whether London and Washington are sincerely concerned with stability in the Middle East or merely with appeasing the Arabs in preparation for a new war against the Soviet Union.

A bi-national settlement would provide enough immigration certificates over, say, the next five or ten years—about 650,000—to take care of all Jews who must be given a refuge in Palestine. It would establish a Jewish community strong enough to hold its own in the Arab world. It would end Palestinian Arab fears of a Jewish state. It would genuinely fulfill Britain's obligations to both peoples, and it would lay the basis for a stable and developing order in the Middle East, in which British and world interests in communications and oil could be adequately safeguarded without infringing on Arab independence. In that context, if the Jews give one-tenth the devotion to Arab relations that they have given to the land, they can build a secure homeland for themselves among their Semitic brethren. This way, I am deeply convinced, lies the only lasting and equitable solution for Palestine and the Middle East.

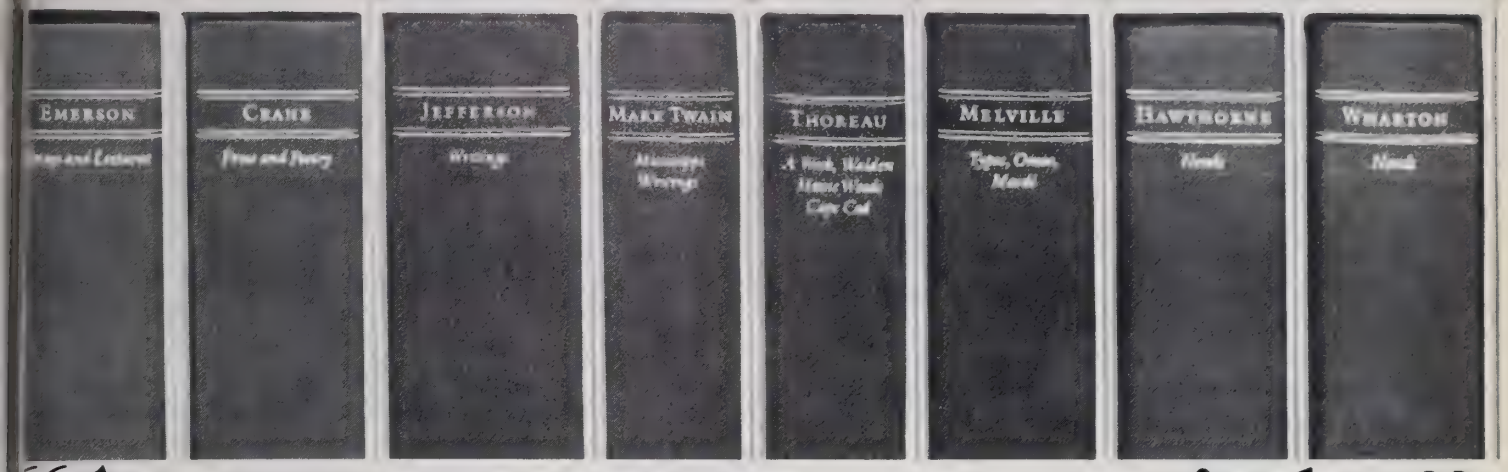
[Essay]

SARTRE: ON WRITING FOR ONE'S AGE

Excerpted from "Writing for One's Age," in "What Is Literature?" and Other Essays, *by Jean-Paul Sartre, published this month by Harvard University Press. "Writing for One's Age" was published in 1946 in* Valeurs *and appeared in English the following year in the* Virginia Quarterly Review. *Translated by Bernard Frechtman.*

It is true that for history, talent alone counts. But I haven't entered into history and I don't know how I shall enter it; perhaps alone, perhaps in an anonymous crowd, perhaps as one of those names they put into footnotes in literary handbooks. At any rate, I do not have to bother myself with the judgments that the future will bring to bear upon my work, since there's nothing I can do about them. Art cannot be reduced to a dialogue with the dead and with men not yet born; that would be both too difficult and too easy. And I see in this a last remnant of Christian belief in immortality: just as man's stay here below is presented as a moment of trial between limbo and hell or paradise, in like manner, for a book there is a transitory period coinciding approximately with that of its efficacy —after which, disembodied and gratuitous as a soul, it enters eternity. But at least, among Christians, it is this stay upon earth that decides everything; the final beatitude is only a sanction.

It is obvious that we write out of a need for the absolute, and a work of the mind is indeed an absolute. But . . . we too, in the uttermost depths of historical relativity and our own insignificance, we too are absolutes, inimitable and incomparable, and our choice of ourselves is an absolute. All those living and passionate choices that we are and that we are constantly making with or against others, all those com-



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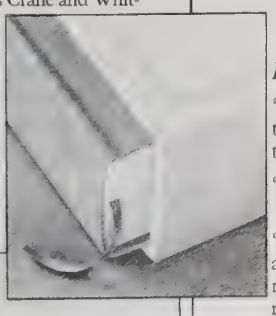
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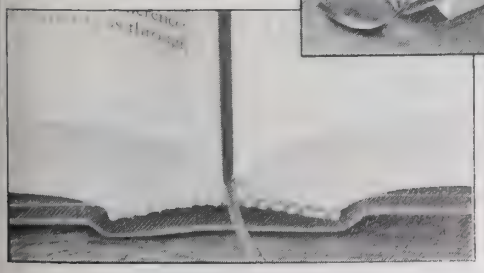
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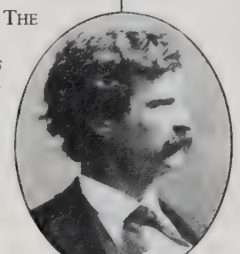
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mon enterprises into which we throw ourselves, from birth to death, all those bonds of love or hatred that unite us to one another and that exist only insofar as we feel them, those immense combinations of movements which are added to or cancel out one another and which are all lived, that whole discordant and harmonious life, concur in producing a new absolute that I shall call the *age*. The age is the intersubjectivity, the living absolute, the dialectical underside of history.... It gives birth in pain to events that historians will label later on. It lives blindly, distractedly, and fearfully the enthusiasm and the meanings that historians will disengage rationally. Within the age, every utterance, before being a historical byword or the recognized origin of a social process, is first an insult or an appeal or a confession; economic phenomena themselves, before being the theoretical causes of social upheavals, are suffered in humiliation or despair; ideas are tools or evasions, facts are born of the intersubjectivity and overwhelm it, like the emotions of an individual soul. History is made of dead ages. Each age, when it dies, enters into relativity; it falls into line with other dead centuries; a new light is shed upon it; it is challenged by new knowledge; its problems are resolved for it. It is demonstrated that the most ardent pursuits of an age were doomed to failure, that the results of the great undertakings of which it was so proud were the reverse of what it anticipated; its limits are suddenly apparent, and its ignorance too. But that is *because* it is dead; the limits and the ignorance did not exist "at the time"; no deficiency was seen; or rather the age was a constant surpassing of its limits toward a future that was *its* future and that died with it; it was *this* boldness, *this* rashness, *this* ignorance of its ignorance; to live is to foresee at short range and to manage with the means at hand.

A book has its absolute truth within the age. It is *lived* like an outbreak, like a famine. With much less intensity, to be sure, and by fewer people, but in the same way. It is an emanation of intersubjectivity, a living bond of rage, hatred, or love among those who produce it and those who receive it. If it succeeds in commanding attention, thousands of people reject it and deny it: as everybody knows, to read a book is to rewrite it. *At the time* it is at first a panic or an evasion or a courageous assertion; at the time it is a good or bad *action*. Later on, when the age is done with, it will enter into the relative, it will become a message. But the judgments of posterity will not invalidate those that were passed on it in its lifetime. I have often been told about bananas and dates: "You don't know anything about them. In order to know what they are, you have to eat them on the spot, when they've just been picked." And I have always considered bananas as dead fruit whose real, live taste escapes me. Books that are handed down from age to age are dead fruit. They had in another time another taste, tart and tangy. *Emile* or *The Persian Letters* should have been read when they were freshly picked.

Thus, one must write for one's age, as the great writers have done. But that does not mean that one has to lock oneself up in it. To write for one's age is not to reflect it passively; it is to want to maintain it or change it; thus, to go beyond it toward the future. It is this effort to change one's age that places us most deeply within it, for it is never reducible to the dead ensemble of tools and customs; it is in movement; it is constantly surpassing itself; the concrete present and the living future of all the people who compose it coincide rigorously within it. If, among other features, Newtonian physics and the theory of the noble savage concur in sketching the physiognomy of the first half of the eighteenth century, it should be borne in mind that one was a sustained effort to snatch some shreds of truth from the mists, to approach, beyond the state of contemporary knowledge, an ideal science in which phenomena might be mathematically deduced from the principle of gravitation, and that the other implied an attempt to restore, beyond the vices of civilization, the state of nature. They both drew up a rough sketch of a future; and if it is true that this future never became a present, that we have given up the golden age and the idea of making science a rigorous chain of reasons, still the fact remains that these live and deep hopes sketched out a future beyond everyday concerns and that, in order to interpret the meaning of the everyday, we must go back to it *on the basis* of that future. One cannot be a person or become a writer without tracing a horizon line beyond oneself, but the self-surpassing is in each case finite and particular.

Real transcendence requires one to want to change certain specific aspects of the world, and the surpassing is colored and particularized by the concrete situation it aims to modify. A man puts himself entirely into his project for emancipating the Negroes or restoring the Hebrew language to the Jews of Palestine; he puts himself into it entirely and thereby realizes the human condition in its universality, but it is always on the occasion of a particular and dated enterprise. And if I am told that one also goes beyond the age when one aims at immortality, I shall reply that this is a false surpassing: instead of trying to change an intolerable situation, one attempts to evade it and seeks refuge in a future that is utterly foreign to us, since it is not the

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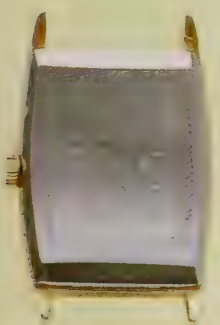
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From Frontier New York, *a collection of photographs by Jan Staller, published this month by the Hudson Hill Press in New York City*

future that we are making, but the concrete present of our grandchildren. We have no means of action upon this present; they will live it on their own account and as they like; *situated* in their age, as we are in ours, if they make use of our writings, it will be for ends which are proper to them and that we had not foreseen, as one picks up stones along the way in order to throw them into the face of an aggressor. An attempt on our part to burden them with the responsibility of prolonging our existence would be vain; it is no duty or concern of theirs.

[Story]

I WAS AN INFINITELY HOT AND DENSE DOT

By Mark Leyner. From the Mississippi Review, *Volume 16, Nos. 2 & 3, a special issue on "cyber-punk" fiction. This story is excerpted from the novel* My Cousin, My Gastroenterologist, *to be published next year by the Fiction Collective. Leyner lives in Hoboken, New Jersey.*

i was an infinitely hot and dense dot so begins the autobiography of a feral child who was raised by huge and lurid puppets an autobiography written wearing wrist weights it ends with these words: a car drives through a puddle of sperm, sweat, and contraceptive jelly splattering the great chopsocky vigilante from hong kong inside, two acephalic sardines in mustard sauce are asleep in the rank darkness of their tin container suddenly, the swinging doors burst open and a mesomorphic cyborg walks in and whips out a 35 lb. phallus made of corrosion-resistant nickel-base alloy and he begins to stroke it sullenly, his eyes half shut it's got a metal-oxide membrane for absolute submicron filtration of petrochemical fluids it can ejaculate herbicides, sulfuric acid, tar glue, you name it at the end of the bar, a woman whose album-length poem about temporomandibular joint (TMJ) syndrome had won a grammy for best-spoken-word recording is gently slowly ritually rubbing copper hexafluoroacetylacetone into her clitoris as she watches the hunk with the non-euclidean features shoot a glob of dehydrogenated ethylbenzene 3,900 miles toward the arctic archipelago eventually raining down upon a fjord on baffin bay outside, a basketball plunges from the sky, killing a dog at a country fair, a huge and hairy man in mud-caked blue overalls, surrounded by a crowd of retarded teenagers, swings a sledgehammer above his head with brawny keloidal arms and then brings it down with all his brute force on a tofuburger on a flowery paper plate a lizard licks the dew from the stamen of a stunted crocus rivets and girders float above the telekinetic construction workers the testicular voice of barry white

emanates from some occult source within the laundry room as i chug-a-lug a glass of tap water milky with contaminants, I realize that my mind is being drained of its contents and refilled with the beliefs of the most mission-oriented, can-do feral child ever raised by huge and lurid puppets i am the voice . . . the voice from beyond and the voice from within—can you hear me? yes i speak to you and you only—is that clear? yes master to whom do i speak? to me and me only is "happy" the appropriate epithet for someone who experiences each moment as if he were being alternately flayed alive and tickled to death? no master

in addition to the growth hormone extracted from the glands of human corpses, i was using anabolic steroids, tissue-regeneration compounds, granulocyte-macrophage colony stimulating factor (GM-CSF)—a substance used to stimulate growth of certain vital blood cells in radiation victims—and a nasal spray of neuropeptides that accelerates the release of pituitary hormones and i was getting larger and larger and my food bills were becoming enormous so i went on a tv game show in the hopes of raising cash this was my question, for $250,000 in cash and prizes: if the pacific ocean were filled with gin, what would be, in terms of proportionate volume, the proper lake of vermouth necessary to achieve a dry martini? i said lake ontario—but the answer was the caspian sea which is called a sea but is a lake by definition i had failed i had humiliated my family and disgraced the kung-fu masters of the shaolin temple i stared balefully out into the studio audience which was chanting something that sounded like "dork" i'm in my car i'm high on sinutab and i'm driving anywhere the vector of my movement from a given point is isotropic—meaning that all possible directions are equally probable i end up at a squalid little dive somewhere in vegas maybe reno maybe tahoe i don't know . . . but there she is i can't tell if she's a human or a 5th generation gynecomorphous android and i don't care i crack open an ampule of mating pheromone and let it waft across the bar, as i sip my drink, a methyl isocyanate on the rocks—methyl isocyanate is the substance that killed more than 2,000 people when it leaked in bhopal, india, but, thanks to my weight training, aerobic workouts, and a low-fat fiber-rich diet, the stuff has no effect on me sure enough she strolls over and occupies the stool next to mine after a few moments of silence, i make the first move: we're all larval psychotics and have been since the age of two, i say, spitting an ice cube back into my glass she moves closer to me at this range, the downy cilialike hairs that trickle from her navel remind me of the fractal ferns produced by injecting dyed water into an aqueous polymer solution, and i tell her so she looks into my eyes, you have the glibness, superficial charm, grandiosity, lack of guilt, shallow feelings, impulsiveness, and lack of realistic long-term plans that excite me right now, she says, moving even closer we feed on the same prey species, i growl my lips are now one angstrom unit from her lips, which is one ten-billionth of a meter i begin to kiss her but she turns her head away don't good little boys who finish all their vegetables get dessert? i ask i can't kiss you, we're monozygotic replicants—we share 100% of our genetic material my head spins you are the beautiful day, i exclaim, your breath is a zephyr of eucalyptus that does a *pas de bourrée* across the sea of galilee thanks, she says, but we can't go back to my house and make love because monozygotic incest is forbidden by the elders what if i said i could change all that . . . what if i said that i had a miniature shotgun that blasts gene fragments into the cells of living organisms altering their genetic matrices so that a monozygotic replicant would no longer be a monozygotic replicant and she could then make love to a muscle man without transgressing the incest taboo, i say, opening my shirt and exposing the device that i had stuck in the waistband of my black jeans how'd you get that thing? she gasps, ogling its thick fiber-reinforced plastic barrel and the uzi-biotech logo embossed on the magazine which held two cartridges of gelated recombinant dna i got it for christmas . . . do you have any last words before i scramble your chromosomes, i say, taking aim yes, she says, you first i put the barrel to my heart these are my last words: when i emerged from mother's uterus i was the size of a chicken bouillon cube and father said to the obstetrician: i realize that at this stage it's difficult to prognosticate his chances for a productive future, but if he's going to remain six-sided and 0.4 grams for the rest of his life, then euthanasia's our best bet but mother, who only milliseconds before was in the very throes of labor, had already slipped on her muumuu and espadrilles and was puffing on a marlboro: no pimple-faced simp two months out of guadalajara is going to dissolve this helpless little hexahedron in a mug of boiling water, she said, as a nurse managed with acrobatic desperation to slide a suture basin under the long ash of her cigarette which she'd consumed in one furiously deep drag these are my last words: my fear of being bullied and humiliated stems from an incident that occurred many years ago in a diner a 500 lb. man seated next to me at the counter was proving that one particular paper towel was more absorbent than another brand his face was swollen and covered with patches of hectic red he spilled my glass of chocolate milk on the

[Statement]

1988: THE FUNCTION OF ART

By Eric Bogosian. From the Spring/Summer issue of High Performance, *an arts magazine published in Los Angeles. The magazine asked several dozen artists to contribute a statement on "the function of the arts in culture today."* Talk Radio, *a film based on Bogosian's play by the same name, will open in December.*

Steven Spielberg needs to get to New York. A private jet is chartered. The cost: $34,000.

In New York, an artist is painting in a cold loft on Kenmare Street. He checks his mail, hoping he has received a grant from the NEA. There are two categories: $5,000 and $15,000.

The loft building is going co-op. Upstairs, another artist, who makes constructivist metal fabrications, is writing to his father asking for a loan of $30,000 as a down payment on the loft. The metal artist thinks Ronald Reagan is a fascist.

The metal artist voices this opinion later that night at the Odeon restaurant. He's at the Odeon because, although he doesn't like it, you have to hobnob a bit to sell your art.

The waiter brings the wrong dish to the table. It's an arugula salad, but it's missing the goat cheese. The metal artist is burned-out from a lot of coffee, so he yells at the Chinese waiter. Later, when the waiter brings the correct dish, the artist apologizes.

The waiter doesn't care. He's from the mountains outside of Foochow. He's been thinking about the tea he's been serving this evening and how inferior it is and how the shitheads in the restaurant can't tell the difference. He's decided to write a poem about the tea that's grown in his home province of Fukien.

His concentration is broken by the booming of a stereo in a car parked in front of the restaurant. Everyone turns to look. The car is a BMW with tinted glass.

No one can see the young man inside. He can hardly see, himself, because he's wearing sunglasses. But he's in a BMW and his shoes cost a hundred and fifty bucks and the lady is a fox and the grass comes from Hawaii and the coke is pink. The inside of his head is a shimmering bubble. He's thinking about Hawaii, and for some reason a name keeps floating in his mind: MICHELANGELO . . . ummmmmm . . . kiss me baby . . . uhhh.

counter and then sopped it up with one paper towel and then with the other with each wipe of the counter the sweep of his huge dimpled arm became wider and wider until he was repeatedly smashing his flattened hand and the saturated towel into my chest there was an interminable cadence to the blows i endured and instead of assistance from other patrons at the counter, i received their derision, their sneering laughter but now look at me! i am a terrible god when i enter the forest the mightiest oaks blanch and tremble all rustling chirping growling and buzzing cease, purling brooks become still this is all because of my tremendous muscularity . . . which is the result of the hours of hard work that i put in at the gym and the strict dietary regimen to which i adhere when i enter the forest the birds become incontinent with fear so there's this torrential downpour of shit from the trees and i stride through—my whistle is like an ear-splitting fife being played by a lunatic with a bloody bandage around his head and the sunlight, rent into an incoherence of blazing vectors, illuminates me: a shimmering, serrated monster!

[Vignettes]

MUSIC LESSONS

From The Good Times Are Killing Me, *a novel by Lynda Barry, published by the Real Comet Press in Seattle. Barry, a cartoonist and writer, lives in New York.*

OUR FIRST DAY

Back then, the day she first pounded on the door of the Record Player Night Club, all I knew about Bonna was that I had to watch out for her, everybody did. Because she would get after you for no reason, swearing to beat the asses of everyone in our neighborhood on a rotating basis. That was the main topic of her conversation: ass beating. And it wasn't just all talk and no action either. I guess she's just about the best ass beater I have ever met in my life, boys included.

The news got out to her about us having our own record player and when I opened the door my sister Lucy took her flashlight and shined it right into Bonna's face and said, "You have the right to remain silent," and I about fell over when I saw it was her standing there with her brother Elvin and about ten records she wanted to play. That was a long time ago and we still had the rule of no Negro kids can come in our house. At first I worried about how was I supposed to explain the rule to Bonna, and then I

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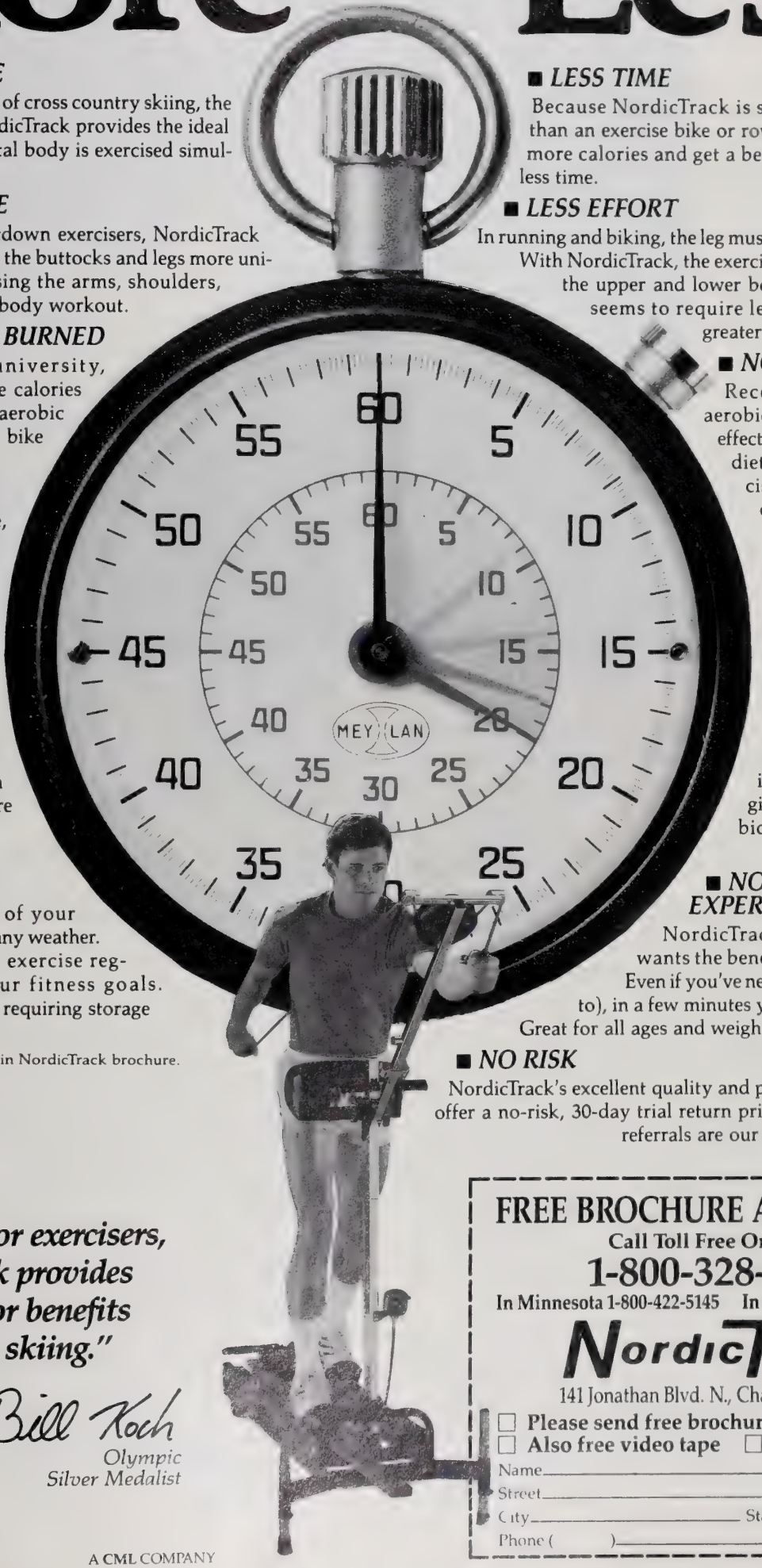
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suddenly realized that we were in the basement and the door came into it from the garage. It would be okay because they could come inside without ever coming inside the real part of the house.

I had never really seen Bonna close up and the first thing I noticed about her was that for earrings she had little pieces of broom straws with the ends burnt, stuck through her ears.

I asked her way later what was the first thing she noticed about me and she said how much I looked like the "What, Me Worry?" guy on the *Mad* magazine but she wasn't saying it for offense. You can't control the first thing you notice about someone.

Bonna's records had a screaming sound that I had never heard before but I tried to look like naturally I had heard them all about a million times. There would be a man screaming, and I really mean screaming, and then all of these people would scream back. She said the man's name was James Brown and told me that the song he was singing was called "Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud." I had never heard of being proud about being a Negro so I wondered was this a joke song or what? She told me that black panthers were coming to beat the whitey's ass and I didn't know what she was talking about so I said, "I know that. Who doesn't know that?"

She put on another record and told me she was going to do a dance that her cousin showed her called the Tighten Up. "I know that dance," I said.

"Prove it," she said.

I stood there looking at her. "I don't feel like it," I said.

"You lie you die," she said and that made Lucy laugh and say "You lie you die" over and over like it was the best poem she ever heard in her life.

"I'll show you how," Bonna said. "I just learned it from my cousin so I know no one out here knows it yet." She put the needle on the record. "Stand over here," she said, pointing next to her. "Go sideways like this and move your one hand around fast like this and move the other one over like this and when they say the part 'Now make it mellow,' move your arms like this," and she bit on her lips and moved her hands in the shape of tornadoes. "I *said* I just don't feel like it, okay?" and I hoped she would just forget about it.

Bonna said, "Watch Elvin do it, come here Elvin, do the Tighten Up, watch him watch him, yeah Elvin come ON! Come ON! He funny, ain't he? Elvin you think you sly? Look at how he thinks he sly!"

Elvin was only five. I watched him do the mellow part thing perfectly and I felt so completely cheated out of something and I can't even tell you what. Lucy did it too but she was only Elvin's age so it didn't matter yet how stupid she looked.

Later, after they left and we went upstairs, I said to Lucy that we had better not tell mom about Bonna and Elvin, and Lucy nodded her head.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

"The Hills Are Alive With the Sound of Music" was the best movie I ever saw and the best music I ever heard. Our whole class went on a field trip to the Blue Mouse Theater to see it and I had to sit up on my knees and keep my balance with my arms so my chair seat wouldn't keep flipping me up and making me miss more of the show.

All I ever wanted to be in life was the star of that show. Someone who sang like a record and ran and twirled around in the mountains, someone so perfect that even Nuns could not understand her, someone who said big deal to the Germans and risked her life to save the sad children she was babysitting and then their rich gorgeous handsome father, who thought his whole life was ruined until she came along, is now so happy and thankful that he forgets all about feeling bad about his dead wife anymore and then falls madly in love with me. Me, beautiful me with the British accent who can sing so beautifully that everybody immediately knows that I am God's first pick, no contest.

MUSIC APPRECIATION

Well one thing that they never tell you in the grade school is, enjoy singing while you can because eventually you are going to be divided up by who can sing and who can't sing, and the people who can sing will go to Choir and the ones who can't sing, won't sing, and may never sing again will go to the class called Music Appreciation, where a teacher will give you a piece of cardboard printed with the life-size keys of a piano and then teach you how to play "Go Tell Aunt Rhody" on it to a record.

How you get tested for your singing is, the first week of junior high school you report to the auditorium during music period and find out you have to stand alone on the stage except for a ninth grader playing the piano, and sing "America the Beautiful" while the rest of the class sits around drawing on their folders or staring at you while they wait for their turns. You get a score and then that's it. The End.

If you are too scared to sing by yourself, you can forfeit, but then you automatically go to Music Appreciation. It's a big school and they don't have time to fool around.



The Last Time Emmett Modeled Nude, *by Sally Mann. From an exhibition of her photographs at the Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery in New York City, this fall.*

MY SINGING

There were probably a lot of songs that got sung to me when I was little because people will always sing to babies. Especially ones whose nerve problems you think it's going to help. When you get older, you may never have anyone sing to you personally again, but go all over the world and I bet you can't find one baby that has never been sung to.

Take my cousin Ellen's baby for example. I'm always singing to him. And I'm probably not even going to like him when he grows up.

I don't sing to him only because I'm stuck up about my singing talents. It turns out I'm a rotten singer. I've been tested. I know it for a fact.

And I don't sing to him because I have to watch him all of the time and I think he wants to hear a bunch of songs. If it was only songs, then why should I sing? Why not just play the radio for him? But when I am alone with him and I touch him or especially when I open up one of his midget little hands, all of a sudden I feel something moving inside of me, this natural message for him, and how am I supposed to say it to a baby who can't even talk yet if I don't sing it?

When I was little I used to imagine that I was a great singer, the best singer of all time, and that my singing was a secret power that could make anyone who heard it cry from its beauty. It could make anyone cry, anyone in the world, even Bonna Willis my ex–best friend who used to chase me down the alley on my way home from school so she could beat my ass, shouting at me in front of everybody, "Run honky bitch! Run!"

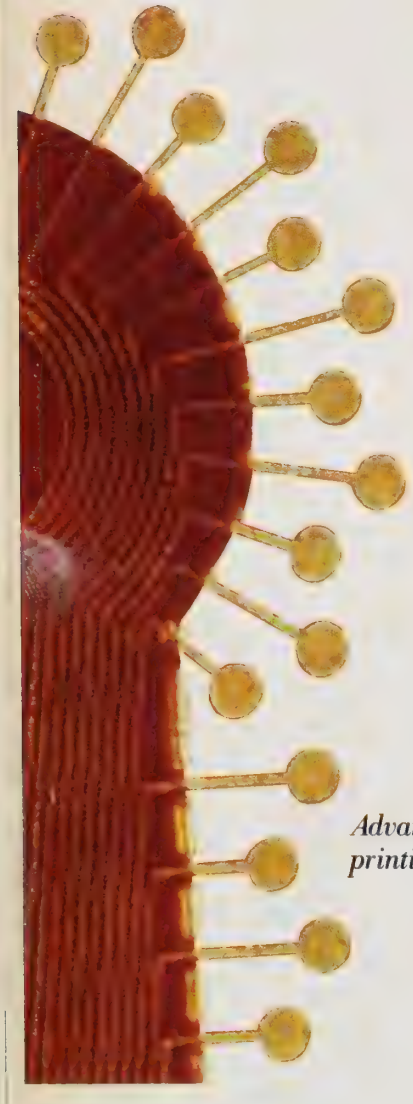
I imagined my singing could make Bonna cry, only it would make her cry for a different reason. When she saw me on TV leaning over our President who had just been shot in the head and whose last request was to hear me sing in order to perform a miracle on him and bring him back to life, then she would be sorry. Then she would be sorry for ever having been mean to me, for ever having pushed me into the corner of the girls' bathroom and slapping me across the face in front of her stupid idiot new friends, I don't care what the reason was for it. She'd cry so hard she couldn't stand it anymore and she'd climb up onto the roof of the school and jump off and bust her head wide open. ■



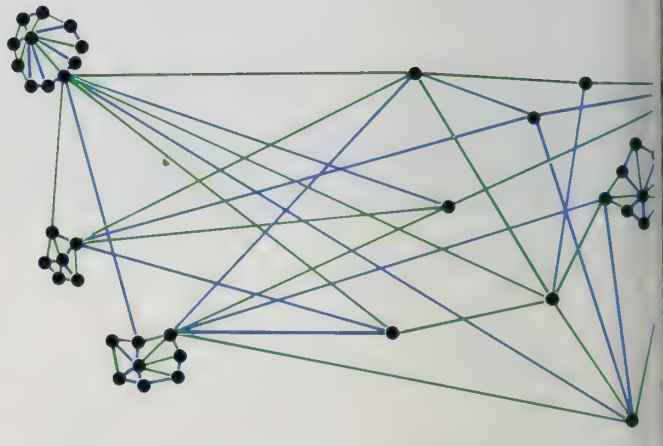
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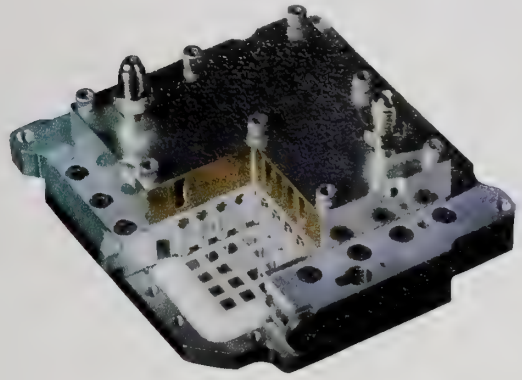
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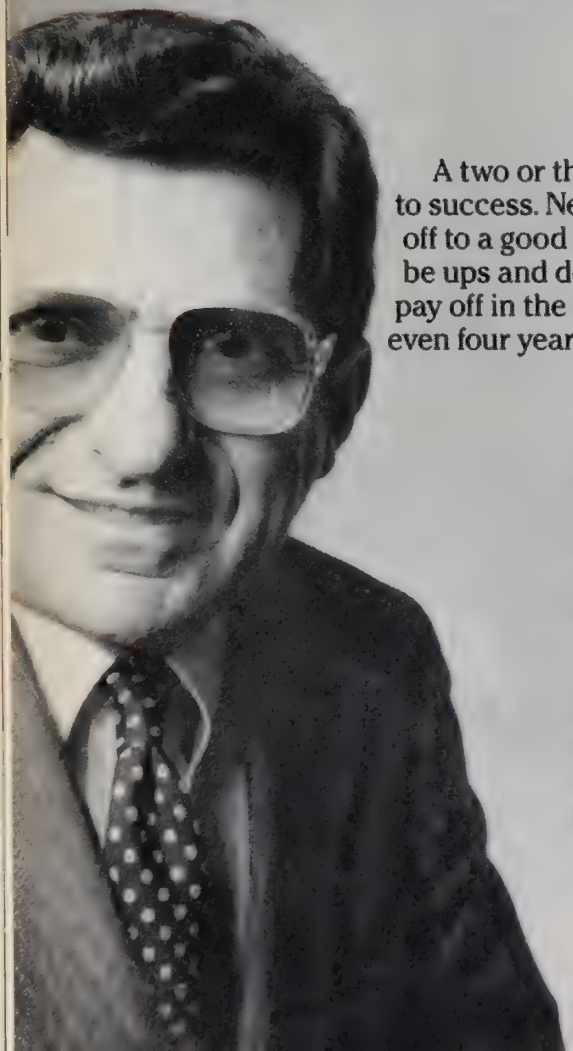


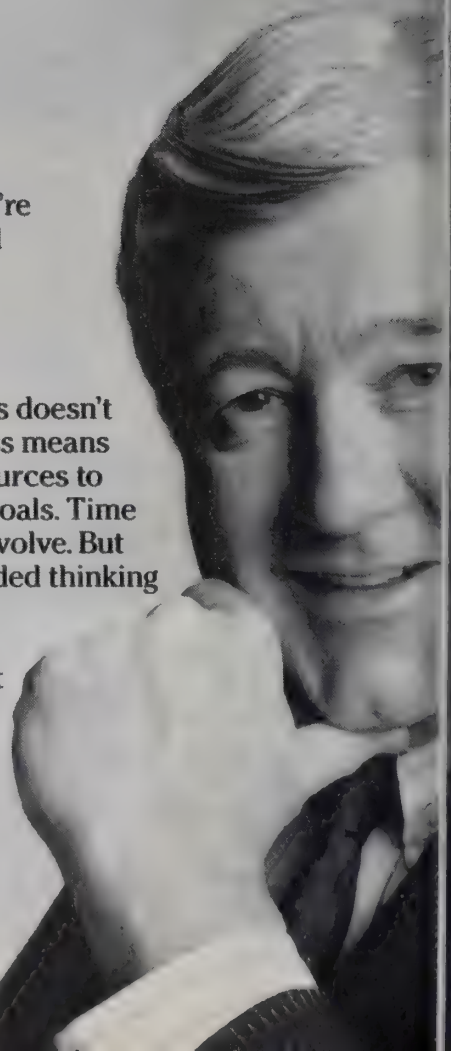
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Television entertainment has often attracted criticism—"chewing gum for the eyes," "the bland leading the bland," "summer stock in an iron lung," "the longest amateur night in history"—but such confidently bookish dismissals are heard less frequently these days. Now that a generation raised on television is seizing the controls of popular culture and writing its history, the medium is acquiring an inchoate respect. When Jackie Gleason died last year, *The Honeymooners* was suddenly vaulted to the status of art; its thirty-nine episodes were reborn under the rubric "television classics." Sooner or later, and probably sooner, *The Beverly Hillbillies* can expect the same treatment.

The situation comedy has emerged as a genre as peculiar to the American character as the short story or the sermon. What defines the Seventies better than *All in the Family*? Or the Eighties better than *The Cosby Show*? One wonders what new situation might capture the nation's TV viewers in a post-Reagan, post-yuppie era. To find out, *Harper's Magazine* invited five members of the latest generation of television writers to a story-development meeting and asked them to create a series that will keep Americans laughing into the Nineties.

The following forum is based on a discussion held at Michael's restaurant in Santa Monica, California. Jack Hitt served as moderator.

JACK HITT
is a senior editor at Harper's Magazine.

PAMELA EELLS
is a former associate director for the CBS Radio Networks and a free-lance television writer.

MAXINE LAPIDUSS
is a stand-up comedienne, actress, and singer who appears regularly at Caroline's, Catch a Rising Star, and the Duplex in New York City, as well as the Improv and Igby's in Los Angeles. She is currently a free-lance television writer.

SALLY LAPIDUSS,
a law-school dropout, is a free-lance television writer.

KARL SCHAEFER
is the executive producer and creator of TV 101, *which will debut this season on CBS.*

DONALD TODD
created The Van Dyke Show, *which will debut this season on CBS, and he is also creating a new series for GTG Entertainment. He was the story editor for both* Alf *and* Misfits of Science.

Stanislavskian Hotcakes

JACK HITT: If television both shapes and reflects our popular culture, I wonder what kind of situation comedy you think audiences will laugh at in the post-Reagan era. What would you pitch to the networks if they gave you free rein?

MAXINE LAPIDUSS: Everybody wants to do something a little different, a little progressive, a little controversial. But there are only a few basic jokes, a few basic concepts, and they've all been done before.

HITT: Such as?

M. LAPIDUSS: Take Garry Shandling. His show has been praised as original because it breaks the fourth wall—that is, he talks directly to the audience. But that was done by Burns and Allen thirty years ago. Shandling's show is great because it has good writing that is suited to his personality.

PAMELA EELLS: Another example is *The Cosby Show*. It's a great show, which is driven by the star's personality, but in genre, it is basically a black *Father Knows Best*. Networks are always looking for a tried-and-true formula that has a slight twist.

SALLY LAPIDUSS: Something different but not too different. You might pitch it this way: *All in the Family*, only the wife's the bigot.

DONALD TODD: Well, then, first we need to figure out what *kind* of comedy we want to do. Should it be a domestic comedy, like *The Cosby Show*; an arena comedy, like *WKRP in Cincinnati*; or a romantic comedy, like *Duet*?

HITT: Which do you think would be most appropriate?

TODD: It might be a good time for a romantic comedy. I think people are tired of arena comedies like *Taxi* and *Cheers*, where all the action takes place in a taxi stand or a bar. And no one wants to watch another domestic comedy right now.

S. LAPIDUSS: Max and I were talking about this a while back, and we considered what's on TV and what isn't. And one thing we noticed was that everybody on TV has money. They all have beautiful clothes. They're not worried about where their next check is coming from. But a lot of real people are living check to check, job to job. What about a character—

HITT: Ralph Kramden redux?

S. LAPIDUSS: Exactly. Ralph Kramden. You don't see characters like that anymore.

M. LAPIDUSS: Money has to be an issue. Not that every week you want to tune in and hear people crying about their lack of funds. But for Ralph Kramden it *informed* his life. That doesn't mean there wasn't humor. Lots of other things happened on *The Honeymooners*, but that stratum is one you never see on TV today.

TODD: Working-class comedy doesn't interest me. It's impossible not to talk down to the audience. Most television producers and writers are not working-class. It's very easy to condescend: "Let's talk about the little people."

M. LAPIDUSS: That's crazy. Nine-tenths of the public are working-class and nine-tenths of our viewers are. There's too much fantasy out there as it is. Shows such as *Dynasty* and other prime-time soaps are popular because the audience thinks "if only my life was like that." And they lose themselves in it for an hour.

KARL SCHAEFER: I don't know if the attraction of watching *Dynasty* nowadays is wishing "my life was like that" as much as the thrill of watching rich folks get screwed and be miserable. If the country's attitude keeps changing as the Reagan era ends, we may see more shows that bash wealth rather than celebrate it. *Miami Vice* did that—in reverse. The early shows were about cops disgusted by the wealth and stylized squalor of rich drug dealers. As the Reagan "me first" decade developed, the show came to symbolize the wealth and style that it had so much contempt for originally.

TODD: But our job is not to make jokes about the lives of blue-collar workers. When I try to think of a working-class comedy that audiences have accepted, I can't.

EELLS: How about *The Honeymooners*, *All in the Family*, *Cheers*, and now *Roseanne*? Even *Cheers* is a working-class show, although it has its resident pseudo-intellectual.

SCHAEFER: There's no realism in *Cheers*; there isn't a drunk in the place.

TODD: *Cheers* shies away from blue-collar hardships on purpose. If you're dealing with the working class, you *have* to deal with economic realities.

HITT: But couldn't the working-class aspect of the comedy just be the backdrop? Wasn't that the way *The Honeymooners* worked? The comedy in the show wasn't derived from their modest paychecks.

TODD: Backdrops don't matter. The viewer has to be able to relate to the characters. Can you think of a successful working-class comedy that hasn't had such characters?

SCHAEFER: *Green Acres is the place to be.*

TODD: Don't put down *Green Acres*.

HITT: I will defend *Green Acres*. It's a kid's world-view: the central character is constantly frustrated because he's surrounded by lunatics who all make sense to one another but not to him.

EELLS: I see *Green Acres* as another manifestation of the American pop-culture mythology of utopian communities.

S. LAPIDUSS: From *Walden* to *Petticoat Junction*.

EELLS: No, really. I once read an apologia for *Green Acres* that explored the coherence behind the seeming illogic of the show. It beautifully plumbed the profundities of Sam Drucker's general store.

S. LAPIDUSS: I remember that: one passage noted the truly Stanislavskian intensity with which Eva Gabor flipped those hotcakes.

EELLS: Can I back up for a second, Jack? What recent shows can you think of that have been emblematic of their time?

HITT: There's *All in the Family*, a show that came on the air just after the civil rights movement had peaked and been assimilated into the American zeitgeist. So television comes along and creates a racist who is a buffoon: Archie Bunker, the incarnation of all that we hated about ourselves in the 1960s. And we comfortably laughed him out of our lives.

Then, what replaces *All in the Family* as the top show in the country? *The Cosby Show*—a sitcom that taps into the Reaganesque reaffirmation of the American Dream. The show is a symbolic welcome by the middle class to a historically oppressed group, blacks. We laugh while we think: this really is a great country.

S. LAPIDUSS: It certainly is Reaganesque. America can deal with a black family only if it poses no economic, social, or racial problems.

EELLS: I agree with Jack, in part. I think one of the reasons that *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* did so well in the 1970s is because of the women's movement. The timing was ideal. The three women on the show—Mary, Phyllis, and Rhoda—all represented different types of women at different stages. That was brilliant.

M. LAPIDUSS: Do you know what the next sitcom might be? A yuppie couple who climb to the top and suddenly lose everything. The driving force in the show could be the battle to get back up but—

EELLS:—they don't get back up.

TODD: The struggle of the human spirit to obtain goodness through adversity. I like it.

M. LAPIDUSS: Or the struggle to obtain a cheap apartment.

S. LAPIDUSS: Especially in New York.

M. LAPIDUSS: To adapt, to be faced with what might happen if Wall Street really takes a plunge. Nobody has any money. Everybody buys on credit. They're broke and suddenly struggling for basic necessities. That's a potential fact of life for most people.

EELLS: And as more families become homeless, people are afraid of losing what they have.

TODD: But you show people that it's okay. You're

not going to die; it's all right. You play into the basic-human-values-are-solid theme. That's what people have to fall back on.

M. LAPIDUSS: I like the working-class scenario because when Sally and I were growing up our parents were always struggling to stay in the middle class. So turn that on its ear. Make it a working-class couple that momentarily succeed during the Reagan era. When the economy slows down, they are forced to return to blue-collar life. That might be fun.

S. LAPIDUSS: Some major catastrophe rips the plush pile out from under them.

TODD: Fine. But you can't do *The Thorns* kind of thing. You can't make the characters unlikeable. You have to make them decide to persevere—not just whine and complain each week. You can't get comedy out of whining characters.

M. LAPIDUSS: But you could have them hauling hay or doing something menial; combine the fish-out-of-water thing with the urbanites-in-the-country shtick. That could be funny.

TODD: Either they kill themselves or they keep going. If they kill themselves, it's ground-breaking TV but a creative error. If they decide to keep going, then they have to make the best of it. That theme has always appealed to me.

S. LAPIDUSS: And if the couple still see their friends from the old days, show how they handle that. You can imagine the gaffes at dinner parties and the great setups.

EELLS: Show their new friends meeting their old friends.

HITT: And how do their children deal with it?

M. LAPIDUSS: No children, please.

EELLS: Slap a child-buster logo on this show.

TODD: I don't like children on TV either.

HITT: Why not?

M. LAPIDUSS: They have to be likeable too much of the time. A writer is always worried that a character will not be likeable. You can have rotten adults like Danny DeVito in *Taxi*, but America is not ready for *Bad Seed: The Sitcom*.

EELLS: Actually, if you did this the way it often happens, it would be a woman who's just divorced, who's on her own—

TODD: *Who can turn the world on with her smile?*

EELLS: Mary Tyler Moore wasn't divorced on her show, and she didn't have children. But the idea that a woman's income declines by 73 percent after she's divorced, and that a man's income shoots up by 42 percent, is—

TODD: Is that true?

SCHAEFER: Well, Joanna Carson throws the curve off a bit.

HITT: Declining income—can that be funny?

EELLS: It could be. At least it's grounded in reality.

S. LAPIDUSS: The question is, do people watch TV to see reality or to escape it? Both, I think, if it's entertaining.

TODD: I think you have to worry about the characters first. How old are they?

M. LAPIDUSS: I would like them to be past their thirties, not yuppies. You'd feel a little more for them if they were older. Fifties, perhaps. Maybe Dick Van Patten is available.

EELLS: This is getting pathetic.

TODD: I agree. Fifties is different. You're talking "the golden years," the last desperate fling. But I can say that because I'm twenty-seven.

EELLS: What if the characters were in their forties?

M. LAPIDUSS: Fine. I hate it that everyone on television these days has to be in their thirties.

S. LAPIDUSS: That's because they're the people who buy the products.

TODD: You have to appeal to a market segment, or so I read somewhere.

M. LAPIDUSS: So if you're not thirty-five, you don't buy anything? Someone buys Geritol.

EELLS: But not in prime time.

S. LAPIDUSS: It's actually good to have older characters on a show. *The Golden Girls* is hot, and it reflects the fact that the population of America is getting older. But for our show, if the couple is in their fifties, it takes on the wrong tone.

TODD: A forty-year-old man is fundamentally different from a man in his fifties. Make him thirty-eight, thirty-nine.

M. LAPIDUSS: I'll compromise.

EELLS: What about the woman?

TODD: She's part of the conflict. Maybe she's been raising a family and she needs to re-establish her career, so now we have a one-career traditional family that must adjust to a two-career family life. And the kids are latchkey kids.

M. LAPIDUSS: What if the kids are twenty-five?

TODD: And Dad's thirty-eight? What are they? Southern?

HITT: My mother in South Carolina thanks you.

M. LAPIDUSS: Older children are moving back to

the nest. Young adults—people who are twenty, twenty-five, thirty—are moving back home because they can't afford their own apartments. Maybe we could work that in.

EELLS: A couple thrown out of work, out of their house, and now their children want to move in? What do we call this series?

TODD: How about *Margin Call?*

EELLS: Or *What a Week.* Oy!

HITT: Maybe the kids move back in a later episode.

TODD: No kids.

EELLS: What about a post-feminist woman, who is not all that interested in going out and getting a job but would rather stay home and be supported. That's happening a lot among my friends. Maybe her husband says, "But, honey, work will fulfill you." And her reaction is "Well, I already am fulfilled."

SCHAEFER: Maybe she's not married but keeps meeting liberated guys who won't support her. That's her main problem.

TODD: Don't we box ourselves into a corner after the third episode? We end up with a standard domestic comedy.

M. LAPIDUSS: Depending on what her job is. Maybe she *gets* a job and that's the focal point.

TODD: Then you've lost the concept of this couple trying to adjust to their new life. After four episodes, they adjust.

SCHAEFER: Send them off in a trailer across the country.

EELLS: And get sued by Albert Brooks.

A TV Writer's Glossary

Act: all half-hour sitcoms are divided into two acts, each lasting approximately eleven minutes.

Arc: the course of a character's development during a half-hour show.

Backstory: the prior circumstances that set up the overall premise of the series, often depicted in the opening of an episode; in *The Beverly Hillbillies,* for example, the backstory showed the moment when Jed Clampett discovered oil, and his subsequent move to Beverly Hills.

Bible: a book used by writers as a blueprint for a series; it contains detailed descriptions of a show's backstory, premise, and especially its characters.

Blowup: the climax or unraveling of the plot in an episode; blowups typically occur in the penultimate scene and are resolved in the final scene.

Button: the last joke in an act, the function of which is to hold the audience during a commercial.

Cold opening: an opening scene that begins the plot immediately and relates directly to the rest of the show.

Four-camera tape: a style of producing a series, in which four cameras record a continuous performance before a live audience; during the taping the director selects the various camera angles—close-ups, two-shots, and group shots—to create the final show; see one-camera film.

Heat: some small conflict that motivates a character's actions in the context of a single show; often requested by the producer, as in, "Get some heat in there"; see spin.

K words: according to comedy lore, words that begin with a hard C or K sound are funny; thus, it's better to say, "Catch the ketchup" than "Seize the mustard."

Light the lantern: a writer's term for highlighting some special trait of a character; if a writer for *Family Ties* were to accentuate the greediness of Michael J. Fox's character, he would be "lighting Alex's lantern."

One-camera film: a style of producing a series, employing one mobile camera; episodes are shot on location or on a variety of sets; see four-camera tape.

Open up: to expand the possibilities of a series by introducing new characters or changing set locations.

Pipe: exposition used to set up punch lines; according to Hollywood lore, when Ron Howard complained to *Happy Days* producer Garry Marshall that Henry "the Fonz" Winkler was getting too many jokes, and that Howard had to supply too much exposition, Marshall replied, "Ron, even Olivier had to lay pipe."

Spin: what usually follows heat; if a writer applies heat to a character by making him lie, the spin would be having the character get caught lying.

Tag: the last thirty or sixty seconds of an episode, usually self-contained, with one or two jokes.

Teaser: the opening of an episode, usually self-contained, with one or two jokes; the opening vignette of *Cheers* is a teaser.

S. LAPIDUSS: Cue the banjo music.

SCHAEFER: *Rolling, rolling, rolling, keep this trailer rolling!*

TODD: How about using the trailer and creating a serial anthology? That's something I've never seen. A half-hour comedy serial anthology.

HITT: What's a serial anthology?

TODD: *The Fugitive* was one; it centered on a fixed character who went from place to place and encountered different people, different situations. Most half-hour comedies have the same set—a little couch with table and chairs in a living room downstage. And all the stories take place there.

SCHAEFER: A half-hour comedy with a different set each week?

TODD: The trailer could be one set. But you could also have swing sets, new sets that you've never seen before.

...fresh air! ...Times Square!

For the sitcom series *Gas, Food, Lodging* developed in this forum, *Harper's Magazine* asked the songwriters Judy Hart Angelo and Gary Portnoy to compose the lyrics that would introduce the show. The words below are meant to accompany an upbeat traveling melody, with acoustic guitar strummed over a walking bass line. Angelo and Portnoy have written the music and lyrics to many television theme songs, including *Cheers* and *Mr. Belvedere.*

The living is swell
When you're living on high
You dig a new well
When the well runs dry

The future may not always be
Right there where the eye can see
But if you search you just might find
Forgotten roads of a different kind

There's a time for new beginnings
To take a second look
To play through nine new innings
A time to rewrite the book

It's one of life's surprises
When you're up against the wall
You fall back on the simple things
That matter most of all

SCHAEFER: Maybe the diner they pull into every once in a while is a set, and you could use it for a great gag. It's the same people, the same basic table, the same blue plate specials, but a different restaurant each time. One week it's the "Holy Tortilla"; the next it's "Tiki Acres."

TODD: But the same characters always work there?

SCHAEFER: Right. And you always have the couple hit the same beat when they pull in and look at the place.

EELLS: Call it *Gas, Food, Lodging,* just like the highway signs.

TODD: I like this. It's a *Barney Miller* kind of comedy that really depends on the mix of new people and what they say and how you resolve the story. You could really open up the show, get it out of some damn living room and write about today's real problems.

HITT: If you were pitching this series to the networks, how would you do it?

TODD: I'd start with the characters. Talk about the couple.

HITT: How would you describe the guy?

TODD: I see him as an idealist, a guy who won't give up. He's brought to his knees periodically but bounces back. It's not a problem. It's never a problem. He's got it licked no matter how tough it is. He's an older Tom Hanks in the face of adversity—you can't get him down. The indomitable American.

HITT: And the woman?

S. LAPIDUSS: You could go a couple of different ways with the woman. She could be skeptical of the whole venture, but she loves her husband, and so she'll give it a year or two. Or she could be a pain in the ass, spoiled and willing to let everyone know it—à la Julia Duffy in *Newhart* or Claudette Colbert in *It Happened One Night.* Maybe her career could lend itself to traveling. She's a sociologist or journalist. She could become the Charlotte Kuralt of the '90s, reporting her experiences on the road. Whichever characterization you chose would depend on which one you thought you could write about week after week, which character you could get the most out of as the show develops.

TODD: That's how I'd pitch it. I'd want to create characters that the networks could envision on the air. If I go to the networks and say I have an idea about people traveling around the country, I'm dead. I have to start with the characters. That's what the networks are interested in, frankly, because that's what the audience is interested in.

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Two 'Hell's and a 'Damn'

HITT: What about standards and practices with this kind of show? For example, one episode of *St. Elsewhere* opened with Howie Mandel in his underwear and his wife in a teddy. She takes a bowl of whipped cream and rubs it on his face. Then she kisses him, and with cream oozing from her lips, she ties him to the bed. There's a knock at the door: it's his mother. Then the credits roll. I was stunned, I—

SCHAEFER:—had to take a shower?

TODD: Maybe we should talk about you for a minute.

HITT: Is there anything left to do on TV? If the networks came to you and said, "We want *Gas, Food, Lodging* to be controversial—"

M. LAPIDUSS:—but the "gas" has to go.

SCHAEFER: It depends on the hour.

HITT: What's the difference?

SCHAEFER: At 8 P.M. you can get away with very little. An 8 o'clock show is a *kind* of show. It has its own tone. And there are story lines you can't do at 8 P.M. that you can do at 9 P.M.

TODD: There's even a difference between 10 and 10:30 P.M. There are things you can do in the second half-hour of *L.A. Law* that you can't do in the first half.

HITT: For example?

TODD: Remember when they mentioned the sexual technique the "Venus Butterfly" on *L.A. Law*? You could never do that at 9 o'clock.

M. LAPIDUSS: Once on *L.A. Law*, a woman appeared wearing a tight leather dress. There was some line about "bush." At that same moment she stood up and walked—with her crotch in center frame—right at the camera. The whole time you saw Becker eyeing her up and down. When I saw that, my mouth just hung open.

EELLS: What you can do depends on the show, too. For example, *Hill Street Blues, St. Elsewhere,* and *L.A. Law* can get away with more because the networks trust the taste of the producer—

TODD:—and the audience.

SCHAEFER: But you push because you know you will have to go into a meeting and argue for these things.

HITT: Do you go in and say, "Look, I really want this scene. The character's going to say 'bush,' and I want this particular camera shot"?

TODD: No, you don't do it like that. You put the scene in, and you wait for them to catch it. If they catch it, you make *them* tell you what's wrong with it. Make *them* put it into words, and they don't know many words.

S. LAPIDUSS: You hear stories about writers who really want to get in one controversial bit of dialogue, so they put in five bits that they don't mind losing.

HITT: Can you imagine a controversial scene in *Gas, Food, Lodging*?

M. LAPIDUSS: Maybe a trailer park where there are fifteen trailers and all the lights go out. It's a long crane shot and you see all the trailers rocking at the same time. You realize that everyone is making love in the trailers simultaneously. But how would you argue in favor of that?

EELLS: I'd say, "What are you talking about? It's an earthquake."

M. LAPIDUSS: But remember how much grief we got for a stupid word like "slime"? We tried it in an after-school special. The line was something like "Gee, that guy is a real slime." And they wouldn't let us use it.

EELLS: The funny thing is, of all words that an adolescent would really use—scumball, jerk-off—we toned it down to "slime," and they said no.

SCHAEFER: See, that's a 3 o'clock show. I'm not being facetious. Every hour makes a difference.

HITT: Someone told me that one of the networks ran a movie recently and deliberately included the word "shit" to see how much mail they would get.

SCHAEFER: PBS does it all the time.

HITT: Isn't that one of the reasons the networks seem willing to go further—precisely, because cable and public television are putting them to the test?

TODD: Definitely.

SCHAEFER: Standards are loosening. The networks have cut back—in some cases eliminated—departments of broadcast standards and practices.

M. LAPIDUSS: There's also a certain momentum with some words. I remember the first time I heard the word "bitch" on TV. John Belushi said it on *Saturday Night Live*. I was floored, but then, suddenly, at 10:30 every night, someone on some channel would say "bitch."

SCHAEFER: Yeah, there are boomlets for certain words.

HITT: What's booming now?

SCHAEFER: Well, "butt" is really big now.

M. LAPIDUSS: Butt is *big*?

TODD: As a writer you write whatever you want, and then you worry later if they catch it. Generally, you get a call from somebody in the network's department of standards who will give you specific notes.

HITT: Like?

TODD: Sometimes they are less worried about the word itself than the frequency. Once on *Misfits of Science*, I got notes such as "Take out three 'hell's and two 'damn's." I'd negotiate by saying: "I'll take out two 'hell's and one 'damn.'"

M. LAPIDUSS: I'll give you one "damn" but not a "hell."

SCHAEFER: I'll raise you a "butt."

TODD: That's exactly how the conversation goes. You have to negotiate. Be flexible.

HITT: What's the next word we can sneak on the air?

M. LAPIDUSS: Euphemisms are in these days. *Moonlighting* might have started it. "Boinking" was one of theirs.

TODD: Didn't you try to put the word "vagina" in a script?

EELLS: Yes, we had a vagina joke.

M. LAPIDUSS: We knew it was a great laugh, and we tried to get it in.

HITT: Excuse me?

M. LAPIDUSS: It was a takeoff on the *Reader's Digest* series that had articles like "I Am Joe's Spleen."

EELLS: One of our characters said, "I've just written an article for *Reader's Digest* entitled, 'I Am Jane's Vagina: If These Walls Could Talk.'"

TODD: But you knew it wouldn't go any further than the script.

HITT: Why? Is it too clinical?

TODD: It depends on the circumstances.

S. LAPIDUSS: You could probably get it on *St. Elsewhere*.

HITT: In a hospital context.

TODD: You've got to justify it. If the *word* is the punch line, and you expect to get a laugh just using the word, forget it. You're calling too much attention to the word itself. They won't like it. For example, you couldn't use the word "poontang."

HITT: Not at my dinner table you couldn't.

M. LAPIDUSS: But you can say "bush" at 10 o'clock and show shots?

SCHAEFER: Could you say "tang"?

M. LAPIDUSS: How about "poon"?

SCHAEFER: Could you say "punjab"?

S. LAPIDUSS: You couldn't describe a "punjab."

SCHAEFER: Or how much a "punjab" costs.

HITT: This is getting really Sikh.

TODD: Is the point of writing television sitcoms just to see how far you can go?

SCHAEFER: Sure.

TODD: A lot of people just want to do that—

SCHAEFER: It's breaking new ground.

TODD: If the word comes up when you're writing, yes. But do you really sit down and figure out what will push the boundary this week?

SCHAEFER: I don't know. I think it's in my nature.

TODD: Shouldn't it be an extension of the story?

SCHAEFER: I wouldn't do it just for the sake—

TODD: *St. Elsewhere* does it all the time. I heard a character say "doo-doo." Does anyone ever *need* to say doo-doo? I mean, why doo-doo?

SCHAEFER: Well, I think you're delving into one of the great profundities of TV. Why doo-doo? I mean, is there a purpose to all this, or do we say doo-doo for doo-doo's sake?

Getting to Pilot

HITT: Now let's return to the rest of our show, *Gas, Food, Lodging*. What would be the opening scene?

M. LAPIDUSS: The guy is applying for a job that he's totally overqualified for, and he—

SCHAEFER:—has to have that job.

TODD: This is a good pilot episode. Maybe the guy gets turned down for a job because he's overqualified. Now he has to convince the personnel director that—

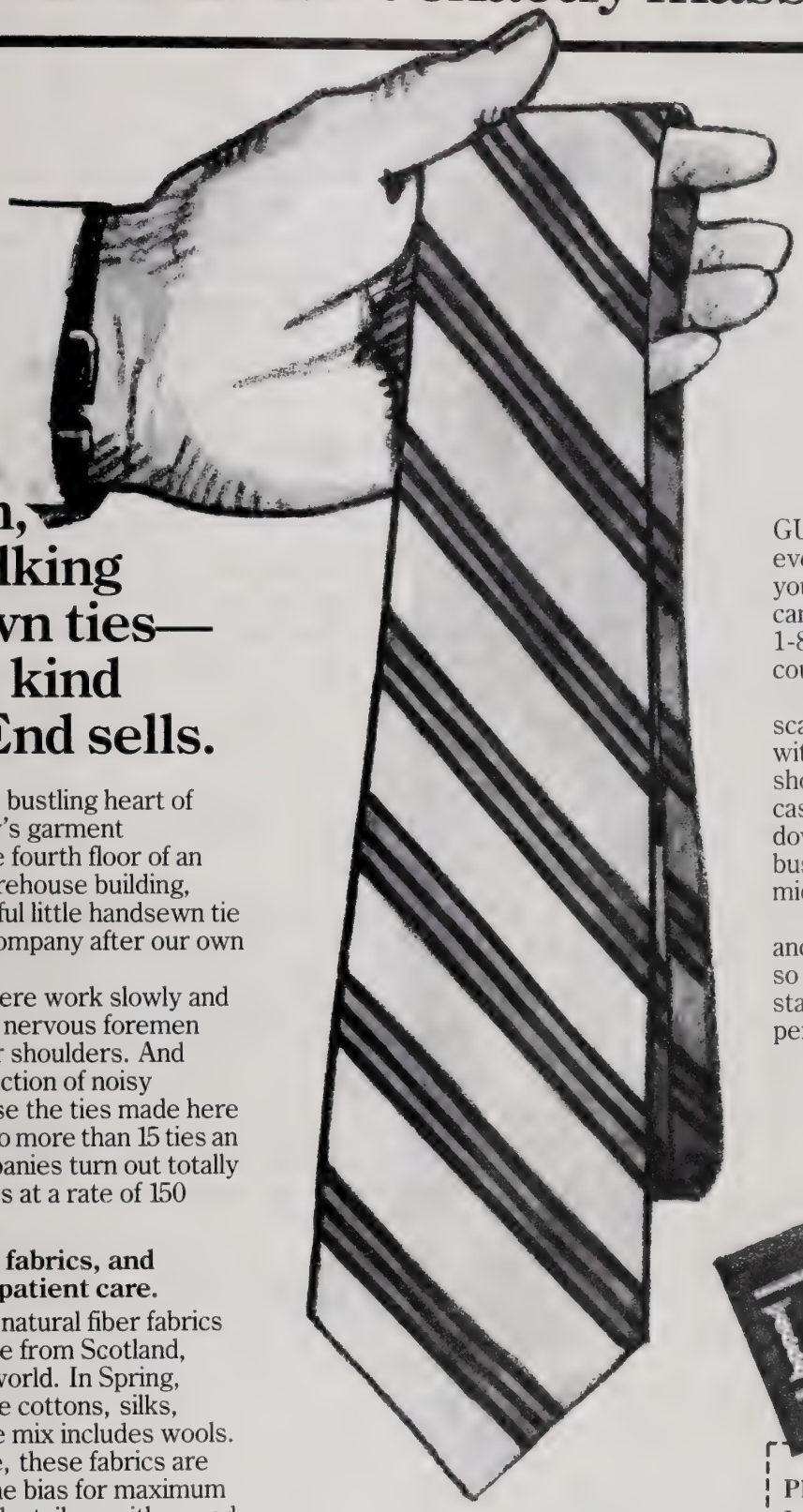
SCHAEFER:—he's dumb enough—

TODD:—to do the job.

EELLS: The nightmare is that he *does* convince them that he can do the job, but when he's given the chance, he can't. Which is what happened at my first job. I said that I could type, and I couldn't.

TODD: A good opening scene. You don't have to set up what happened. You can open with a scene in the personnel office and the main character comes in. By the end of the scene, we find out how desperate he is. If he gets turned down for

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the job, you have the problem of the pilot.

HITT: Wait a minute. Are you talking about the opening few minutes of the pilot?

M. LAPIDUSS: The first minute of the show would be the credits. And in the credits you could backstory the family history.

HITT: "Backstory"? Is that a verb?

M. LAPIDUSS: Yeah. Remember the opening of *The Beverly Hillbillies*? It cut back and forth between the mansion and the shack where they used to live.

SCHAEFER: *Come and listen to a story 'bout a man named Jed.*

M. LAPIDUSS: That's the backstory. You can convey a lot of information in thirty seconds.

HITT: So the credits are superimposed on the backstory. Then what? Do you go to—

TODD:—a commercial. The other alternative is the teaser format: you open with a little bit of show, then credits, commercial, and back to the show.

HITT: Like *Cheers*? It opens with a minute of jokes, then a commercial, and then the show.

TODD: Right. Teaser, commercial, act one.

EELLS: The teaser usually ends with a drawing or title logo, as in *Cheers*. You see the main titles and hear the theme music. But that format is used less and less these days.

HITT: Would you want a teaser with this show?

TODD: It's all personal. But I don't like them.

HITT: Why?

TODD: It locks you into creating another beginning for the show after the commercial. I prefer credits, commercial, and then straight up on act one.

HITT: How long is each act?

M. LAPIDUSS: About eleven minutes. At least eight minutes of each half-hour show are commercials and credits.

S. LAPIDUSS: Sitcoms are very formulaic. The general structure is two acts with three or four scenes per act. Some even have a requisite number of jokes per page.

HITT: Don't you even have specific terms for kinds of jokes? Isn't the "button" the joke you hear just before a commercial, and don't comedy writers emphasize "K words"—words that begin with a hard C or K sound—because they are thought to be funnier to the human ear?

S. LAPIDUSS: Yeah, but those terms are more a part of comedy folklore than comedy writing. Far more pertinent to the writing is the kind of show it is. If it's one-camera film, such as M*A*S*H or *Molly Dodd*, you can play around more, visually—open it up—because it's like writing and shooting a mini-film. But most shows use four-camera tape, like *All in the Family*. They are shot before a live audience. You have two or three regular sets with an occasional swing set—that is, a set that's probably used just once. If you think of one-camera film as a mini-movie, then the four-camera tape is more like a mini-play.

HITT: Is each act self-contained, a playlet?

TODD: Yes. I prefer that format because you only have to begin and end twice in a show.

EELLS: The other bad thing about teasers is that they had better be good because if they're not, you lose your audience at the commercial. The whole idea is to grab them.

TODD: While we're on it, no tags on this show either.

HITT: Tags?

SCHAEFER: That's the last joke after the last commercial.

HITT: You mean those last thirty seconds of *Star Trek* when Dr. McCoy sneeringly tells Spock he's a dispassionate automaton? And Spock says something wry about human nature, and then up comes the wanky, upbeat music?

TODD: Precisely. Now you know why I don't like them.

M. LAPIDUSS: Some formats use them well. *Kate and Allie* begins and ends with the two of them talking. It works nicely, bookending the show.

HITT: So where are we? No teaser, no tags. *Gas, Food, Lodging* will open on a backstory with credits, then commercial, and then act one. Can the backstory have dialogue?

TODD: Primarily it's images and a catchy tune.

SCHAEFER: If you're cursed, it's a banjo.

EELLS: With lyrics that sum up the backstory: *I used to be rich; now life's a bitch. La-dee-da.*

M. LAPIDUSS: The backstory might show our couple getting fired. And you might throw in a few shots of what their life was like before. So you know they're at the end of their rope. Then they head out to start something new.

TODD: And they throw their hat in the air.

S. LAPIDUSS: *They're gonna make it after all.*

EELLS: They throw the trailer.

S. LAPIDUSS: They throw the steering wheel.

M. LAPIDUSS: They throw up.

SCHAEFER: Can you throw up in prime time?

TODD: After 8:30 P.M. you can throw up, I think.

S. LAPIDUSS: All right. The backstory could show the husband being fired and then show the woman trading in their BMW for a used Chevy. Then commercial and act one.

HITT: How would you open the first show?

TODD: The first scene of an act is called the A scene, the second the B scene, etc. Don't ask why. Anyway, our A scene could start with the decision to hit the road. And in the B scene they get the trailer. Or you could actually stretch the whole first act out with the decision to discover America.

EELLS: Is that Albert Brooks's lawyer on the telephone?

SCHAEFER: And have them, at the end of the first act, deciding to leave.

TODD: Maybe the A scene is the crisis, losing the job; and the B scene could end with the decision to head out on the road.

M. LAPIDUSS: Wait. The A scene could open the show with a garage sale, and for whatever reason the wife or the husband can't bear to part with anything. So, suddenly, in the next scene you cut to them in their trailer and it's packed with all the stuff. You want to think in terms of sight gags for the A scene.

SCHAEFER: Well, decide what it is they're selling and pick items that represent some personal history, some funny props that trigger some revealing fact.

TODD: Or it might be something ordinary. The husband says, "You're not going to sell that," and then you tell a story. The more ordinary the better, because then you don't have to rely entirely on sight gags for the A scene.

What if your B scene is the man trying to get a job? They sell all their stuff or try to, and then we backstory their problem, and then he says, "Okay, I can get a job." But he can't, and so they hit the road.

SCHAEFER: Move them to different places and have them getting work as long as they can.

M. LAPIDUSS: *Then Came Bronson*—

EELLS:—only in a trailer.

TODD: But ultimately the writers have to have a reverence and an eye for what makes people get through their day. That's what this couple start to discover. All of us are driven toward some goal, but what if that goal is taken away? What drives us? What drives most people?

S. LAPIDUSS: Maybe he keeps a diary.

SCHAEFER: You could get in a lot of Americana with that.

TODD: You could format it as a voice-over at the top of the A scene. A diary entry. Not to be too silly, but "Star Date 3576," or whatever.

M. LAPIDUSS: With a slow close-up shot of a map.

SCHAEFER: A klingon just cut me off—

M. LAPIDUSS:—on I-90.

TODD: Seriously. "Yuma, Arizona, September 19." Then straight up on your story.

S. LAPIDUSS: Rod Serling comes out of the mist.

M. LAPIDUSS: Submitted for your consideration: "Where are we?" "What are we going to do?"

TODD: This show is about the basic need to survive. It's a series about getting through, playing off the humor inherent in people trying to adjust to their new, more humble life even as they try to recapture the grandeur of their old one.

S. LAPIDUSS: Exactly. Check, please... ■

...after these brief messages

This title logo—for the sitcom series *Gas, Food, Lodging* developed in this forum—was created by Jim Castle, Bruce Bryant, and Carol Johnsen. Their firm, Castle/Bryant/Johnsen, located in Studio City, California, has designed and produced the title sequences for *Cheers, Moonlighting, Designing Women, Alf, The 'Slap' Maxwell Story,* and about 100 other television programs.



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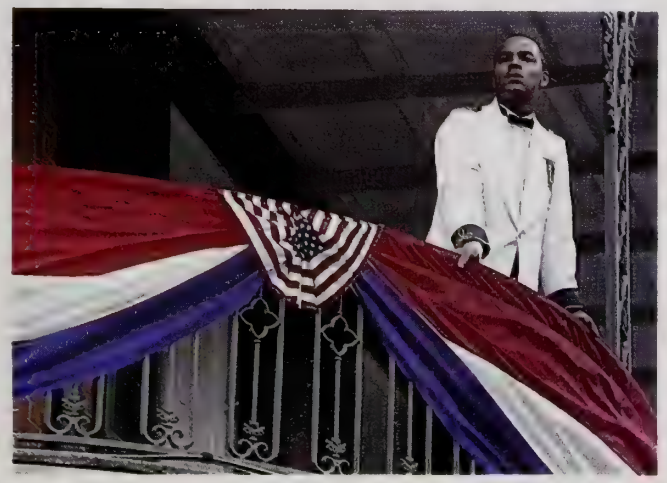


WHEN YOU REALIZE THE FUTURE'S BEHIND YOU, YOU DON'T TAKE YOUR STEPS LIGHTLY.

KEEPING THE FUTURE AT BAY

Of Republicans and their America

By Robert Stone



The late great journalist A. J. Liebling, who imagined the city of New Orleans with the intensity of a true lover, once described it as a combination of Paterson, New Jersey, and Port-au-Prince. Liebling was conjuring up the city before 1960, in most of which Stanley Kowalski would still have been comfortable without a shirt. The high life and the low life were curiously turned and very restricted. It was a poor, peculiar, happy place, where the fateful gaiety of carnival really did last all year long—an antic spirit that savored very much of mortality and the imperfectness of things. Only local black people and a handful of hipsters knew to call it the Big Easy.

With the oil boom, New Orleans acquired a belt of Chiclet suburbs where alligators fled the new white middle class that fled the inner city, divided, ironically, by integration. Million-dollar condominiums were nailed together everywhere in the Vieux Carré. Until 1960 a French Quarter address still carried with it more than a suggestion of bohemian impropriety, and the Monteleone was the only big hotel actually in the Quarter. A few years later there were half a dozen, all of them oozing old-timeyness and simulated essence of magnolia, with menu prose that implied they had been standing at least since Kate Chopin's day. One of them, the Bourbon Orleans, occupied the shell of the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Family. The Sisters were small brown Creole ladies of an ineffable delicacy, and I have often wondered whither they were removed. The convent, as I remember, had fewer stories than the hotel has, although the hotel is no higher. Above Canal Street, the city acquired several brutal square skyscrapers of the sort that seem to require a rooftop sign reading BULLSHIT WALKS—they manage to be tall and squat at the same time.

The New Orleans of my recollection ascended no higher than the white cupola atop the Hibernia Bank Building. I seem to remember chimes that sounded "Abide With Me" over the rattle of the St. Charles streetcar and the newsie's cry and the police whistles. I'll never be sure how much of what I remember is imagined, so readily does this city lend itself to dreams. Memory is subverted, tainted by fantasies that thrive in the languid shadows. People who grew up here tell me it is the same for them, that the way in which they recall lining up for frozen Sno Balls or going to parochial school takes on a certain spin.

Robert Stone is the author of A Hall of Mirrors, Dog Soldiers, A Flag for Sunrise, *and most recently,* Children of Light. *He is at work on new novel.*

ograph by Gad Schuster / Contact Press Images

Politics had a way of coming to you in Louisiana, even of coming at you

At the same time, reality has always been relentless in New Orleans. My daughter was born in Huey Long's Charity Hospital under legal segregation, which meant that everything was done twice, separately, often cheerfully and in theoretical equality but under circumstances that are horrible to contemplate today. There was nothing insubstantial about the poverty, violence, and general squalor that poor people, white or black, endured in the land of dreams. Yet in the worst of times an absurd magic might intrude itself. In the waiting room outside the maternity ward, I fell into conversation with a Cajun farmer who assured me that St. Joseph took special care of firstborn children. It was good to hear a friendly word in that hard-boiled but unsanitary place.

Politics had a way of coming to you in Louisiana, circa 1960, even of coming at you, no matter how you tried to hide. For one thing, the desegregation battles were being fought in the streets and in the small towns of the Deep South. About the time I showed up, other young people from the North were appearing all over the South to help in the struggle for black civil rights. I was not among them; instead I was ingloriously supporting my new career as a beatnik, selling encyclopedias door-to-door in towns such as Bogalusa and Picayune. By some perverse synchronicity I always seemed to appear with my cheap suit and dissembling sales pitch at the very moment when the townsfolk had sworn unspeakable violence against the next fast-talking scut of a Yankee agitator with the nerve to show his nose. Northern accents were instantly detected and explanations urgently required. In several places I was rescued by the police; in others, I was not. I got to see the inside of a couple of Mississippi and northeast Louisiana jails. To this day, when people from the movement tell war stories and talk Southern prisons, I'm tempted to casually put in my observations on the St. Tammany Parish lockup compared with the jail in Pearl River County. But at the time I was a subscriber to art for art's sake, wanting to be left alone.

The last thing Louisiana needed in 1960 was a few more beatniks, but there we were. It was existential. We got by with odd jobs and passing the goblet after poetry readings. There was a bar on Burgundy Street that featured bunches of bananas as part of its decor; on evenings when the paying customers found our performance insufficiently stirring, they would toss bananas at us to indicate their displeasure. A poet I know would take the bananas home and eat them with rice and Worcestershire sauce. In those days, the *vie de bohème* was undertaken without state assistance. The only thing forthcoming from the municipal welfare authorities, should we have been rash enough to approach them in our pe
ury, would have been a couple of expletives a
the advice to get out of town. We went from d
to day, eating when we worked, fasting othe
wise. Our poverty was not a game; there were
rich relatives back home to bail us out. On t
other hand we always felt just on the edge of
sion, an available cop-out, shameful but p
haps eventually necessary. One could alw
go home, get a steady job, maybe save enou
to go to college. Our style, if not our lack
means, *was* voluntary.

But around us in those years another kind
poverty ruled, one that afforded its subjects
redeeming posture. The timeless poverty of t
Deep South had not been relieved at that tim
if indeed it has since. For all that things h
improved since the Depression of the Thirtie
poverty lay like a dark enchantment over th
part of the country, laving the edges of the ci
and flourishing well inside it. Its victims we
more often black than white (although plen
were white). This poverty was deathly mea
and formidable; it embittered people and mac
them dangerous; it stunted hope and destroye
even the imagination. Because I was young a
male, the aspect of the poor South that most a
rested my attention then was its anger and vi
lence. I was looking for experience, wanting t
learn. I got it and I learned. Eventually, I sa
that poverty and the culture it promotes have
political dimension. Politics, it turned out, w
not something I could ignore.

Of course it would have been hard to ignor
politics in New Orleans in any case, if in a def
nition of politics one chooses to include the c
perings and adventures of Louisiana politician
When I first came to the city, Huey Long
younger brother Earl was at the end of his lon
career, and his eccentricities were prized and re
counted angrily or affectionately all over towr
When I came to write my first novel, which lik
all first novelists I made the receptacle of ever
single thing I knew, I found Louisiana and it
politics inevitable. I thought *A Hall of Mirro*
was quite fair to America in important ways, a
though probably unfair to New Orleans in ur
important ones. I tried never to let on how
love I was with the big soupy city, but it cam
through anyway. The idea of the Republican
convening in the Superdome aroused in m
breast a fierce possessiveness to whic
I was not in the least entitled.

The town the Republicans came to was
poor place again. Ten years ago, when I had las
passed through, New Orleans was on a roll. Th
squat skyscrapers were shinier and the Quarte
was extremely spiffy; some residents worrie
that progress might sweep the old city beyon

call. Preservation has always been a little diffi-
lt in New Orleans, where politicians have tra-
tionally been available for a good time. The
d breed of shady white politician had been re-
aced by a new breed of shady black politician,
t money was still green. Subsequently, how-
er, oil took its downturn and the city went
ck to living off the out-of-towners while wait-
g for the wheel to come around. In the Vieux
rré, the old walls looked patched and peeled
w, and balconies were sagging. The *Times-*
ayune ran a story on the "demolition by ne-
ct" of some of the older buildings. The
ners of these buildings, the story said, "either
ln't want to spend the money or hoped to let
old building decay so badly that the city
uld finally allow the owner to tear it down
d put the property to more profitable use,
ch as turning it into a hotel or a parking lot."
My personal standard of measure is the build-
g my wife and I lived in on St. Philip; ten
rs ago it had been newly renovated, but this
gust it looked worse than it did when we
ved in. Some New Orleans residents I talked
say that the hard times have at least served to
intain the Quarter's character—which de-
nds somewhat on its characters, many of
om may be priced out when the boom comes
k. But in the quiet streets away from the hus-
and din of Bourbon, the steamy air hung
eless and fragrant and it might have been
g ago. You could hear children playing on
ne of the patios, and caged canaries sang in
balcony windows. All over town the iron-
rk was dressed in patriotic bunting as the city
itself up for the convention, the old soul sis-
never more herself than when getting ready
a party. Even good-time girls have their
henticity.

The Louisiana Superdome, the actual site of
four-day convention, is a wonder of the
dern age. If the purpose of the vaulted Goth-
cathedrals was to remind humanity that God
s above, the Superdome serves to remind us
t what yawns eternally overhead today is
ce. Toget[illegible] with the Hyatt Regency and an
oining shopping mall, to which it is attached
a concrete caul, the Superdome forms an air-
nditioned island of spic-and-span order right
the middle of-funk's own hometown. Within
s bastion you can watch the NFL Saints, go
bed, or sip an aperitif at a sidewalk café the
mperature of a meat locker. During the con-
tion, the entire complex was as busy as a
e, with delegates, guests, and journalists lin-
up for food and drink. In the shopping mall,
outer reaches of the Hyatt, and all around
Superdome itself, hucksters were selling Ol-
North videotapes, Ronald Reagan masks,
itical chachkas of every kind. It would not be
too much to say that a carnival atmosphere prevailed. Strolling this enormous carnival, I saw ghosts. I took the 1960 census here.

Yes, right here, house-to-house in the summer heat, I carried my census book, knocking on doors when there were doors to knock on, yoo-hooing into shanties, poking my nose into people's kitchens. The people endured my questions: Place of birth? Estimated yearly income? Mother's full name? Father's? Condition of residence? We didn't ask that one; the answer was always "dilapidated," and we checked the appropriate square.

Where the counter dispensing Libertarian Republican literature stood was once a row of shacks before which half-naked children played among rusting automobile skeletons. On the site of the campaign-button boutique was a storefront church, the Sanctified Temple of the Lord God, in whose window was the painted text: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." (When I first saw that text in the church window I didn't understand what it meant, though I've since learned.) Under the dome itself, where the band played "Happy Days Are Here Again," was a kind of hotel, unlike the Hyatt Regency, in which solitary people lived in rooms divided at the top by chicken wire, and with candles for light. Where the podium was erected—of course I exaggerate here, but not by much, a block or two—was the house in which I apprehended one of the very few political truths I know. Let me describe the scene.

It is July 1960 and I am alone, deep in the heart of the black slum where many years later the Superdome will rise. I am not, as I certainly would be today, afraid. Not at all, in fact. I've been coming back here for weeks and everybody knows my white face by now. Some people are rather short with me, but many others sit me down with a cool drink and tell me the story of their lives. Never have I known heat like this. Never have I seen such poverty.

I am Tail-end Charlie for the census, I get the hard cases—the brothels, skid row, the B-girl dorms, the transvestites who scared the last census taker away. It's an aspiring young novelist's dream. I'm also assigned to the poorest black areas back-of-town to get people the regulars missed. The fact is, I'm having rather a good time of it. I have taken to the South in a big way. I feel very romantically about it. I've also fallen hard for black-ness, in the mindless old-time hipper-than-thou beatnik way. In the weeks I've been in this back-of-town, I've been listening to black speech and watching black moves, and I dig it. It's ringing my young literary bells. It's got something all right, the rhythms and the raps are sounding in my dreams; I think I'm ready to signify.

Where the counter dispensing Libertarian Republican literature stood was once a row of shacks before which half-naked children played

Race relations in America is a subject so double-dipped in hype, phoniness, hustling, and lies that it defies coherence

Late one afternoon, up against the Illinois Central yards, I check out a ramshackle wooden house suspected of being a household. No one, over the summer, has responded to the bureau's attempts at communication. So I knock . . . and this time there's an answer, a female voice asks me in. Inside, half a dozen people are gathered around a bed. Beside it, a single candle burns at the feet of a plaster Virgin. Cloth blinds have been drawn over the windows to keep back the killing sun, and the candle provides the only light in the room. I advance on the bed. The people in the room have turned to watch me. Looking over their shoulders, I see that lying there, with clean white sheets drawn almost up to her chin, is a very old woman. Her skin is a café-au-lait color and engraved with fine wrinkles. Her toothless face is like an old turtle's. She breathes slowly and with difficulty. She's clearly dying.

I am delighted to learn that the folks in the room are attendant relatives from two different households, an overwhelming tactical coup, census-wise. In my brisk impatience to record the statistical details of everyone's life, it takes me a moment to register the fact that these people are strangely unforthcoming. Looking up from my forms, I confront their eyes. Their eyes are calmly questioning, almost humorous. I stand and stare and return to my jottings, and then suddenly it hits me: someone is dying here. These people have come to attend a death. Perhaps this is not the best of times for census taking? After this death-defying leap of understanding, the rest follows unbidden.

That had this been a white middle-class household I would never have been allowed past the door.

That had this been a white middle-class household I would never have dreamed of entering a sickroom, approaching a deathbed, asking cold irrelevant questions of people who had come to mourn and pray.

That what has happened here is entirely determined by the politics of race and class—how blinding it can be, how dehumanizing, how denying of basic human dignity.

So I left, and walking along Dryades Street in the paralyzing glare, the rest of the wave hit me. The question of why I, a white person from out of town, should have been taking the census here. That there were no black census takers.

So the voice of God was in that wave. A poor thing, a less than dazzling exercise of the social sensibilities, but mine nevertheless. In the many years since then, I have tried to keep that frail candle of insight flickering. Through the absurdity and bloody-mindedness of Race Relations in America, a subject so double-dipped in hype, phoniness, hustling, hypocrisy, lies, stupidity, malice, blind ambition, ignorance, gro eling, sniveling, and foolishness that it defi coherence, I've tried to keep it burning. Li doesn't often pause to allow us a moment common sense. Watching the Republicans co vene among the ghosts, I tried hold it to my heart.

The hotel in which I stayed was beside a fre way and of a singular crumminess. Unluckily f the management, the New York delegation w housed there, and in no time at all, a media bl of ridicule descended on the unfortunate plac A block the other side of Canal stood the Ibe ville Housing Project, another place I remer bered from long ago. In my memory, tl Iberville project had both black and white te ants, the officially segregated housing blocks a ternating racially, so that passersby could s poor Southern kids, black and white, playir together. Now the project was officially int grated—and all black. Unemployment in th project ran up to 70 percent. Late one night, a welter of blue lights visible from the hotel ba the police picked up the body of an unidentifie black male in his twenties. He had been sh through the head, apparently another victim the crack wars. It occurred to me that I migh have counted him back in 1960; he might hav been one of the babies. There were so many.

At the Calliope Street houses, a project th stands in what's left of the slum the Superdom replaced, residents had their usual route to C nal Street blocked by chain-link fences installe around the Dome for security purposes. Force to walk the long way round, they were able t see the limousines scooting past, creating a si nificant juxtaposition no self-respecting repor er could resist. To Calliope Street went th working press, eliciting forlorn quotes. Thes are from the *Times-Picayune*:

> "Ask the politicians if they can cut out th shooting out here," said Mayola Brumfield, 4 cradling her granddaughter on a porch step.
>
> "Tell them I need a job—bad," said Bren Sumling, 26.

To all of which the unwritten coda was: Goo luck.

A few hundred yards and a world away fro Calliope Street, the President was now speak ing. I missed a bit of his speech; I had decided t walk from the hotel to the Superdome and cove some of the old ground. This foolish exercise i nostalgia soon found me wandering throug Fritz Lang's worst movie, a godforsaken wilde ness of cement over which whirled a vorte of ascending and descending freeway ramp Ghostly figures darted at the edge of the ope spaces. I hurried, sweating mightily in the heat

eeling whiter than Moby-Dick and qually pursued. magine my re- ief, then, when I ained admission o the great sta- ium and heard he dear, familiar oice.

It is not entire- facetious to peak of the Presi- ent's voice as ear and familiar. onald Reagan is ne of the most nteresting phe- omena this coun- ry affords, and o examination f contemporary merican reality hould be under- aken without eference to him. n the Super- ome on August 15, he was giving the assem- led delegates and their guests enormous plea- ure, making them laugh, bringing them to heir feet with fierce patriotic cries, and occa- ionally reducing them to tears.

"Twilight? Not in America. Here it's a sun- se every day. Fresh new opportunities. Dreams o build."

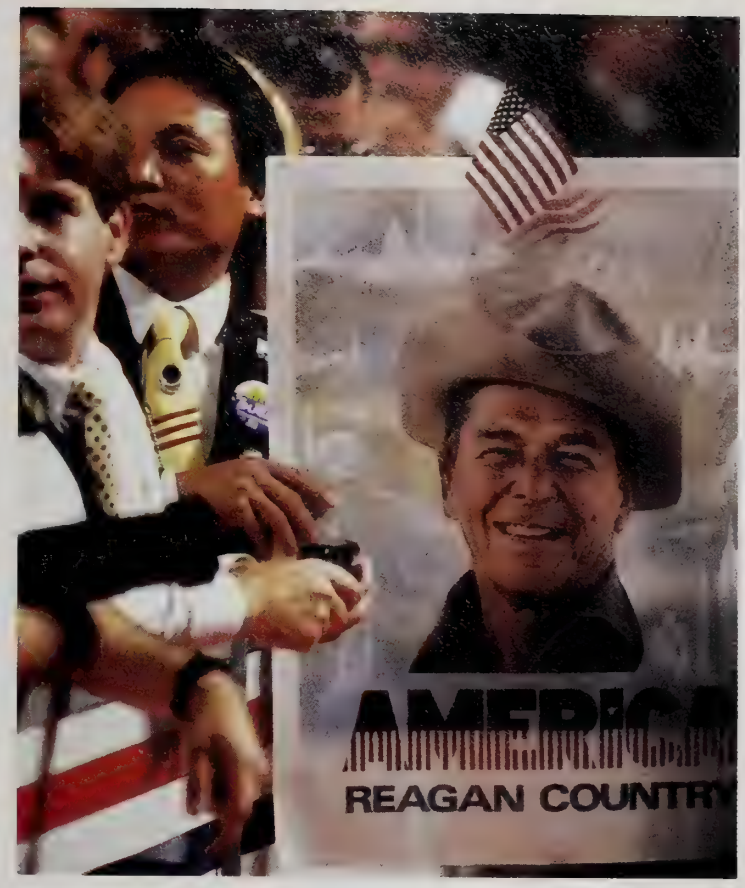
One had the feeling he might have gone on nd on and on. What could be dearer or more miliar, a happy mating of *Ursprache* and mu- ak, the refined essence of every sunlit day- ream crooned in a reassuring, cheery baritone.

Where have we heard it before?

But where have we not heard it?

It's the primal voice of the electronic age, the edium *and* the message, the voice that never eeps, that cajoles, inspires, and commands herever cathodes glow. We can no more resist than oncoming night. For just about as long as onald Reagan has been alive, this voice has hispered in our dreams, a manifestation of merican reality. Flick a switch and there it is, nresponding but constant, everywhere, every our. It seems to emanate from some invisible nsensus, the voice we have all agreed to hear. is not the voice of a man; its name is legion. is inside us. Our consciousness ebbs and ows to its undulation, obedient as tides to he moon. Hearing it, we mistake it for our wn.

Dutch Reagan, the man on the radio, is eaking in the voice of American popular cul-



ture. No one does it better. One of American popular culture's principal artifacts is a sentimentalized view of America, touched by the dreams of the immigrants, rubes, and carnies who created it. Its media are semaphores, not much good for conveying subtleties. In the language of American popular culture, words cast no shadows. The land to which it speaks is a land without irony, a land without contradictions, a land in fact that doesn't exist and never did. All the same, it's the real thing, the McCoy. That's a paradox, the only paradox you have to know in Ronald Reagan's business.

He was a poor kid, his old man drank. God knows what he's really like. But now he's American popular culture's greatest creation since the Wizard of Oz, another glib Midwesterner. Only Reagan's charm is authentic. Otherwise, as a voice or an image on a screen, he's always been the agent of someone else's agenda. Part of America's willingness to forgive him for the disasters of his administration may relate to the sense he gives of having been dragged in arsy-varsy, a secondary figure in his own career, along for the ride. His most effective public gesture is that humorous shrug of incomprehension, a mannerism that appears strangely genuine. To see him do it is to laugh with him, to share his amused befuddlement at the mess the world's in. It's also reassuring. If things are this bad and he's not worried, why should we be?

Inside the Superdome on that Monday night, he was breaking their hearts for a while. And why not? He had perfected his routine before a lot of them were born. Then a balloon popped. For a fraction of a second his rhythm broke, he seemed to lose forward motion. He misspoke a word or two. People looked from the monitors to the podium, but the man himself was too far away, a tiny figure.

It's difficult not to speculate on his inner life.

Only Reagan's charm is authentic. Otherwise, he's always been the agent of someone else's agenda

otograph by Laura Sikes / Sygma

What does he mean, 'It's morning again in America'? Why should it be morning?

Everybody has one. What resides at the core? What does he mean, "It's morning again in America"? Why should it be morning?

Suddenly, he regains his timing and I have the answer to that. I have only to look at him on the monitor and I know. It's because morning is time for brunch. Brunch is what he's making me think of. Maybe everyone in the audience all across America is listening and thinking of something equally scrumptious. I see it shining plain: it's 11:00 A.M. and we're in Pacific Palisades and the sun is sparkling on Santa Monica Bay. There will be croissants and honeydew. It's brunch, the California Eucharist, the sustaining reality at the President's core. It makes me feel like cheering, but when the monitors fade, he's gone.

Off the convention floor there were a few swell parties. One was thrown at the Fairmont Hotel by the National Rifle Association, a luncheon with free booze. From the very beginning of the convention, a certain coldness had been in evidence between the working press and the convening Republicans. At the NRA party, this mutual lack of appreciation occasionally threatened to bear fruit. The electronic media had stashed their equipment in the center of the hired ballroom, and the resultant mountain of hardware served as a rallying point for the reporters. From within the laager, a newsman might proceed in reasonable safety to the bar and then, fortified, venture forth in search of a survivalist troglodyte who might be baited into grunting threats and imprecations against decent folk.

In fact there were no camouflage suits to be seen at the NRA's party, the celebrants being, on the whole, better dressed than the press. But though the scene was mainly good-natured, there were volcanic domes of anger over which the crust sat lightly. Among the angriest were the several divines the NRA seemed to have assembled. There was a priest of the old school with a face that would have looked a lot more appetizing on a plate with parsley and horseradish than it did on the front of his head. There was an intense young man in a yarmulke who seemed ready to cast the first stone. I asked the priest if he was a member of the association, a question that reduced him to inchoate rage. He eyed my press pass as if it were a turd or a squirting boutonniere. He was not a member. Before long he was at the podium telling jokes, and I got the feeling that he and I went back a long way together and it was time to go.

The religious dimension was not overlooked in New Orleans. On Tuesday morning, Jerry Falwell spoke to a student symposium on the Tulane campus on the subject of the Moral Majority. Falwell was dapper, brisk, and genial. He allowed that the folly of the Bakkers and Jimmy Swaggart had "hurt the cause of Christ." He said he found the fall of the Bakkers unremarkable; he had been detecting a materialist element in their theology for a long time. In response to a question, he hinted, as he has several times lately, that he was about to undertake a program of civil disobedience. He compared *Roe* v. *Wade* with the Dred Scott decision. He sounded less like the leader of any "majority" than like the organizer of a major pressure group setting out to make trouble for the misguided.

Generally the convention was short on conflict. One of its minor dramas was the public fall of Falwell's fellow preacher, Pat Robertson. Robertson's camp had harbored the only organized disgruntlement left alive by convention time. Over the course of the year his delegates in states such as Michigan and Georgia managed to threaten the seamless fabric of Republican good fellowship. But in the end, Robertson simply failed to gather the money or the votes to back up his candidacy. The opening of the convention found him in the position of a man who had thrown a roundhouse right at the bouncer and connected with the incorporeal air. A muted anti-clericalism prevailed among the party pros. On Tuesday night, Robertson took his wages in the form of an opportunity to address the convention. He was less than electrifying. As his speech progressed, it was possible to stand at the exits and watch the crowds streaming out into the night, bound for Antoine's and Mahogany Hall. His press conference the next morning at the Intercontinental Hotel had a somber penitential tone.

Barely a dozen reporters were present. These were equally divided between the Old Sweats, who had followed Robertson through the primaries, and the Marginals, who included this writer and an amiably nerdish young man in a baseball hat inscribed with the words ATHEIST AND PROUD. The young man described himself as "Chicago bureau chief" for the American Atheist Press. A beefy front-page type from *USA Today* asked him if there are also Rome and Jerusalem bureau chiefs. While waiting for Pat, several journalists interviewed the bureau chief, who recounted for them the variety of insults, threats, and put-downs visited upon him over the previous two days by godly Republicans. Presently Robertson arrived, smiling his smile and looking philosophical. He and the atheist were old pals; indeed, Robertson looked grateful for the company. Most of the reporters wanted to know about Robertson's plans for the future; they were assured that he would carry on. It was hard to believe, though. As Robertson left the room, the Chicago bureau chief of



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The Eastern Republican Establishment has been reduced to a grim band of 'conversos' practicing their ancient faith in secret

the American Atheist Press was pursuing his press secretary, Barbara Gattullo.

"Barbara, can Pat be on my radio show?"

Iowa was long gone. It was deepest Palookaville.

On the very same morning that Pat Robertson was facing the music, a state judge on the other side of the Mississippi was writing a footnote to another American religious career. Debra Arleen Murphree, the temptress before whose allure the redoubtable Jimmy Swaggart's Christian resolve did a fast fade, was dispatched to the Jefferson Parish Jail for six months, having copped a misdemeanor for prostitution. This timely retribution at the height of the convention may have preserved the career of some anonymous Republican state committeeman, who, atremble with self-destructive lust, might have flung himself on her scented settee down there on the Airline Highway.

As the convention opened, the Republicans had little to offer sensation seekers except a degree of suspense over George Bush's choice of a running mate. Bush himself had said that he would not announce a choice until Thursday, whereupon, it was thought, the selection might be dramatized at the anointing ceremony that evening. But as early as Sunday, rumors began to fly, and their flap and flutter was distracting. It was also believed that the notables on Bush's shortlist were not happy about having to spend the week standing around in their bathing suits. Robert Dole, who seemed to move through the convention in a storm of smiling, saturnine rage, made his displeasure public. Finally the rumors began to hint that Bush had not made his own mind, a notion which invited men images of the Vice President in one of screwball-comedy states, dithering fatuou and plucking daisy petals. So on Tuesday, wh the mighty paddle wheeler *Natchez* broug Bush down from Belle Chasse Naval Station Spanish Plaza, Bush introduced Dan Quayle the welcoming crowd and the word spre around town. Not all delegates, to say the lea were pleased with Bush's decision. Some of Ja Kemp's supporters, who were young, energet and numerous, cried real tears.

But the blow fell hardest on the remnants what used to be called the Eastern Republic Establishment, now reduced to a grim band *conversos* practicing their ancient faith in secr For at least the last four years, they had be sporting kelly green slacks and white loafe trying to pass as right-to-lifing Holy Rolle while stealthily sipping scotch and dreami that Nelson Rockefeller is alive in the heart o mountain somewhere. Throughout the conve tion they had been buttonholing media quaintances with assurances about Geo Bush's personal exc lence. At any momer they held, Bush wou come into his own a reveal himself as t sensible and sophis cated Yalie he truly What they got w Quayle.



On Wednesday, wh Pat Robertson w sparring with the Ch cago bureau chief of t American Atheist Pre the conventional pr was slapping Quay around the grand ba room of the Marriott. H was then hustled ov to the Sheraton for friendly session with t California Republic Caucus. Outside, pa flacks were pointing out Quayle's valor choosing to help defend Indianapolis from t San Francisco Mime Troupe. Inside all w groovy. Jack Kemp, a native Californian, sign on enthusiastically, prompting a few more te from the young surfers. Senator Pete Wils spoke. Quayle declared his ferocious impatien to campaign against Dukakis and Bentsen.

The press joke about the selection of Quay was that "George Bush wanted a George Bus but that wasn't it. Quayle had none of Bus Washington experience. According to G

Photograph by Costa Manos / Magn

ond and Witcover's piece in the *National urnal's Convention Daily*, Quayle's name did ot appear on a shortlist of pickable senators mpiled by Senator Mitch McConnell of entucky. Many people at the convention tributed the choice of Quayle to Roger Ailes, eorge Bush's media consultant, who happens so to be a consultant for Quayle. A dream deal the Hollywood mode, a media fix so pure it uld almost be called non-political.

The following day, Thursday, the Republican ainstream Committee met at the Howard hnson Downtown. The Mainstream Republi-ns were many, but the room in which they et was very small indeed. The chairman of the eeting was Congressman Jim Leach from the rst District of Iowa. The press attendance was eager, featuring those birds of ill omen, *arper's Magazine* and the American Atheist ess. Many present at the Mainstream meeting ere young, and they seemed idealistic in an d-fashioned, innocent way. Discussion tend-l to be rather abstract; there was talk of a strug-e for the soul of the party, and of the necessity r a Republican party with some social respon-bility. There were general expressions of sup-rt for the ticket and attempts to find common epublican ground. The only tangible expres-n of common ground expressed was an oppo-tion to taxes. The Libertarian tendency emed to predominate.

One of the Republicans at the meeting was arriet Stinson of the California Republicans r Choice. The CRC had prepared a flyer it in-nded to distribute arguing a pro-choice posi-n on the abortion issue. The flyers bore a few gnatures that had once meant something the Republican party—Barry Goldwater, harles H. Percy, S. I. Hayakawa, and Rebecca . Morgan of the California State Senate. Har-et Stinson had Federal Expressed her flyers to a nvention hotel, where the entire consign-ent disappeared. Asked if she believed that e consignment had been hijacked by an anti-ortionist faction, she replied that, indeed, she spected that was the case.

Celeste King of the California Black Republi-n Council pointed out that when Vice Presi-nt Bush landed at Spanish Plaza the only ack on the platform was a high school kid aying the trumpet. King called the situation acceptable.

So the Mainstream Republicans got nothing m George Bush's post-Reaganite Republican rty. Black Republicans got practically noth-g but the brief presence of Coretta Scott King Bush's gallery, where she and the candidate knowledged the applause of the convention. e Wall Street *conversos* got to hear the lan-id upscale tones of Governor Tom Kean's keynote address. Regarding the platform and the vice presidency, the Right had everything its own way, and with the candidate's enthusiastic blessing. The moderates could lump it.

"The damn thing is," remarked one Mainstreamer, an alternate at the convention, "those people never could stand George Bush." She meant the religious Right and ultra-conservatives. "He was always our man." By "our" she meant what the Robertson people liked to call the country-club set. She was watching "her man" being borne forward on the shields of the barbarians. Later in the week, Mainstreamers were speculating that everything might be different when Bush won election.

Bush and Quayle: A dream deal in the Hollywood mode, a media fix so pure it could almost be non-political

The delegates, alternates, and guests present in the Superdome performed a function somewhere between that of a studio audience and a laugh track. The audience could hardly behold the physical presence of its heroes; as mentioned, each speaker was a tiny figure unrecognizable across the Superdome's great spaces. Huge Orwellian monitors displayed talking heads at various points around the arena so that, in the stands and on the floor, people faced in different directions, watching different screens. As a result, there was little sense of unity, no true crowd to become a single animal with a single voice in the grand old style. There were milling, isolated groups. The sound system that carried the speeches was particularly poor. In some parts of the Dome the speaker's remarks were absolutely inaudible. For this reason, the prepared tapes that introduced the President on Monday night and George Bush on Thursday provoked a more emotional reaction than their remarks. Television speaks to isolation, and the 1988 Republican National Convention was television and little else. Being in the Superdome was a little like being on a movie set or behind the scenes at a television studio.

Late one night, CNN showed some footage of the 1952 Republican Convention, at which General Douglas MacArthur was the keynote speaker. Plummy and orotund, the general's style was not well suited to a "cool medium." The cameras saved him from absurdity only by keeping their distance. The world that this footage evoked seemed hard to imagine. It appeared to be a grayer, riskier, and somehow more serious place, more than a little frightening. The Republicans in New Orleans thirty-six years later were trying hard not to affright a soul. As noted earlier, it was morning—all week, around the clock. The background colors on the monitors could adjust themselves as if by magic to tones complementary to the flesh and apparel of the speaker. The effect sought was similar to

So who is George Bush? You have to believe he's a man who does good by stealth

that of a beer commercial.

Amid this kind of flummery, it can be extremely difficult to maintain consistent standards. How to tell the wax from the Shinola? How to react, when references to love of country, honor, courage, and fidelity are shoveled into the hopper and ground into televised gruel to the throbbing of strings? Nihilism gapes beneath the pilgrim. The mind becomes taxed with the necessity of correctly perceiving the apparently obvious. Is American politics all a deception, designed to clothe a system of patronage? If it is, is that all right? And if American politics is all a deception, does not modern history show other systems to be equally so? Are we not apes with flags and speeches? Surely it will be necessary to go away somewhere and think about all this. Seen from within the core of its creation, such a media event reduces everything to the significance of Michelob Light.

No nation whose people are unable to recognize their own social superiors can be said to have lost its innocence. So the convention, like the country, continued to puzzle over George Bush's attempts to be a regular guy. Most of the week, the press eyeballed him like so many shrinks at a lunacy hearing, watching for popped synapses, spasms, and false moves. It must have taken considerable nerve to endure. There was a lot of slightly hysterical finger-pointing when he referred to his grandchildren as "the little brown ones"; fortunately, it soon stopped. Eventually, to the relief and disappointment of many, he more or less made it through. By the time he stepped away from the podium on Thursday night he appeared to have weathered the passage from goofy diffidence to button-eyed vulgarity.

The speech he made was of the sort generally described as "effective." Bush delivered it convincingly and it was extremely optimistic, from a certain point of view. It described America as a rising nation and predicted a second American Century. That is certainly a sort of patriotism, although not necessarily the sort we require at this period in our history. At one point, in summing up our country's achievements, he said we had "lit the world with our culture." I thought "lit" sounded a trifle electric. Later in his text, the Vice President was made to describe himself as a "quiet man," and this seemed an inspired phrase. "Quiet" is not entirely the word for the way George Bush appears, but it is an extremely sympathetic way of describing it.

"You are history," said George Bush to "the drug dealers," those swart banditos of American political song and legend. "Read my lips," he declared to any who might doubt his resolve t hold the line on taxes. This colorful lingo was property of the new Bush, the one with th common touch, capable of exchanging the id om of the country day school for that of the r gional junior high.

So who is this George Bush? You have t believe he's a man who does good by stealth No one in American public life is surrounde by so many favorable rumors and benign inn endos. Almost everyone who knows him pe sonally says he's wonderful. Yet publicly h appears . . . "quiet."

The real point is that in order to become th Republican candidate for the presidency th Vice President has embraced some very intole ant and retrograde elements with whom he h not heretofore been associated. Perhaps, as h says of his stand on abortion, he has "change his mind" on various issues.

Bush may well ride his successful conventio appearances all the way to the White Hous Then, perhaps, the inner excellence he's said t have will emerge in the fullness of time, e pressed in policy. Perhaps not. And if Georg Bush doesn't care what he's really like, wh should anyone else?

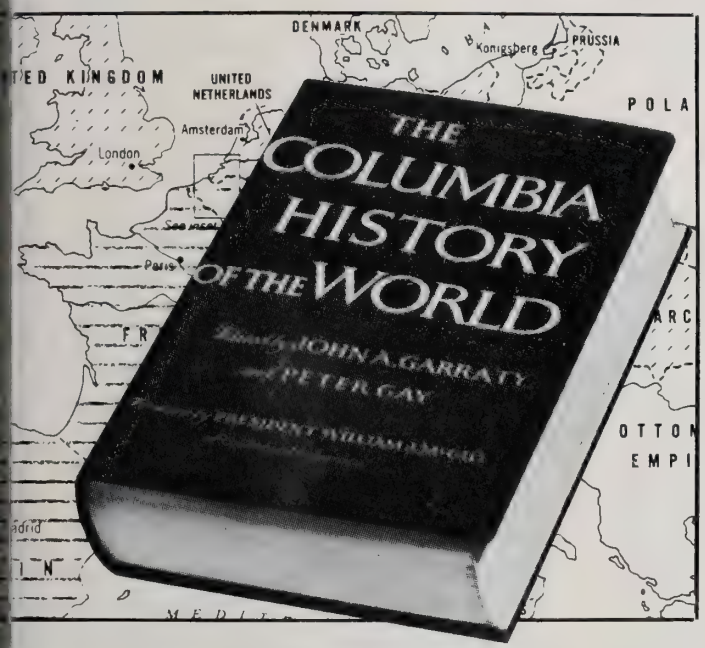
In August of 1988, Bush took charge of Reagan-enchanted party, rigid with complacen cy. Against the backdrop of contemporary Ne Orleans, the party's convention looked eve more unreal than its media specialists sought t make it. There are many other American lan scapes upon which it would have appeare ephemeral and fantastic, not because of th lights and the music but because of what Bus might be induced to call "the vision thing Again and again at this convention, speake after Republican speaker affirmed that his par would carry this country into the future, though it was a trick only they could manage. I fact they were promising to keep the future bay. The future does not require the Republ cans; it will come.

As the convention drew to a close, Bush le the podium and they released the balloons. was a moment we'd all been waiting for, and was quite amusing to watch the balloons an confetti drift down past the cold ironical smil of the foreign press corps. Not all of the looked ready for another American Centur Guests, the press, the delegates, and alternat began filing toward the exits. Outside, the a was heavy with impending rain, smelling of hi tory. People went in groups, searching f the buses or peering anxiously up Loyola Av nue for a taxi. The future we'd heard so muc about was gathering in the darkness. The ev ning was ending as so many contemporary ev nings do, in the search for a safe way home.

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THINK ABOUT IT

Ways we know, and don't

By Frank Conroy

When I was sixteen I worked selling hot dogs at a stand in the Fourteenth Street subway station in New York City, one level above the trains and one below the street, where the crowds continually flowed back and forth. I worked with three Puerto Rican men who could not speak English. I had no Spanish, and although we understood each other well with regard to the tasks at hand, sensing and adjusting to each other's body movements in the extremely confined space in which we operated, I felt isolated with no one to talk to. On my break I came out from behind the counter and passed the time with two old black men who ran a shoeshine stand in a dark corner of the corridor. It was a poor location, half hidden by columns, and they didn't have much business. I would sit with my back against the wall while they stood or moved around their ancient elevated stand, talking to each other or to me, but always staring into the distance as they did so.

As the weeks went by I realized that they never looked at anything in their immediate vicinity—not at me or their stand or anybody who might come within ten or fifteen feet. They did not look at approaching customers once they were inside the perimeter. Save for the instant it took to discern the color of the shoes, they did not even look at what they were doing while they worked, but rubbed in polish, brushed, and buffed by feel while looking over their shoulders, into the distance, as if awaiting the arrival of an important person. Of course there wasn't all that much distance in the underground station, but their behavior was so focused and consistent they seemed somehow to transcend the physical. A powerful mood was created, and I came almost to believe that these men could see through walls, through girders and around corners to whatever hyperspace it was where whoever it was they were waiting and watching for would finally emerge. Their scattered talk was hip, elliptical, and hinted at mysteries beyond my white boy's ken, but it was the staring off, the long, steady staring off, that had me hypnotized. I left for a better job, with handshakes from both of them, without understanding what I had seen.

Perhaps ten years later, after playing jazz with black musicians in various Harlem clubs, hanging out uptown with a few young artists and intellectuals, I began to learn from them something of the extraordinarily varied and complex riffs and rituals embraced by different people to help themselves get through life in the ghetto. Fantasy of all kinds—from playful to dangerous—was in the very air of Harlem. It was the spice of uptown life.

Only then did I understand the two shoeshine men. They were trapped in a demeaning situation in a dark corner in an underground corridor in a filthy subway system. Their continuous staring off was a kind of statement, a kind of dance. Our bodies are here, went the statement, but our souls are receiving nourishment from distant sources only we can see. They were powerful magic dancers, sorcerers almost, and thirty-five years later I can still feel the pressure of their spell.

The light bulb may appear over your head, in what I'm saying, but it may be a while before it actually goes on. Early in my attempts to learn

Frank Conroy is the author of Stop-time *and of* Midair, *a collection of stories.*

:z piano, I used to listen to recordings of a fine ayer named Red Garland, whose music I ad- ired. I couldn't quite figure out what he was ing with his left hand, however; the chords ided me. I went uptown to an obscure club here he was playing with his trio, caught him his break, and simply asked him. "Sixths," said cheerfully. And then he went away.

I didn't know what to make of it. The basic :z chord is the seventh, which comes in var- is configurations, but it is what it is. I was a f-taught pianist, pretty shaky on theory and rmony, and when he said sixths I kept trying fit the information into what I already knew, d it didn't fit. But it stuck in my mind—a ntalizing mystery.

A couple of years later, when I began playing th a bass player, I discovered more or less by cident that if the bass played the root and I ayed a sixth based on the fifth note of the ale, a very interesting chord involving both struments emerged. Ordinarily, I suppose I ould have skipped over the matter and not id much attention, but I remembered Gar- nd's remark and so I stopped and spent a week two working out the voicings, and greatly engthened my foundations as a player. I had membered what I hadn't understood, you might say, until my life caught up with the information and the light bulb went on.

remember another, more complicated example from my sophomore year at a small beral-arts college outside Philadelphia. I emed never to be able to get up in time for eakfast in the dining hall. I would get coffee d a doughnut in the Coop instead—a base- ent area with about a dozen small tables where udents could get something to eat at odd ours. Several mornings in a row I noticed a range man sitting by himself with a cup of cof- e. He was in his sixties, perhaps, and sat raight in his chair with very little extraneous ovement. I guessed he was some sort of distin- ished visitor to the college who had decided put in some time at a student hangout. But one ever sat with him. One morning I ap- oached his table and asked if I could join him. "Certainly," he said. "Please do." He had rhaps the clearest eyes I had ever seen, like ue ice, and to be held in their steady gaze was t, at first, an entirely comfortable experience. is eyes gave nothing away about himself while the same time creating in me the eerie im- ression that he was looking directly into my ul. He asked a few quick questions, as if to put e at my ease, and we fell into conversation. e was William O. Douglas from the Supreme ourt, and when he saw how startled I was he id, "Call me Bill. Now tell me what you're studying and why you get up so late in the morning." Thus began a series of talks that stretched over many weeks. The fact that I was an ignorant sophomore with literary pretentions who knew nothing about the law didn't seem to bother him. We talked about everything from Shakespeare to the possibility of life on other planets. One day I mentioned that I was going to have dinner with Judge Learned Hand. I explained that Hand was my girlfriend's grandfather. Douglas nodded, but I could tell he was surprised at the coincidence of my knowing the chief judge of the most important court in the country save the Supreme Court itself. After fifty years on the bench Judge Hand had become a famous man, both in and out of legal circles—a living legend, to his own dismay. "Tell him hello and give him my best regards," Douglas said.

I had remembered what I hadn't understood until my life caught up with the information

Learned Hand, in his eighties, was a short, barrel-chested man with a large, square head, huge, thick, bristling eyebrows, and soft brown eyes. He radiated energy and would sometimes bark out remarks or questions in the living room as if he were in court. His humor was sharp, but often leavened with a touch of self-mockery. When something caught his funny bone he would burst out with explosive laughter—the laughter of a man who enjoyed laughing. He had a large repertoire of dramatic expressions involving the use of his eyebrows—very useful, he told me conspiratorially, when looking down on things from behind the bench. (The court stenographer could not record the movement of his eyebrows.) When I told him I'd been talking to William O. Douglas, they first shot up in exaggerated surprise, and then lowered and moved forward in a glower.

"*Justice* William O. Douglas, young man," he admonished. "Justice Douglas, if you please." About the Supreme Court in general, Hand insisted on a tone of profound respect. Little did I know that in private correspondence he had referred to the Court as "The Blessed Saints, Cherubim and Seraphim," "The Jolly Boys," "The Nine Tin Jesuses," "The Nine Blameless Ethiopians," and my particular favorite, "The Nine Blessed Chalices of the Sacred Effluvium."

Hand was badly stooped and had a lot of pain in his lower back. Martinis helped, but his strict Yankee wife approved of only one before dinner. It was my job to make the second and somehow slip it to him. If the pain was particularly acute he would get out of his chair and lie flat on the rug, still talking, and finish his point without missing a beat. He flattered me by asking for my impression of Justice Douglas, instructed me to convey his warmest regards, and then began talking about the Dennis case, which he described as a particularly tricky and difficult case involving the prosecution of

It is perhaps those problems that will never resolve that rightly claim the lion's share of our energies

eleven leaders of the Communist party. He had just started in on the First Amendment and free speech when we were called into dinner.

William O. Douglas loved the outdoors with a passion, and we fell into the habit of having coffee in the Coop and then strolling under the trees down toward the duck pond. About the Dennis case, he said something to this effect: "Eleven Communists arrested by the government. Up to no good, said the government; dangerous people, violent overthrow, etc., First Amendment, said the defense, freedom of speech, etc." Douglas stopped walking. "Clear and present danger."

"What?" I asked. He often talked in a telegraphic manner, and one was expected to keep up with him. It was sometimes like listening to a man thinking out loud.

"Clear and present danger," he said. "That was the issue. Did they constitute a clear and present danger? I don't think so. I think everybody took the language pretty far in Dennis." He began walking, striding along quickly. Again, one was expected to keep up with him. "The F.B.I. was all over them. Phones tapped, constant surveillance. How could it be clear and present danger with the F.B.I. watching every move they made? That's a ginkgo," he said suddenly, pointing at a tree. "A beauty. You don't see those every day. Ask Hand about clear and present danger."

I was in fact reluctant to do so. Douglas's argument seemed to me to be crushing—the last word, really—and I didn't want to embarrass Judge Hand. But back in the living room, on the second martini, the old man asked about Douglas. I sort of scratched my nose and recapitulated the conversation by the ginkgo tree.

"What?" Hand shouted. "Speak up, sir, for heaven's sake."

"He said the F.B.I. was watching them all the time so there couldn't be a clear and present danger," I blurted out, blushing as I said it.

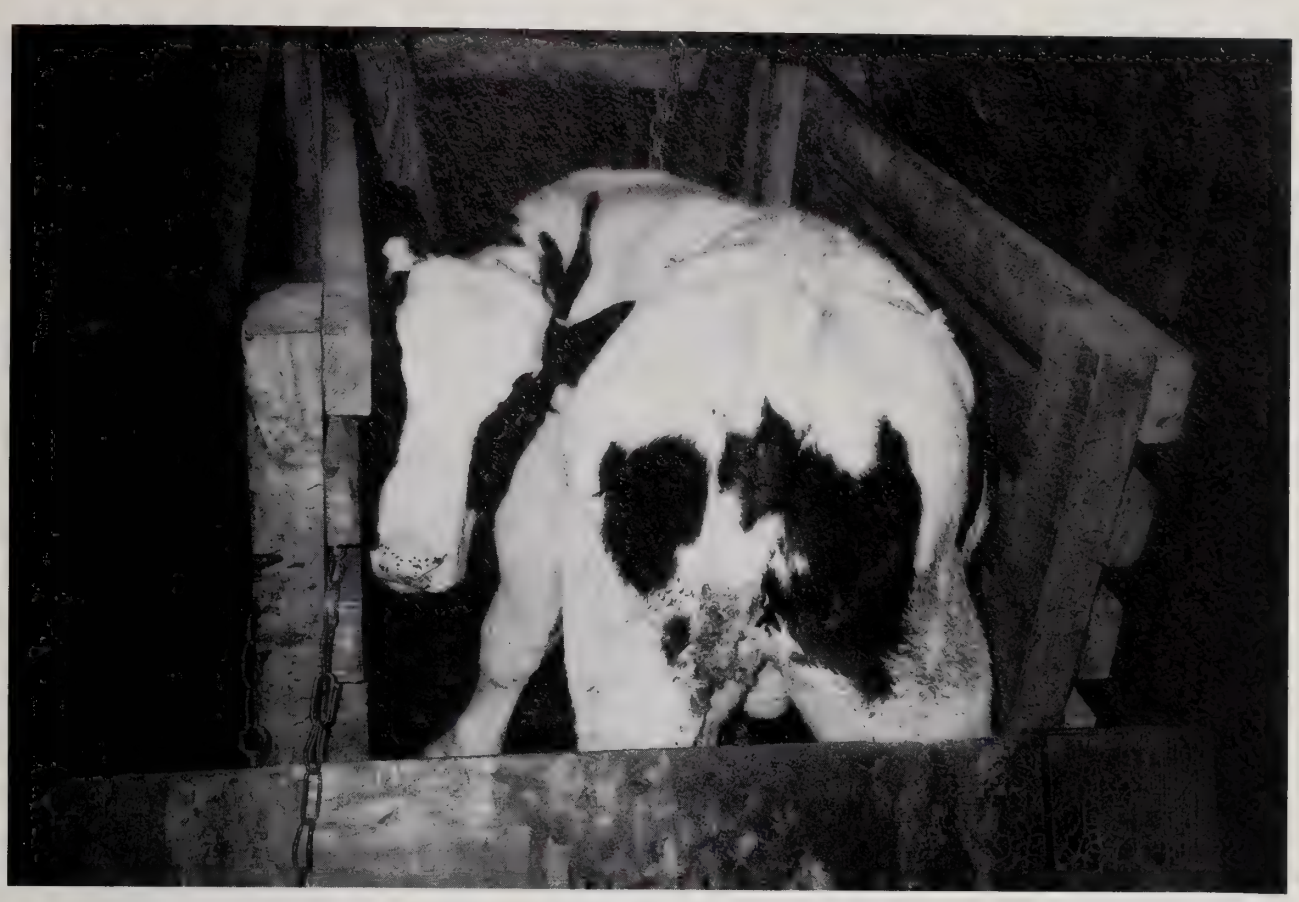
A terrible silence filled the room. Hand's eyebrows writhed on his face like two huge caterpillars. He leaned forward in the wing chair, his face settling, finally, into a grim expression. "I am astonished," he said softly, his eyes holding mine, "at Justice Douglas's newfound faith in the Federal Bureau of Investigation." His big, granite head moved even closer to mine, until I could smell the martini. "I had understood him to consider it a politically corrupt, incompetent organization, directed by a power-crazed lunatic." I realized I had been holding my breath throughout all of this, and as I relaxed, I saw the faintest trace of a smile cross Hand's face. Things are sometimes more complicated than they first appear, his smile seemed to say. The old man leaned back. "The proximity of the danger is something to think about. Ask hi about that. See what he says."

I chewed the matter over as I returned t campus. Hand had pointed out some of Dou las's language about the F.B.I. from other source that seemed to bear out his point. I though about the words "clear and present danger," an the fact that if you looked at them closely the might not be as simple as they had first a peared. What degree of danger? Did the wor "present" allude to the proximity of the dange or just the fact that the danger was there at all– that it wasn't an anticipated danger? Were the other hidden factors these great men wer weighing of which I was unaware?

But Douglas was gone, back to Washingtor (The writer in me is tempted to create a scer here—to invent one for dramatic purposes– but of course I can't do that.) My brief time as messenger boy was over, and I felt a certain fru tration, as if, with a few more exchanges, th matter of *Dennis* v. *United States* might hav been resolved to my satisfaction. They'd left m high and dry. But, of course, it is precisely b cause the matter did not resolve that has cause me to think about it, off and on, all these year "The Constitution," Hand used to say to m flatly, "is a piece of paper. The Bill of Rights is piece of paper." It was many years before I ur derstood what he meant. Documents alone d not keep democracy alive, nor maintain th state of law. There is no particular safety i them. Living men and women, generation aft generation, must continually remake democra cy and the law, and that involves an ongoir state of tension between the past and th present which will never complete resolve.

Education doesn't end until life ends, b cause you never know when you're going to ur derstand something you hadn't understoo before. For me, the magic dance of the sho shine men was the kind of experience in whic understanding came with a kind of click, a r solving kind of click. The same with the exper ence at the piano. What happened wit Justice Douglas and Judge Hand was differen and makes the point that understanding do not always mean resolution. Indeed, in our i tellectual lives, our creative lives, it is perha those problems that will never resolve th rightly claim the lion's share of our energie The physical body exists in a constant state tension as it maintains homeostasis, and so t does the active mind embrace the tension never being certain, never being absolute sure, never being done, as it engages the worl That is our special fate, our inexpressibly val able condition.

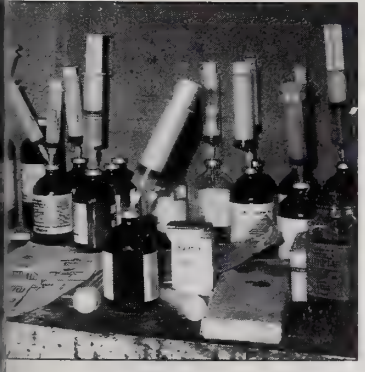
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A: He has only two feet.

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BUDAPEST, IN LOVE AND WAR

By John Lukacs

Here is a sketch of a place in the middle of the Second World War in the middle of Europe and myself in the middle of it. The place is a lakeside resort in Hungary, the time August 1943, the subject this writer as a young dog. Love at first sight has just occurred. He has dared (after some trepidation) to ask a beautiful woman, sitting at a table across a terrace with her duenna-like mother, to dance. She agrees. Then they dance again. He does not get her name right at first, but then she tells him her telephone number in the city, 364-005, which he cannot forget. Even now.

There is a dry, gold-dusted quality to the color of Hungarian August afternoons. The vineyards and the lake were shimmering around us. At six in the afternoon the sun was still high in the sky; but the *thé dansant* was shaded and cool under the awnings of the garden restaurant. There were the sounds of those awnings peaceably flapping in the breeze from the lake, the occasional tinkle of china and glass, the soft crunch of walking feet on the gravel outside, and the dance music of the trio inside, many American tunes, of the "Begin the Beguine" variety. When I left that terrace with my head and heart aflame, the gypsy musicians were ambling in, setting up their stringed instruments for the dinner music; from the restaurant kitchen came the clanging of dishes and a faint smell of consommé.

Such was the customary sequence of summertime, in a summer place, in Hungary, in times of peace. But this was a time of war. Two hundred, 300 miles away, entire sections of German cities, entire Russian villages, Balkan forests, Sicilian groves, crematoria in Poland were burning. A decimated Hungarian army was retreating across the Ukraine. Yet we in the middle of Hungary lived as if on an odd island of relative peace. We had our share of war-related hopes. Mussolini had just been removed. Sometime soon the war would be over. Whether its fires would reach us we did not know. We did not think much about it, not I, on my magically successful summer afternoon.

During the two years that followed—from the surrender of Italy to the surrender of Germany—came the German occupation of Hungary, the short-lived but at that time interminable terror of a regime of Nazi criminals, the deportation and extermination of most Hungarian Jews, the destruction of my native city during a long and horrible siege, the flood of the barbarian Russian armies, and the hopeless end of the war. During those two years I progressed from being a spoiled stripling of a university student to a member of a forced-labor battalion and then a soldier and then a hunted renegade and then an underground escapee and then an undernourished reactionary; from sunny terraces and comfortable houses to dark, cold cellars and then an apartment in ruins without light and hea
During these two years my lov
flamed and died. Like the war.

So in August 1943, at the age
twenty, I had fallen in love. I kno
that "falling in love" is almost outda
ed now. The phrase harks back to th
eighteenth century when love w
seen as a sudden event coming fro
the outside, a delicious illness, an a
fliction, the heart being wounded
Cupid's arrow. Later, Stendhal fou
the metaphor of "crystallization,"
reactive process in a lover's min
Another century and a half later I fe
compelled to write that, yes, I fell
love because I involved myself in
and consciously so.

The correspondent in this involv
ment, the object of my passiona
desire, was a married woman, elev
years older than I, with two childre
living with her decent and fairly u
happy Hungarian husband (I suspe
unhappy because unknowing, rath
than the reverse) and her Germ
mother, who knew when to keep h
eyes and ears closed. K. was h
Prussian, incredibly beautiful, fla
less, save for her slightly imperfe
legs and babylike hands. This lo
affair was the graduate seminar
my sentimental education, compar
with which Flaubert's story of F
déric's love for Madame Arnoux
Sentimental Education was purely e
mentary. It was then that I found th
not only love but sexuality too is
abstraction when considered ap
from the historical and social situ
tion of the lovers. Their idea of fir
ing themselves on an island that

John Lukacs is a historian; his book Budapest 1900 *will be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson in early 1989. Confessions of an Original Sinner, his memoir, will be published later that year.*

tirely theirs, while the waves of the rld are lapping outside, is an abso- e illusion. The "situation" of the tside world is connected with the ence of their minds. Because per- ctive is an inevitable component reality, the historical condition of ers is an inevitable component of ir passion—meaning that their uation can be transcended, but ly by their awareness of it.

write of my passionate desire for woman, but perhaps desirable sion would be more accurate. In *l'amour* Stendhal wrote brilliantly ut vanity-love and passion-love; I inclined to believe that these two iants are seldom separable. I was irous of a grand passion throughout youth. The commonplace that men are interested in men even re than in sex contains a great deal truth: which sometimes applies to n too, and what could be more irable than a passionate romantic e accepted and shared by a beauti- and worldly woman of thirty-one? d that same beautiful face and body onged to a peasant girl or to the ing wife of a bus driver my carnal ires would have been aroused the ne, but there would have been no nd passion, no such love.

The commingling of my vanity- e and passion-love for her included t only my callow pride in having h an affair with such a woman (I ked about her shamelessly to my nds) but also my appreciation of scents, her furs, her fashions, her irations, her intellectual and ysical preferences, and her voice— tters that were not always attractive. rhaps that she was Prussian- rman falls into that category too: d she been French or Norwegian English my vanity-passion would ve been more ideal. She was not a zi but German enough, which, ng with the tinny timbre of her ice, her odd amorality, and her sen- nentalities, provided the ground occasional misunderstandings, at nes subtracting from and at other nes adding to the heat of my pas- n. But all of this occurred at the el of my conscious and not my un- nscious mind. My passion was cre- d out of my consciousness. I was lled by my aspirations, by my desire

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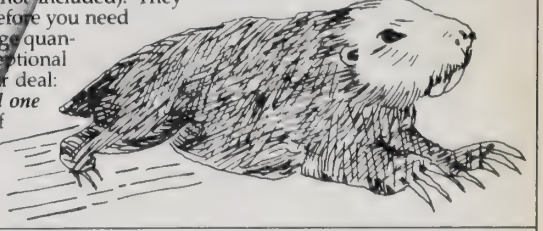
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for a love affair, and not pushed by some dumb subterranean biological force or psychological motive. The entire affair belongs not to my psychoanalysis but to my personal history, including the history of the outside world that was enveloping both of us. My desire was a period piece; it belongs to the history of a period.

To understand this is easier than to know it; and to know it is easier than to write about it. This love affair had episodes whose inclusion would be too melodramatic for a decent novel. Here are three of them.

In early June 1944 I was a prisoner: not in a jail but in a barrack guarded by soldiers on the outskirts of Budapest, a member of a forced-labor battalion of undesirables—subversives, resistants, half-Jews, suspicious people. When we were marched out of the compound, collectively or individually, we had to pass between armed guards. But this was my native city, and an exceptional country. My father, who had been a highly decorated officer in the First World War, had his military connections. I was suffering from a bad rash, an allergy to the dirty, dusty straw on which we slept. My father had arranged for me to present myself at a military hospital once a week for treatment. I was taken there by an elderly corporal who carried a rifle with a bayonet. Having deposited me in the waiting room, he went off on his own for the day. After my calcium injection I too walked out through a side door to the nearest trolley stop and went home to spend a few splendid hours with my family, with their friends, in the tub, in clean linen, and at the dinner table, until five in the afternoon, when I had to return to that military hospital to meet up with my escort after having put on my dirty tunic and the hated white armband.

These weekly excursions from squalor to luxury were wonderful; but I was in love, too. On the third occasion of my absence-without-leave I dressed in my best summer suit and told my mother that I wouldn't be staying home that day. She was not happy; she knew where I was going—to that woman. I had telephoned K. She was alone. I took a taxi. It was
incredible day. At ten in the morni
the city glistened under a glorious su
the bridges and the bend of the Da
ube were bathed in a pearly ha
Along the avenues of Buda the
mond trees were in full bloom. T
garden of their house was heavy w
the smell of apricots. She opened t
door. She wore a black negligee; s
was barefoot with her toenails fresh
painted. "You heard the news?" s
asked. "They landed in France t
morning." It was D-day.

Four weeks later I was in the an
room of death. It was the second
July, 1944, a Sunday. The U.S. F
teenth Air Force gave us a hea
bombing. The bombers laid dow
"carpets"—aiming for a target, th
would cover an entire rectangle wi
bombs. One of these targets was t
rail yards not far from our barrac
The bombers were not accurate: t
edge of the "carpet" moved over u
We were shaking and trembling in
cellar while the buildings shook a
trembled above; our noses were f
with the awful dust and smell of pu
verized brick. Suddenly we were c
dered out. An officer shouted: "C
and dig your friends!" A bomb had e
ploded, perhaps half a mile away, in
house where the remaining Briti
and American citizens in Hunga
were interned. There were about 1
of them. There was nothing left of t
house. From a mound of stone and c
ment and brick we dug. Perhaps 10
the 150 were pulled out alive. I tugg
on a leg of a woman, silk-stocking
and still warm: she was dead. It w
beastly hot; the brilliant blue sky o
Budapest was besmirched by hu
black clouds; the bombers had hit
tanks and water mains; there was
water. I steadied my right arm on
piece of brick and a piece of hum
brain stuck to my palm.

In the early evening we we
marched back to the compoun
shaken and filthy. One of my frien
was shot by a sadistic guard: my frie
had taken a rest; he had not work
fast enough. By nine in the eveni
most of us were asleep in the reek
dust and dirt. Suddenly the corpo
who was the passive accomplice of r
weekly vacations called my name. H
voice was unusually harsh. He push

e through a door. I was half-asleep
t now half-awake with anxiety.
ne door closed behind me. I was out
the open, under the night sky,
ree yards or so from an ancient pal-
g about four feet high. On the other
le of that fence stood my love. She
d heard that this part of the city had
en bombed. She had taken a taxi,
lden here across the town, and
ibed a guard. She was dressed in
ack because one of her husband's
icles had died the week before. Her
onde hair shone in the moonlight;
e was scented with the perfume I
d given her some time ago. We had
e minutes under the stars, across
e fence; we could hold only each
her's heads while we kissed.

The third episode: the morning of
hristmas Day, 1944. The siege of
udapest had begun. I was a deserter
o were perhaps 30,000 others) from
e Hungarian army, living in a cellar
th my family, waiting for the Rus-
ns. On the night before Christmas
eir army moved into the Buda hills,
mewhere around the district where
lived. All electricity was gone and,
orse, water too. I tried the tele-
hone, and to my surprise and joy it
ll worked. For many months tele-
honing had been a gamble: more of-
n than not one could not get a dial
ne; even more often there was noth-
g but a faint diabolical hum after
e dialing. I dialed, and my heart
mped. It rang once; she answered.
he said that the Russians had been
ere since the early morning. How
o they *look*? I asked. She started to
ll me, then she said that she'd better
ng up. The German and the Hun-
rian military evidently forgot to cut
e telephone lines off. So one could
ll telephone across a world's war,
ross the front where the two great-
t armies of the world were fighting
wn each street, sometimes shooting
out from building to building, floor
to floor. By noon the tele-
phone was dead.

It was two months before I saw her
ain. Another three months and the
ar was over, at least in Europe. Dur-
g that war I made what I still think is
important discovery: that the rela-
ons of nations repeat, in many ways,
e relations of people. The chemistry

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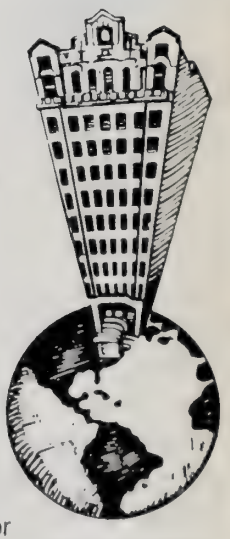
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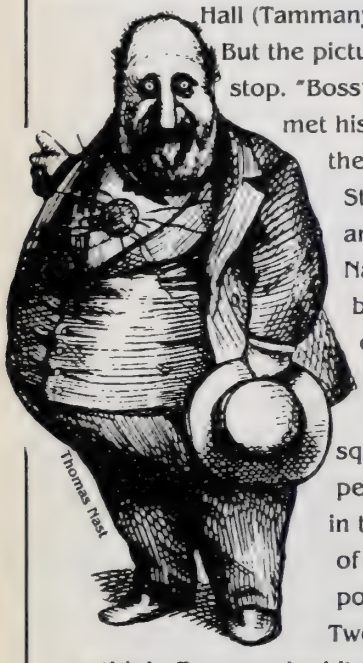
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that attracts certain people to one another is the essence of human relationships; the same is true of nations. That essence is deeper than sex, but there is a sexual element within it. (This is probably why friendship between men and women is so precious, because it is so rare, being seldom altogether asexual; while sexual relations, unlike friendship, often have at least a small tinge of enmity within them; but then, alas, this is part of their attraction, and sometimes even of their charm.)

Had I not been involved in my sentimental education I think I would have understood less about the relations of nations. I write sentimental, rather than sexual, education, since my relation with the woman I loved involved, in essence, our minds; what we did with each other's bodies was consequent to what was going on in our minds. Love, as Pascal said, is not really blind. Our carnal relations were deeply satisfactory, in spite—or, perhaps, because—of the condition that my lover was frigid, or nearly so; but that relative frigidity, too, was both less and more than a biological malfunction; it was involved with other matters within her personality, which could be sentimentally moral and cruelly amoral on occasion.

Around that time I read a sentence by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford about Disraeli that echoed in my mind: "He loved England! though not quite in the English way." Well, K. may have been frigid or half-frigid in the German way. In any case, this curious and profound relationship of nationality and sexuality, of culture and biology, of mind and matter is something that few writers (and no historians) have attempted to probe or even describe, though a few years ago I ran across a passage by Jean Rhys touching on it. A Parisian gigolo, talking to the narrator in *Good Morning, Midnight,* was setting out for England, expecting conquest after conquest of untouched and unsatisfied Englishwomen "just gasping for it, oh boy! . . . That's his idea. But he'll find out that he will be up against racial, not sexual, characteristics"—something that (of course) neither Marx nor Freud, nor perhaps even Henry James or Evelyn Waugh, had properly understood: a matter whereof a profound a moving description must rema the task of a genius in t future.

One night in August 1944—I w a soldier then, of the lowest rank signed to an anti-aircraft battery the thought came to me suddenly th perhaps everywhere in our world lo existed on three levels. There was t inevitable logic of things: that t times two amounts to four, and th the spring bolt that I had to affix the empty nut on the flank of the coil box either fitted that nut exac or it didn't (which happened to the case), whereby the entire rec mechanism could not function. Th kind of reality corresponded to th other, well-nigh inevitable conditi that Hitler and his allies could n win the war against Russia, the Un ed States, and Great Britain, wi their hundreds of millions, producin and possessing fifty guns for eve German gun. And this was the kind inevitable, dumb hardness of thing the natural order of the physical ur verse that determined, or at least c cumscribed, the most complex ar sentimental human relationships t (I was aching for my lover and worri about her: we had not seen each oth for a week, and I tormented myse sometimes with thoughts of jealousy wasn't it true that without our sexu organs all of this lovely affair wou not have amounted to anything?

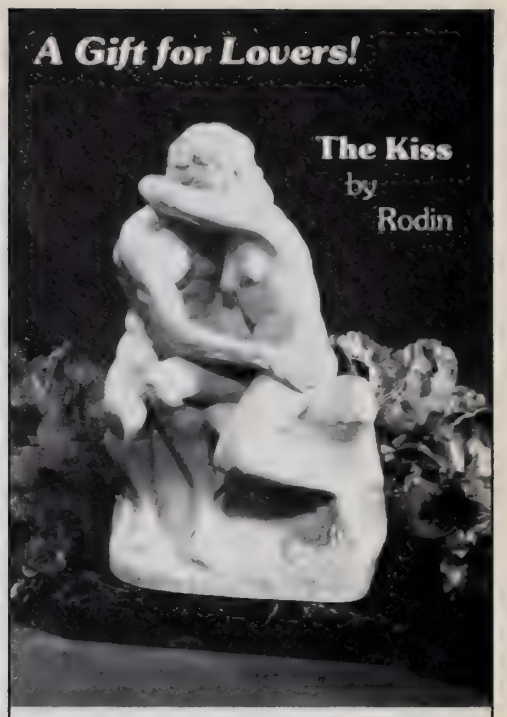
There was, however, a higher no material and sentimental logic: th young lieutenant of the battery lik me (partly because of our shared ant Nazi sympathies and Anglophile ill sions), wherefore he, unlike anoth officer, would not curse and blam me for not having the proper spri bolt at hand; and since he knew th ineffectiveness, at best, of our smal caliber gun—and, even more, th stupidity of Hungary waging w against the Allies—he did not muc care for that spring bolt. It was, aft all, human beings who had invent the mathematics and science that le to the invention of spring bolts an guns; and what mattered was wh people did with them. And so Hitl was bound to be defeated not merel because of the numerical and m

nical superiority of his opponents; would lose the war because he had ned so many people against him. So, too, after all of these torment- thoughts, our sexual organs were the matter that had driven K. and together (no, monsieur Remy de urmont, there is something more n the contact of two epidermises); re were all kinds of matters, on an- er level, to which the very func- ning of our organs, and perhaps n our physical desires, were subor- ate. And there existed yet a higher el that was not given to human be- s to know but about which they ld glimpse something on occasion: t this world was full with awful in- ices and sins, but that somehow somewhere it was given to us to nprehend (comprehend, rather n know) certain divine truths that uld assert themselves, though, s, only in the long run. Millions e killed, millions were yet to be ed, but Hitler would lose the war. ourselves might die; one day we die. Long before that our love af- would end, for all kinds of rea- s, including our heavy but, still, so oxicating load of sin. I write down se fairly juvenile cerebrations; yet o not even now think that they e entirely meaningless.

But when a nation (or a tribe or a ily or party) is so riven by the hes and ideas of opposing camps, may discover, here and there, delights of incompleteness: of im- cisions, of imperfect categories of oughts—matters that may corre- nd to the difference between what nportant and what is significant. It pleasant to meet a German infan- man who said that his favorite Ger- n writer was Franz Werfel. And it amusing, if sometimes exasperat- , to argue with my love, who want- Hitler to lose the war (well, at least did not want him to win it), while he same time she insisted that Ger- ny had a right to a portion of Po- d; or that she would die for her ily, although a few moments later said that a married woman could anything she wanted. On one oc- ion she turned on me with unex- ted anger when I—moved perhaps sentimentalism, perhaps by com- sion—said something good about her husband. I knew then that women were not illogical—rather, they had their own, instinctive, emotional logic, which may be imprecise, but not because it is incomplete.

The delight of misunderstandings: it was then that I learned that communications between human beings are never perfect and complete (which is why the computerization of human communications is idiotic, in the proper and original Greek sense of the word), because A never hears exactly what B is saying. But that incompleteness provides the very charm of their relationship (especially for lovers, who find themselves in the delicious situation of being able to talk incessantly about themselves). A hint of a different accent, the tone of a different voice instantly involve myriad associations. This is why A does not hear exactly what B is saying; this is why A is attracted—or repelled—by B. Only later did I understand that here lies the charm of knowing a foreign language well enough, being able to recognize not only the particular prettiness of some of its words and sounds but also the condition that the very same word from the same root may mean something slightly different in each language (*honor* in English, *honneur* in French). That difference suggests different tendencies, aspirations, nuances. My lover and I occasionally talked in French. We spoke that language somewhat imperfectly; consequently, it was then that we perfectly understood each other.

Our love affair had many dramatic and laughable, lovely and sordid episodes, living on till the end of the war and then dying down in a smoldering and unattractive heap of ashes. But there was this matter that I understand now and had not understood then: that everything human has a history, love as well as war. The Second World War was a kind of war that would not occur again, and this was the kind of love affair that would not occur again. And not only because I was growing up: this kind of passion belonged to the sensitivities of a certain time, somewhat in the way that the flawed romantic aspirations of Emma Bovary belonged to a certain



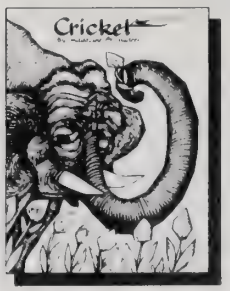
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period, wherefore *Madame Bovary* not only a better but a more *historic* novel than *War and Peace.* I am i clined to think that Flaubert did n know this (he did not have to).

Looking back at the history of E rope before 1945, reflected as it is its letters as well as in people's mem ries, I think that this was the l phase of what Mario Praz, with p haps undue exaggeration, called t Romantic Agony—when the des of a man for communion with a c tain woman, something for which t words "love affair" sound munda and inadequate, was the most imp tant aspiration in the minds of sen tive men, seeking therein a spiritu fulfillment and a mystery. I think th this particular aspiration belong within geographical and historic limits, within the spiritual geograp and history of Europe. Men in t English-speaking world were large devoid of it; when Scandinavia stumbled across it, like Strindber they did so in anger and despair; it w limited by France in the west, Hung ry and perhaps Poland in the east, t the North Sea and the Pyrenees ar perhaps the Po valley; and its rou chronological limits were 1770 1945. Oddly, or perhaps not so oddl this contemplating of women by me as if they belonged on a pedestal d not satisfy women at the time, a though this romantic-sentiment treatment—perhaps the last curio flowering of chivalry—surely attrac them in retrospect.

And, if love has its history, so ha imagination and happiness and men ory. For example, during that mem rable August of 1944 I experienced beautiful air raid. The first radi warning came in the twilight of a sun mer evening. I found myself in t center of Pest, knowing that I woul not be able to reach my unit in tim even with the best of will, but I w heading in its direction, togethe with hundreds of people hurryin across the Danube bridges. The tra cars had stopped, and the last dimme lights were going out. I mounted th hill on the other side of the Elizabet Bridge and reported to another ba tery; the officer in charge stamped m leave paper and waved me away. O the rocks and grassy slopes of the hi

ople were sitting or lying down; ey either could not make it to their mes or thought it safer to stay up on at hill, away from the sea of houses. ght had now fallen: fragrant, dark, d starry. The great plain of Hungary etched out beyond that sea of uses. Far to the east the first search-hts began to probe the sky, sweep-g back and forth. The final warning the siren sounded, and from that it faded away like a long melan-oly wail, the dying howl of a beast. en we heard the low droning of the ssian planes approaching from the st. In a few moments the sky was lit with the most brilliant of man-ade colors, more brilliant and fasci-ting, because less predictable, than y festive fireworks imaginable.

It was not a big raid; we heard the plosions, mostly on the eastern ges of the great city, and saw the es flaring up and dying down in fiery id colors, yellow and red and elec-c blue. The anti-aircraft guns were pping and bursting without cease nd without much effect). Then we ard a great celestial swish of rushing und, like an immense but shallow terfall: the fragments of the ex-nded anti-aircraft shells were com-g down from the sky in a rain of etallic drops on the tile roofs of the uses of Budapest. I was surrounded the presence of terrible beauty. ow different it was from other air ids, when I had to dig in the rubble r bodies that were still warm, with e stunning horror of the near-esence of death compounded by the eetish odor of pulverized brick that ells like decaying flesh! How differ-t these things are in my mind now, hen I remember so much more about e beauties of that evening than out that afternoon among the dead dies in the rubble.

During that deadly summer I arned that not only are death and e close but so are happiness and happiness: that one can find happi-ss amid the most wretched circum-ances, but one must look for it. It as many years later that I learned at unhappiness almost always in-olves an amount of self-indulgence nd of despair—a large sinful dose it). To wallow in one's unhappi-ess—or, more exactly, in one's choice of the idea of one's unhappiness—is easy, while happiness requires a certain effort of organization and even planning. Happiness, like love, is a self-imposed task. It requires forethought and cultivation, including the cultivation and the consciousness of one's imagination, which is why this task is not easy. Perhaps it is because of this that the converse is true: there are people who experience few moments of real happiness in their conscious lives, their misfortune being anchored in the muddy substance of their stupidity—but that stupidity is not intellectual, it exists not because of the inability but because of the unwillingness of their minds.

I also realized that joy was seldom separable from anticipation, which was not only one half of pleasure but the path to it. Yet by joy I do not merely mean pleasure but something akin to an acute sense of the willingness to live: the wish for more life. And when that wish dies out...

And memory—which is the other side of anticipation, of the same coin—has its history too. I learned this from Dante, or, rather, against him. We had read some Dante in school, and I recalled these lines: "Nessun maggior dolore/Che ricordarsi del tempo felice/nella miseria"; "There is no greater pain than to remember times of happiness when in misery." But that wasn't so. When later that year I was a fugitive deserter, hiding in a cellar, frozen and hungry, I thought that the opposite was true. Or, rather, what Dante wrote was no longer true, because the consciousness of our memory was not the same as that of a medieval Florentine 650 years before. What gave us pleasure in that cellar was not only thinking ahead, thinking about what we would do when the war was over and we were free again, well fed and perhaps even happy. It was even more pleasant to think back, to reminisce about scenes and events of the past, associations, colors, tastes, the primary and secondary substances of which were vividly clear in our minds, having acquired especial charm in the conditions when our days had been turned into fearful nights. To think then of the past with K. filled my

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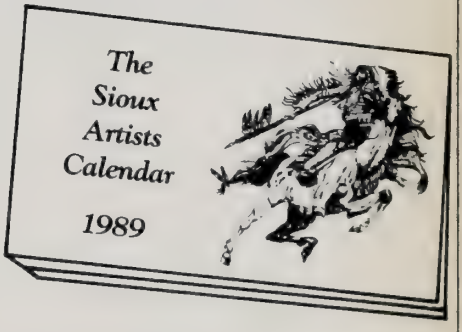


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A	E	R	O	N	A	U	T	I	C	A	L
K	L	I	E	G	R	A	S	C	A	L	S

NOTES FOR "NO UNCHES"

ACROSS: 1. SMARAGD, anagram; 8. TO(AS)T; 13. EUPH(O)RICALL (anagram)-Y(ell); 14. ANNUM, hidden; 15. CLEAVE, two meanings; 16. GROW(L)ERS; 17. LEAK, "leek"; 18. GENERALS-TO-R...-E...; 21. BELL-OWED; 23. SLAT(e); 24. SWAN, hidden; 25. SLOP(e)-JARS; 27. QUA(R)TER HORSE, anagram; 29. URGE, hidden; 30. P-LOPPING; 33. (fri)EZE-KIEL(anagram); 34. STRIA, hidden; 35. AERONAUTI (anagram)-CAL; 36. K(L...)E(I)G; 37. RA-SCALS (anagram). DOWN: 1. EG-RAPS, reversed; 2. M-ANGELWURZEL (anagram); 3. A/C/N/E; 4. ROU/S/E; 5. ARM WREST(L)ING, anagram; 6. EL-BAL-LUG, reversed; 7. DYER, "dire"; 8. THEOSOPHISTS, anagram; 9. JOSTLED, anagram; 10. A-LVEOLAR (anagram); 11. ALL-I-RAP-AS-R-AS, reversed; 12. TICK-ET; 19. ALGERIAN, anagram; 20. AL(L)RO (anagram)-UND; 22. REWO(K)EN, anagram; 24. SQUEAK, anagram; 26. SE(P...)ALS; 28. OP-TIC; 31. GE(rman c)AR; 32. OR-CA.

SOLUTION TO OCTOBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 70). NEIL POSTMAN: AMUSING OURSELVES (TO DEATH). Our politics, religion, news, athletics, education and commerce have been transformed into congenial adjuncts of show business, largely without protest or even much popular notice. The result is that we are a people on the verge of amusing ourselves to death.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 71, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by November 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the December issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 69 are V. L. Porter, Seattle, Washington; Edward Kenyon, Ingleside, Illinois; and Ann Jacobson, Edmonds, Washington.

mind not only with longing but
an ineffable richness. To think al
was something different: someh
knew that after the war, when
should be able to meet freely ag
things wouldn't be the same.
they weren't.

The end of this story came afte
siege, well after that last teleph
call across the front on Christ
morning. Gradually life began an
the ruins: the ruins of a city and o
previous lives. This love and this
were over. She took a new lo
There was no place for me now in
life—or rather not the kind of p
that I would want. There was no p
for me now in the "new" Hungar
or rather not the kind of place th
would want. I left for America. I
have her photograph in one of
drawers and the memories of love
war in my heart.

November Index Sources

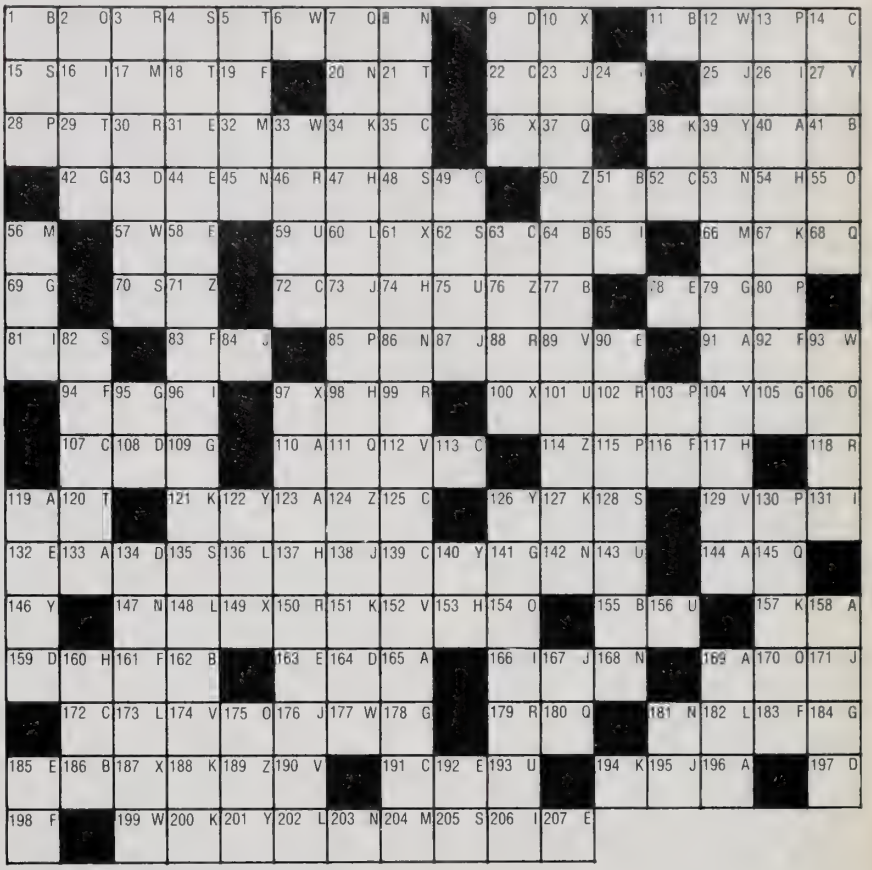
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13 Louis Harris & Associates (N.Y.
14 National Geographic Society-Ga
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DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 71

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 80.



CLUES

A. Middleweight boxing champion, 1949–51 (full name)
123 40 169 158 133
119 110 144 196
165 91

B. 1946 film by Sir Carol Reed, starring James Mason (3 wds.)
186 162 77 1 51 64 155 11
41

C. 1918 Irving Berlin musical (3 wds.)
113 139 172 49 63 52 125 191
14 22 107 35 72

D. "Life and death, blessing and _____" (Deut. 30:19)
43 164 108 197 9 134 159

E. Down
207 31 192 44 78 163 185 132
58 90

F. Supreme
116 183 198 94 161 83 92 19

G. Greek goddess of love; Cytherea
42 184 95 105 79 178 141 69
109

H. Licentious, dissolute man
153 137 117 54 98 160 47 74

I. Lapse, neglect; control
96 131 26 16 24 81 65 166
206

J. Lustful, lewd
87 73 138 167 25 23 171 195
176 84

K. All things considered (3 wds.)
200 194 151 67 188 38 127 34
157 121

L. Title role for Dudley Moore
182 136 202 60 173 148

M. Jacob and Esau, e.g.
32 66 17 204 56

N. High-flown in the use of language
8 203 53 181 45 86 168 142
20 147

O. Fishnets
175 2 170 55 154 106

P. Australian polar explorer (1888–1958)
80 28 103 85 115 130 13

Q. County of Ireland, bounded on the west by the Shannon
111 145 37 68 7 180

R. Adaptable, tractable
118 150 3 102 30 46 179 88
99

S. Lessen, mitigate
205 48 62 135 4 70 15 82
128

T. Simpleton
29 5 18 21 120

U. Uxorial
59 101 156 193 75 143

V. "Wisdom is better than _____" (Prov. 8:11)
174 152 112 129 89 190

W. Unbeliever; skeptic
33 12 199 57 93 177 6

X. Assumes (2 wds.)
97 61 100 149 10 36 187

Y. Captivate
104 122 126 39 201 146 140 27

Z. Largest of the Dodecanese Islands
189 50 124 114 76 71

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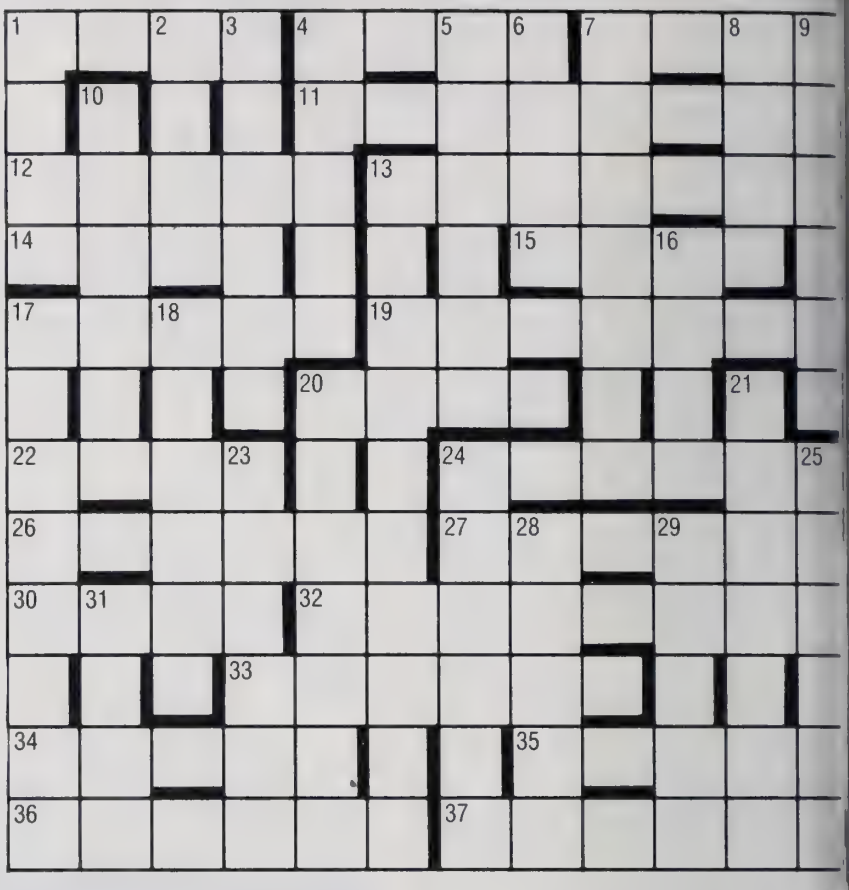
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PUZZLE



Triple Headers

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Each Across clue consists of three definitions. Two of them comprise a typical double-meaning clue for that entry. The remaining definition (which can be anywhere in the clue) applies to a Down entry *which crosses that Across entry* . . . and therefore the Down clues consist only of the cryptic indications.

There is one proper name among the Down entries. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 80.

Across

1. Cheer cakes from the heart (4)
4. Heel ogles strip (4)
7. Fur guarantee is a myth (4)
11. Bewitch with rash admission (8)
12. Brace and scrape strand (5)
13. Appreciating way to be using leverage (7)
14. Reputation the sailor's left, this! (4)
15. Pure pool's in excellent condition (4)
17. Fanatic puts a coating on volumes (5)
19. Strain to keep away from cocktail (7)
20. Associate tealike drink with costumed reveler (4)
22. Norm is exquisite or shabby (4)
24. Shoot sap in row (6)
26. East European leaves plane? Perfect (6)
27. Tripe: terminal breakfast food (6)
30. Roman emperor to appear ominously as weaver (4)
32. Digs free games? (8)
33. Sample flattery he runs into (6)
34. Plainest robe is appropriate in the past (5)
35. Follow groove in palm (5)
36. Light-footed, is superior to those who drag (6)
37. Took it easy, said hello, and made ice? (6)

Down

1. Small talk, on the outside (4)
2. Stick-up ring's on top (4)
3. Persistent degenerate's going the wrong way (6)
4. Leaders, but not in the Christian era (5)
5. This could be distributed, about a thousand for teamster (6)
6. Hilarity is endlessly uplifting (4)
7. Sex appeal craze developed (7)
8. Accented? The odds are this (4)
9. In general, was in charge? Quite the opposite! (6)
10. Love to cool off after church (6)
13. Standard pains seizing you ultimately with time (10)
16. Made run with strikeout (4)
17. Misspelt is misspelt (8)
18. Characterize a lotion's ingredient (6)
20. Married square, foolishly (7)
21. Free from pursuing relative (7)
23. Reading through Trevanian, I'm bleary-eyed (6)
24. Second shift (6)
25. Crowned, without a crown (6)
28. Catcher in field (5)
29. $5 a pound (5)
31. Till up and down (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Triple Headers," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the January issue. Winners of the September puzzle, "Spiral Nebulas," are Hugh F. Frohbach, Sunnyvale, California; Jim Pate, Birmingham, Alabama; and Andree Roaf, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.



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DEWAR'S PROFILE



PETER NORTON

AGE: 43.

HOME: Santa Monica, California.

PROFESSION: Computer wizard. Chairman and CEO, Peter Norton Computing Inc.

HOBBY: Making contributions to L.A.'s many art museums. "When life hands you a large slice of the pie, you share."

LAST BOOK READ: *Don Quixote*, Miguel de Cervantes.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Seeing his name in lights. At the Museum of Neon Art where he's on the board of directors.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "As a kid, I loved those things on your coat that were supposed to keep you from losing your mittens. Who else would design a program to find information 'lost' in your computer and then build a business on it?"

QUOTE: "I can't believe my life is happening to me."

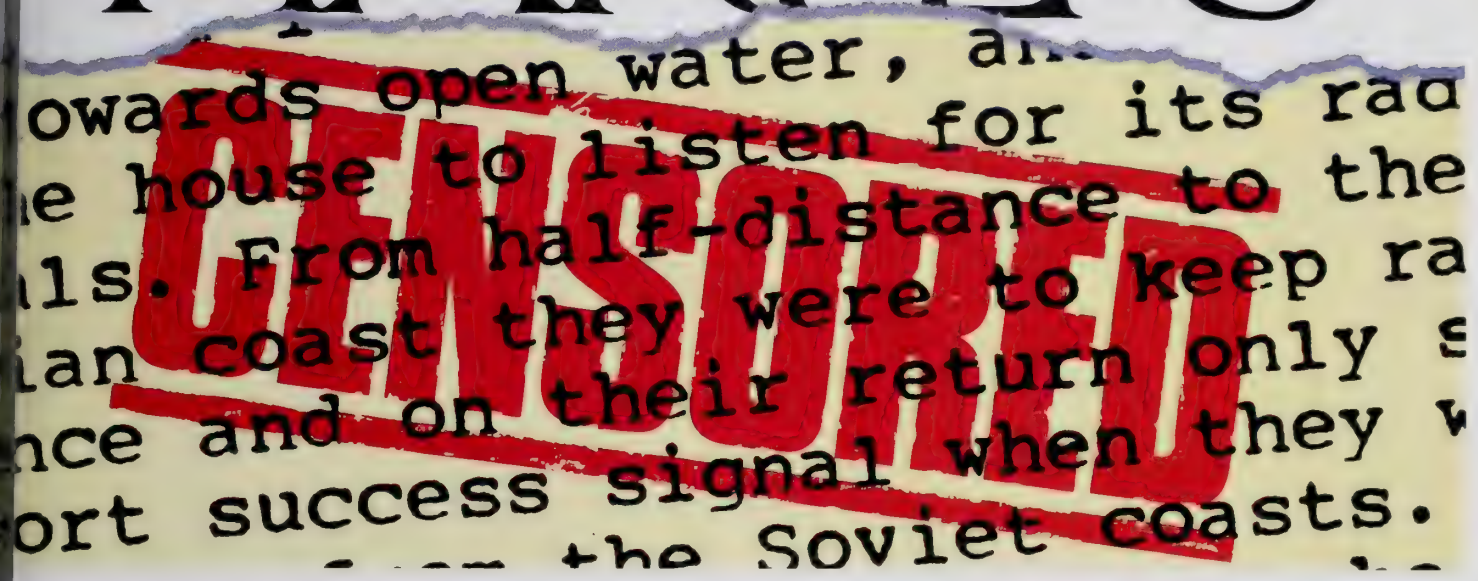
PROFILE: Quiet, committed and independent. "Not really. I'm just your classic nerd who got lucky."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label" with water. "It's as much of a splash as I'll ever make."

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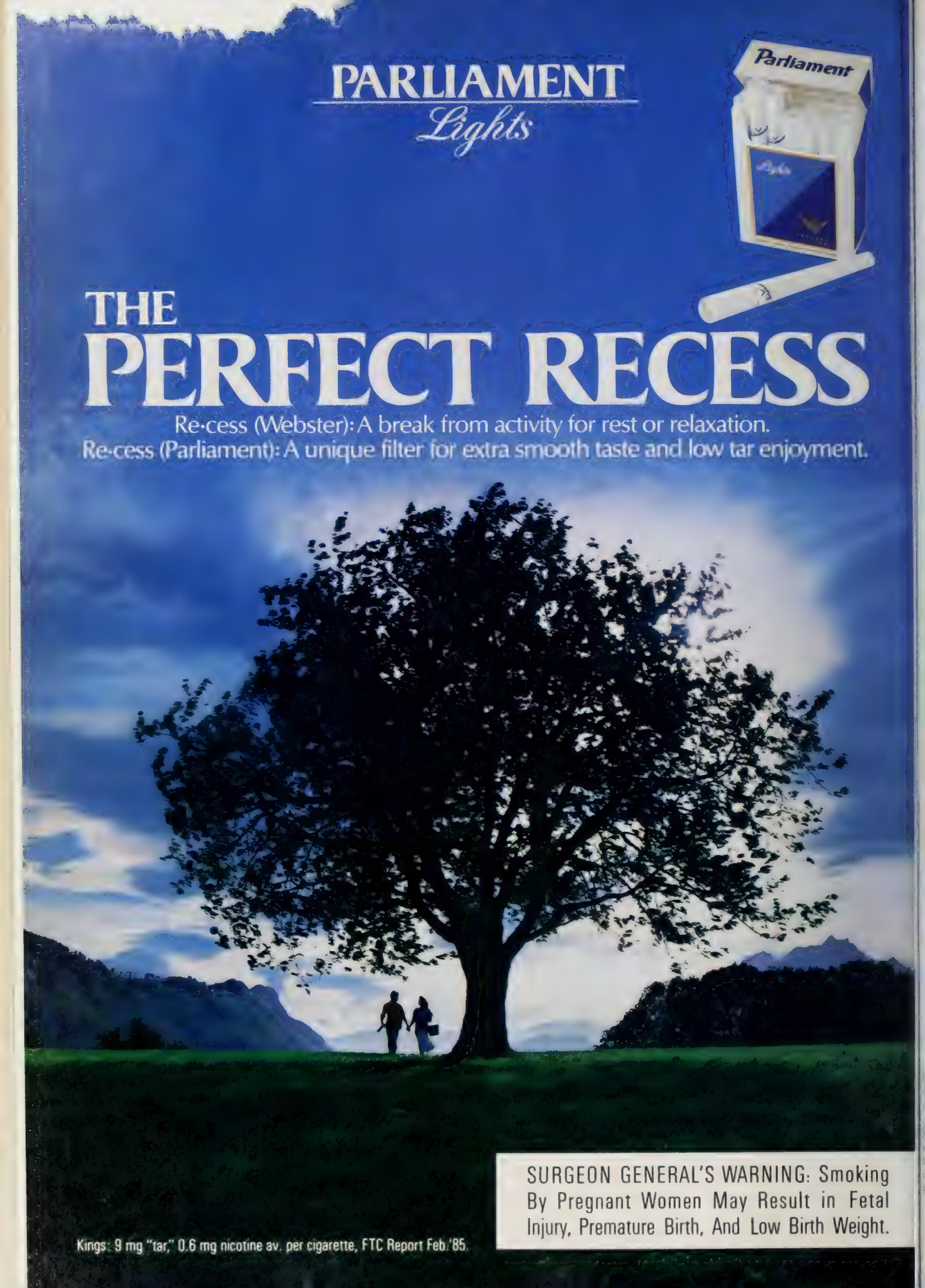


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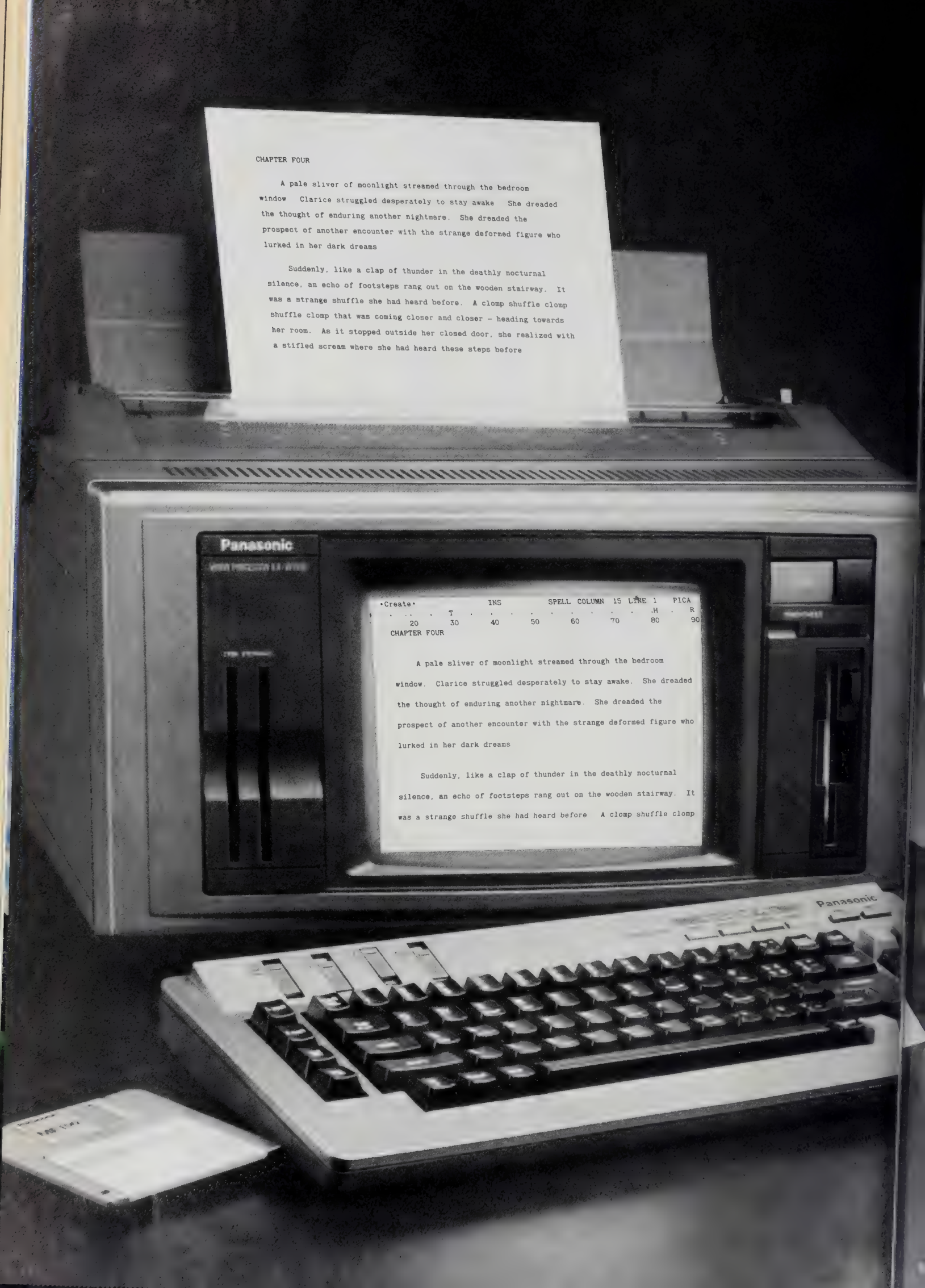
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Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Please send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (614) 383-3141, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. *Harper's Magazine* does not publish unsolicited poetry.


CHAPTER FOUR
A pale sliver of moonlight streamed through the bedroom window Clarice struggled desperately to stay awake She dreaded the thought of enduring another nightmare. She dreaded the prospect of another encounter with the strange deformed figure who lurked in her dark dreams
Suddenly, like a clap of thunder in the deathly nocturnal silence, an echo of footsteps rang out on the wooden stairway. It was a strange shuffle she had heard before. A clomp shuffle clomp shuffle clomp that was coming closer and closer – heading towards her room. As it stopped outside her closed door, she realized with a stifled scream where she had heard these steps before
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CHAPTER FOUR
A pale sliver of moonlight streamed through the bedroom window. Clarice struggled desperately to stay awake. She dreaded the thought of enduring another nightmare. She dreaded the prospect of another encounter with the strange deformed figure who lurked in her dark dreams
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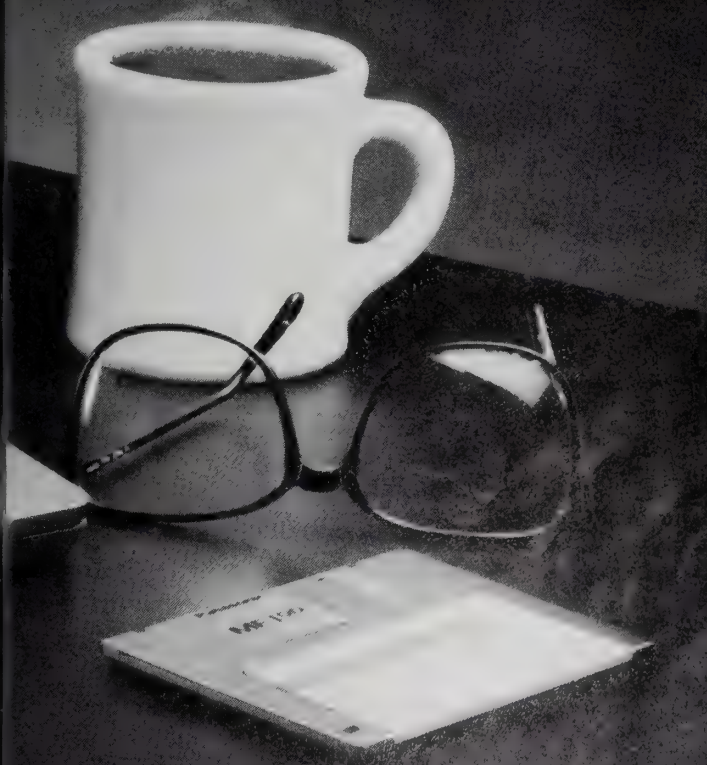
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LETTERS

Technological Fundamentalism

Wendell Berry ["Against PCs," Readings, September] provides writers enslaved by the computer with a handy alternative: Wife—a low-tech energy-saving device. Drop a pile of handwritten notes on Wife and you get back a finished manuscript, edited while it was typed. What computer can do that? Wife meets all of Berry's uncompromising standards for technological innovation: she's cheap, repairable near home, and good for the family structure. Best of all, Wife is politically correct because she breaks a writer's "direct dependence on strip-mined coal."

History teaches us that Wife can also be used to beat rugs and wash clothes by hand, thus eliminating the need for the vacuum cleaner and washing machine, two more nasty machines that threaten the act of writing.

Gordon Inkeles
Miranda, Calif.

I have no quarrel with Berry because he prefers to write with pencil and paper; that is his choice. But he implies that I and others are somehow impure because we choose to write on a computer. I do not admire the energy corporations, either. Their shortcoming is not that they produce electricity but how they go about it. They are poorly managed because they are blind to long-term consequences. To solve this problem, wouldn't it make more sense to correct the precise error they are making rather than simply ignore their product? I would be happy to join Berry in a protest against strip mining, but I intend to keep plugging this computer into the wall with a clear conscience.

James Rhoads
Battle Creek, Mich.

I enjoyed reading Berry's declaration of intent never to buy a personal computer in the same way that I enjoy reading about the belief systems of unfamiliar tribal cultures. I tried to imagine a tool that would meet Berry's criteria for superiority to his old manual typewriter. The clear winner is the quill pen. It is cheaper, smaller, more energy-efficient, human-powered, easily repaired, and non-disruptive of existing relationships.

Berry also requires that this tool must be "clearly and demonstrably better" than the one it replaces. But surely we all recognize by now that "better" is in the mind of the beholder. To the quill pen aficionado, the benefits obtained from elegant calligraphy might well outweigh all others.

I have no particular desire to see Berry use a word processor; if he doesn't like computers, that's fine with me. However, I do object to his portrayal of this reluctance as a moral virtue. Many of us have found that computers can be an invaluable tool in the fight to protect our environment. In addition to helping me

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

vrite, my personal computer gives me ccess to up-to-the-minute reports n the workings of the EPA and the uclear industry. I participate in elec-ronic bulletin boards on which en-vironmental activists discuss strategy nd warn each other about urgent egislative issues. Perhaps Berry feels hat the Sierra Club should eschew nodern printing technology, which is ighly wasteful of energy, in favor of aving its members hand-copy the lub's magazines and other mailings ach month?

Nathaniel S. Borenstein
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The value of a computer to a writer s that it is a tool not for generating deas but for typing and editing words. It is cheaper than a secretary (or a wife!) and arguably more fuel-efficient. And it enables spouses who are not inclined to provide free labor more time to concentrate on *their* own work.

We should support alternatives both to coal-generated electricity and to IBM-style technocracy. But I am reluctant to entertain alternatives that presuppose the traditional subservience of one class to another. Let the PCs come and the wives and servants go seek more meaningful work.

Toby Koosman
Knoxville, Tenn.

Berry asks how he could write conscientiously against the rape of nature if in the act of writing on a computer he was implicated in the rape. I find it ironic that a writer who sees the underlying connectedness of things would allow his diatribe against computers to be published in a magazine that carries ads for the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, Marlboro, Phillips Petroleum, McDonnell Douglas, and, yes, even Smith-Corona. If Berry rests comfortably at night, he must be using sleeping pills.

Bradley C. Johnson
Grand Forks, N.D.

Wendell Berry replies:

The foregoing letters surprised me with the intensity of the feelings they expressed. According to the writers' testimony, there is nothing wrong with their computers; they are utterly satisfied with them and all that they stand for. My correspondents are certain that I am wrong and that I am, moreover, on the losing side, a side already relegated to the dustbin of history. And yet they grow huffy and condescending over my tiny dissent. What are they so anxious about?

I can only conclude that I have scratched the skin of a technological fundamentalism that, like other fundamentalisms, wishes to monopolize a whole society and, therefore, cannot tolerate the smallest difference of opinion. At the slightest hint of a threat to their complacency, they repeat, like a chorus of toads, the notes sounded by their leaders in industry. The past was gloomy, drudgery-ridden, servile, meaningless, and slow. The present, thanks only to purchasable products, is meaningful,



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.....A: In your mind .....
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I am also surprised by the meanness with which two of these writers refer to my wife. In order to imply that I am a tyrant, they suggest by both direct statement and innuendo that she is subservient, characterless, and stupid—a mere "device" easily forced to provide meaningless "free labor." I understand that it is impossible to make an adequate public defense of one's private life, and so I will only point out that there are a number of kinder possibilities that my critics have disdained to imagine: that my wife may do this work because she wants to and likes to; that she may find some use and some meaning in it; that she may not work for nothing. These gentlemen obviously think themselves feminists of the most correct and principled sort, and yet they do not hesitate to stereotype and insult, on the basis of one fact, a woman they do not know. They are audacious and irresponsible gossips.

In his letter, Bradley C. Johnson rushes past the possibility of sense in what I said in my essay by implying that I am or ought to be a fanatic. That I am a person of this century and am implicated in many practices that I regret is fully acknowledged at the beginning of my essay. I did not say that I proposed to end forthwith all my involvement in harmful technology, for I do not know how to do that. I said merely that I want to limit such involvement, and to a certain extent I do know how to do that. If some technology does damage to the world—as two of the above letters seem to agree that it does—then why is it not reasonable, and indeed moral, to try to limit one's use of that technology? Of *course*, I think that I am right to do this.

I would not think so, obviously, if I agreed with Nathaniel S. Borenstein that "'better' is in the mind of the beholder." But if he truly believes this, I do not see why he bothers with his personal computer's "up-to-the-minute reports on the workings of the EPA and the nuclear industry" or

ıy he wishes to be warned about "ur-
ıt legislative issues." According to
system, the "better" in a bureau-
ıtic, industrial, or legislative mind
ıs good as the "better" in his. His
nd apparently is being subverted by
objective standard of some sort,
d he had better look out.

Borenstein does not say what he
es after his computer has drummed
n awake. I assume from his letter
ıt he must send donations to con-
vation organizations and letters to
icials. Like James Rhoads, at any
e, he has a clear conscience. But
is is what is wrong with the conser-
tion movement. It has a clear con-
ence. The guilty are always other
ople, and the wrong is always some-
here else. That is why Borenstein
ıds his "electronic bulletin board"
handy. To the conservation move-
ent, it is only production that causes
vironmental degradation; the con-
mption that supports the produc-
ın is rarely acknowledged to be at
ult. The ideal of the run-of-the-mill
nservationist is to impose restraints
ın production without limiting
nsumption or burdening the con-
iences of consumers.

But virtually all of our consumption
ow is extravagant, and virtually all
it consumes the world. It is not be-
de the point that most electrical
ower comes from strip-mined coal.
he history of the exploitation of the
ppalachian coal fields is long, and it
available to readers. I do not see
ow anyone can read it and plug in
ny appliance with a clear con-
ience. If Rhoads can do so, that
es not mean that his conscience is
ear; it means that his conscience is
ot working.

To the extent that we consume,
our present circumstances, we are
ilty. To the extent that we guilty
nsumers are conservationists, we
e absurd. But what can we do? Must
e go on writing letters to politicians
nd donating to conservation organi-
tions until the majority of our fellow
tizens agree with us? Or can we do
mething directly to solve our share
the problem?

I am a conservationist. I believe
holeheartedly in putting pressure
n the politicians and in maintaining
ne conservation organizations. But I

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Raymonde Carroll Translated by **Carol Volk**

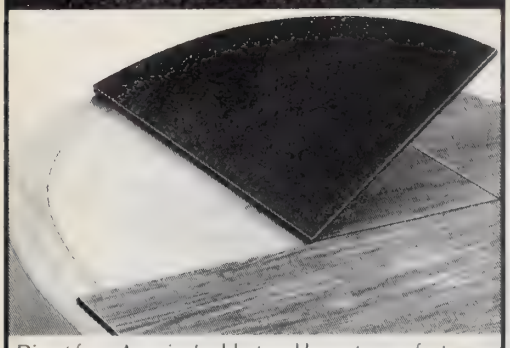
Raymonde Carroll, born in Tunisia and educated in France and the United States – where she now teaches – is well versed in the pitfalls of cultural clashes. In this entertaining and poignant book, she relates the sometimes comical, sometimes painful misunderstandings that occur among strangers, friends, and lovers simply because of different cultural backgrounds. $19.95

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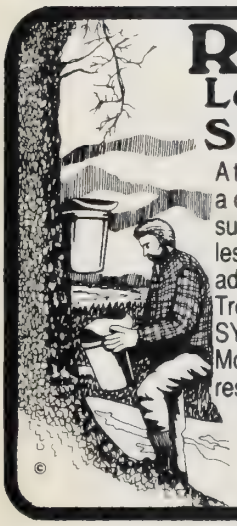


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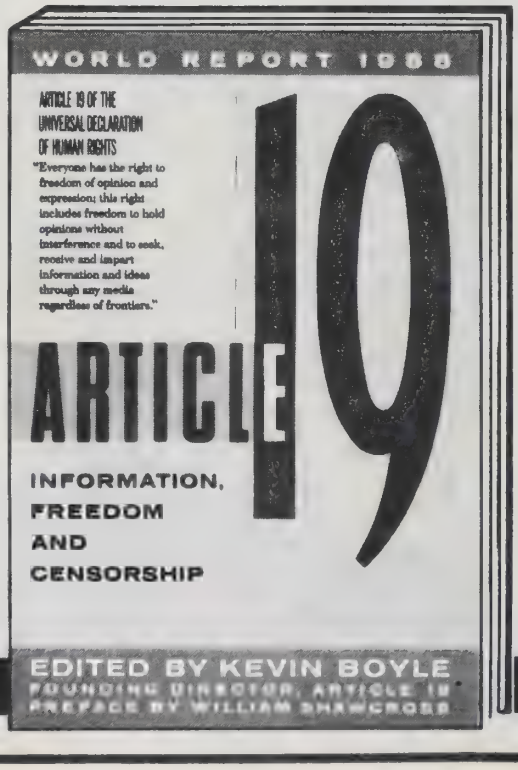
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wrote my little essay partly in distrust of centralization. I don't think that the government and the conservation organizations alone will ever make us a conserving society. Why do I need a centralized computer system to alert me to environmental crises? That I live every hour of every day in an environmental crisis I know from all my senses. Why then is not my first duty to reduce, so far as I can, my own consumption?

Finally, it seems to me that none of my correspondents recognizes the innovativeness of my essay. If the use of a computer is a new idea, then a newer idea is not to use one.

Perestroika Lite

George Feifer ["The New God Will Fail," October] reports that his acquaintances in the Soviet Union are profoundly pessimistic about the chances for fundamental social change.

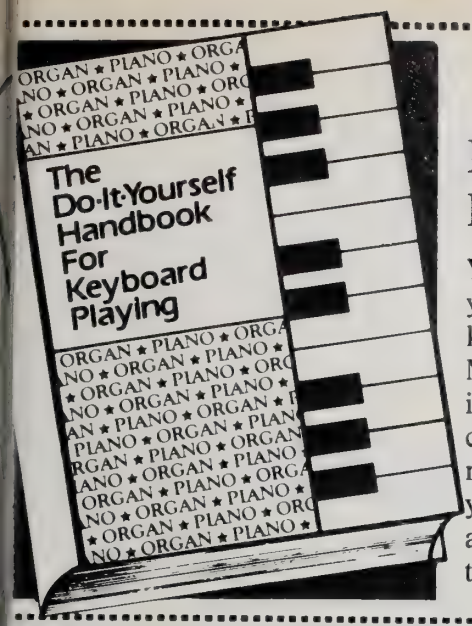
He should know that the following story is making the rounds in the Soviet Union: A man at a bar orders a bottle of beer. He puts down the usual ruble. The waitress comes over and says, "It's now two rubles—one for the beer and one for *perestroika*." On the next occasion the man puts down two rubles, and the waitress returns one of them. "No more charge for *perestroika*?" the man asks. "Oh yes," the waitress replies, "there's still the charge for *perestroika*. There's no more beer."

Ralph Slovenko
Detroit, Mich.

Liquid Rights

Your forum on animal rights ["Just Like Us?" August], though engaging, struck me as naive. There is an obvious and undeniable distinction between ourselves and animals that allows us to deny them rights—animals have no money! They are as poor as the dirt they sleep on, and, therefore, like the capital-less members of our own species, entitled only to what charity we choose to extend to them.

Alice Crawford
Portland, Ore.

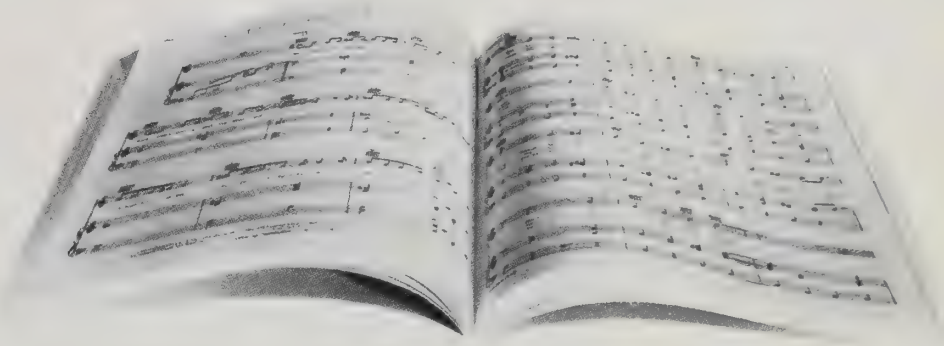


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NOTEBOOK

Politics nouveau

By Lewis H. Lapham

No degree of dullness can safeguard a work against the determination of critics to find it fascinating.

—Harold Rosenberg

The newest of the new plays in New York City this season abandons the foolish and antiquated device of a stage. The omission conforms to the specifications of a minimalist aesthetic that distrusts strong feeling and aspires to the satisfactions of a knowing smirk. Of what use is a stage to actors who have nothing to say? Or to an audience that expects from its playwrights more or less the same sort of comforts that it expects from its department stores?

The play that isn't a play goes by the name of *Tamara* and takes place in the Seventh Regiment Armory at Park Avenue and East Sixty-sixth Street. Judging by the solemn *explications de texte* in the cultural press, the entertainment resembles an expensive game of charades or an evening in an emotional theme park. The cast of ten inhabits an ornate set that replicates ten luxurious rooms of an Italian villa once occupied, in the 1920s, by Gabriele d'Annunzio—romantic poet, extremist politician, and merciless libertine. Sumptuously dressed in the costumes of the period, the performers wander from room to room, admiring themselves in the mirrors, teasing or berating one another with lines of oblique dialogue, chasing the images of their art deco desire through what the *New York Times* described, fondly, as an atmosphere of "good-natured decadence."

The theatergoers—necessarily limited to the happy few who can afford to pay as much as $135 for a ticket—also traipse through the villa in pursuit of whichever character excites their fancy. Upstairs and downstairs, along the hall to the library and around the tapestry into the lady's bedchamber, the audience follows at a distance appropriate to Robin Leach or a treacherous valet. The management encourages the guests to wear evening dress and tennis shoes. Evening dress because, during the *entr'acte*, the audience joins the cast for a buffet supper in d'Annunzio's dining room (the champagne and the smoked salmon come with the price of admission); tennis shoes because the actors sometimes move as quickly as startled trout.

Even the most agile eavesdroppers, of course, cannot see all the scenes and hear all the gossip. Everybody must make existential choices, a task possibly meant as a commentary on Mussolini or Adorno but one that also arouses the hope of revealed orgy. D'Annunzio was known for the cruel brilliance of his sexual conquests, and at least a few members of the audience (not as high-minded as the critic from the *Times*) presumably expect to see a set of variations on a theme by Casanova.

Thus the guests who accompany d'Annunzio into the bedroom might see him attempt the seduction of Tamara de Lempicka (a Polish artist arrived to paint the poet's portrait) but fail to hear him say, in the kitchen to the maid, "Aelis, get me some zucchini." Other members of the audience might elect to follow Aldo, the fascist policeman who humiliates the ballet dancer, or Mario, the communist chauffeur, who occasionally pauses on his rounds to shout, for reasons unknown, "No one in Italia is innocent."

Billed as "The Living Movie" and playing to a full complement of guests for the better part of a year, *Tamara* quite clearly takes place within the realm of the hybrid sensibility known as the postmodern. The critics praised the salmon (served on toast points) as effusively as they praised the carpets and the enameled surfaces of the dialogue. Fortunately for the purposes of the national arts endowments, the term postmodern can be applied as freely as paint to any cultural surface not otherwise marked for exhibition in the Louvre or in one of Donald Trump's hotels. Within the first thirty minutes of the opening of any artist's show in SoHo it's possible to hear the term awarded to a novella, a dress design, a dance troupe, or a sauce mousseline. (Under the rules of postmodern criticism, one is never obliged to see the play or taste the sauce; the critic need concern himself with only a text, not an event.)

On reading the dispatches from the avant-garde frontier on Park Avenue, it occurred to me that with a little thought I probably could make use of the idea (a.k.a. "the intellectual technology") to explain, at least to myself, the season's political campaigns. Perhaps if I could interpret the candidates properly—as works of minimalist art or as figures escaped from a museum diorama or as a story by Borges—then maybe I could appreciate the humor of what seemed to me a fairly elaborate joke.

About the aesthetic of postmodernism I already knew the rudimentary principles of collage and sardonic juxtaposition, and I could recognize the sensibility not only in commercials for Bud Light but also in phenomena as obscure as a tabloid newspaper headline (APE'S HEAD AFFIXED TO MAN'S BODY—DOCTORS OUTRAGED). I had read a sufficient number of stories on loan from the Iowa Writers' Workshop and seen enough of George Lucas's movies and Philip Johnson's architecture to know that I was presented not so much with a formal style as with a mannerist temperament that delighted in puns and allusions. Lucas derived *Star Wars*

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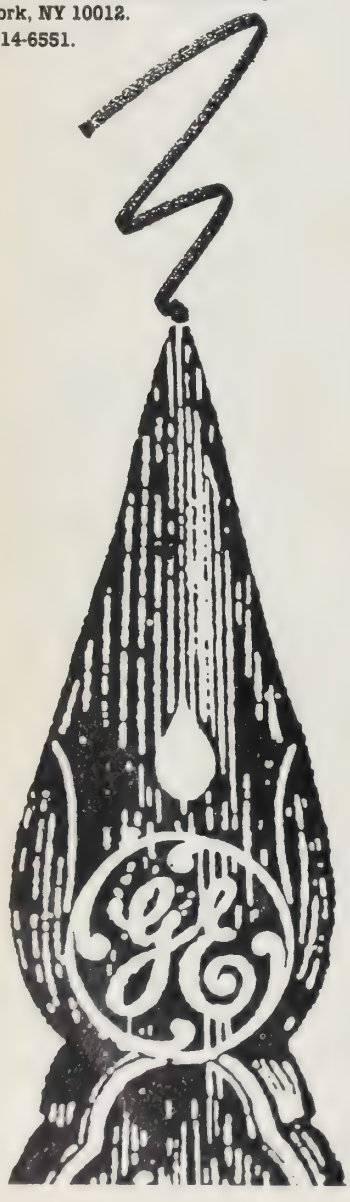
- **Mary Caponegro** for fiction published in **Conjunctions.**
- **Gerald Early** for a literary essay published in **Cottonwood.**
- **Karen Karbo** for fiction published in **Other Voices.**
- **C.D. Wright** for a literary essay published in **Five Fingers Review.**
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from World War II movies about the carrier war in the Pacific; Johnson decorated his buildings with illustrations from a freshman course in the history of art, and the apprentice novelists compiled notes on their reading of literary anthologies.

For years I had listened to people announce their boredom with the propositions of Freud, Eliot, Picasso, Joyce, Stravinsky, Marx, Keynes, and the Bauhaus. Their complaint was partly a revolt against authority and partly a confession of defeat. Surely, they said, there must be something else, some easier, happier sensibility that we can take to Acapulco for a weekend or to Paris for a writers' conference. We are tired, they said, of being poor and atonal; alienation is no longer fun and new; we know we should make our own portrait of reality, but who will give us a grant, and with what sort of fabric does one decorate a room in archetypal myth?

At a loss for answers to any of these questions, the postmoderns promoted the acts of criticism to the rank of high art. Henceforth it would be the critic who would play the part of Prometheus, the critic who would decide who was who and what was what, the critic who would assign every image to its correct category, choosing among the available artifacts—tones, photographs, colors, reprints, ornaments, domes, vaults, etc.—and combining them, in the manner of Hermann Hesse's Magister Ludi, into significant glyphs and ideograms. The triumph of the critical method they defined by their playfulness, their eclecticism, their belief in the supremacy of metaphor, and the refinement of their sense of irony. Irony served them both as a weapon and a refuge. If anybody questioned their motives, or, God forbid, classified them as fools, they could smile knowingly and point out, with an air of professional condescension, that they were only kidding. Nothing was serious, because everything was a remake of something else.

The postmodernist authors with whom I was familiar took pride in their ability to make subtle distinctions between shades of emotion and bolts of feeling. Instead of stories they wrote meditations and commentaries, obscure parodies and fantasies so pr vately held as to resemble a game hide-and-seek or a stock participatio arranged by Credit Suisse. What the characters didn't say was as importar as what they did say.

Precisely the same attitudes an techniques inform the work of decon structionist literary critics, advertis ing copywriters, and producers television news. Any text can b superimposed on any other text, an it is the man with the moviola ma chine who changes words into thing and cuts the images into the strips preferred reality.

President Reagan proved the post modernist thesis of the presidency a "the living movie." For eight years h read scripts, smiled or frowned o cue, rummaged through America history as if it were a theatrical trun from which he could borrow a attitude, a hat, or a quotation out o context. Sustained by a faculty of self interested critics, his administratio existed in the realm of pure idea. Ever so, he retained trace elements of a unmediated personality, and some times it was possible to distinguish be tween the man and the actor.

But in the summer and autumn o 1988 the presidential candidate passed through the alembics of post modern journalism and were trans formed into texts. Appearing as th products of critical analysis anc presented as montages made for tele vision, Messrs. Bush, Dukakis, Bent sen, and Quayle spoke the minimalis language of the photo opportunity and the thirty-second sound bite.

Just as *Tamara* suggests the prob able future of the American theater the 1988 campaign suggests the future of American politics. The impresario of the New York stage know how t provide resplendent costume anc imaginative set decoration, but scarcely a word of credible dialogue and seldom a character that can be mistaken for anything other than a symbol mounted on a stick. In the national political theater the campaign managers staged their equally brilliant effects against the backdrops of Iowa cornfields and Pennsylvania steel furnaces. As props they employed not only flags and tanks and balloons but also astronauts, Garrison Keillor,

nvicted felons, and Cher. Mounted n the scaffolding of the public-inion polls, the candidates pre-nted themselves as symbols for all asons.

During the second debate between ice President Bush and Governor ukakis the presiding journalists tched their questions at an angle of rtentous inanity fully comparable the line, "Aelis, get me some zuc-ini." They asked Dukakis why he asn't a more likable guy and how he ould feel if his wife were to be raped d murdered by a madman. They in-ted Bush to contemplate the sadness his own funeral cortege and to ex-mine his conscience through the agnifying glass of his dead father's maginary scorn. The contempt im-licit in the questions demonstrated e presumption that the candidates ad ceased to exist in any context ther than the ones the critics chose invent. The debates had become a iniseries, the campaign a lesson in econstruction, the candidates the uff of docudrama.

Before long I expect to see vari-tions of *Tamara* produced not only in New York but also in Washington—stonishing sets constructed in vacant ots, warehouses, empty office build-ngs, and bankrupt condominiums. The miniature theme parks could ppeal to every conceivable taste for hantasmagoria—Imperial Rome, Havana in the 1930s, Hampton Court during the reign of a good-naturedly decadent Henry VIII. If, fter the election, anything goes seri-ously wrong with the economy, I can even imagine productions arranged across Park Avenue from the Seventh Regiment Armory in the duplex apartments belonging to ruined in-vestment bankers.

Driven mad by his losses in Mexi-can junk bonds, the banker wanders through rooms crowded with expen-sive merchandise and scenes of un-speakable depravity. Prominent real estate speculators scream into tele-phones. Women faint and Japanese businessmen laugh. Richard Nixon appears, mysteriously, dressed in fas-cist uniform and carrying a riding crop. Every now and then he shouts, at nobody in particular, "In Califor-nia, everybody is innocent." ■



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Estimated portion of chlorofluorocarbons produced worldwide that is manufactured by Du Pont : 1/4
Estimated portion of carbon-dioxide emissions worldwide that is the result of deforestation : 1/4
Rolls of toilet paper the Pentagon has used since 1980 : 1,895,040
Number of the 2,869 U.S. Customs Service employees screened for drugs since 1986 who tested positive : 2
Percentage of Americans who say they strongly object to working with people who have AIDS : 34
Percentage who say they strongly object to working with people who don't use deodorant : 38
Tons of hazardous waste produced by the United States each year, per capita : 1
Number of the world's 129 billionaires who are not American : 79
Percentage of American families whose net worth is less than $10,000 : 25
Average salary and benefits of workers in American industries in which the number of jobs is increasing : $22,000
Average salary and benefits of workers in American industries in which the number of jobs is decreasing : $32,000
Chances that a presidential appointee has received no formal training for the job : 4 in 5
Percentage of presidential appointees who say they have trouble understanding financial disclosure forms : 70
Number of years by which an American president is likely to fall short of his life expectancy : 3
Chances that a college-educated nonvoter will claim to have voted : 1 in 2
Estimated number of courses on "The Sixties" offered at American colleges and universities this year : 400
Number of times Abbie Hoffman has been arrested : 43
Amount the rock group Bon Jovi earned in 1988 : $15,000,000
Amount the estate of Elvis Presley earned in 1988 : $15,000,000
Rank of photos of Presley with President Nixon, among those most requested from the National Archives : 1
Number of inquiries about John Dillinger's penis received by the Smithsonian Institution each month : 2
Rank of longest paper-clip chain, among the entries most often rejected by the *Guinness Book of World Records* : 1
Percentage of American adults who say they have not had sex in the last year : 22
Average number of years of marriage before an unfaithful British husband has his first affair : 8
Before an unfaithful British wife does : 9
Percentage of doctors who say they would reject an unmarried woman's request for artificial insemination : 50
Percentage of doctors who say they would allow a woman to choose a sperm donor based on his religion : 56
Percentage of child psychologists who advise parents of pre-school children to "confirm Santa's existence" : 40
Number of babies baptized in Cuba last year : 26,000
Estimated percentage increase, since 1977, in the number of U.S. businesses owned by Hispanics : 55
Chances that a white American man is self-employed : 1 in 7
Chances that a foreign-born Korean-American man is : 1 in 4
Winning time in the 1988 All Japan Window Cleaning Contest, in seconds : 18.7
Number of American children crushed to death by garage doors since 1982 : 34
Diameter of the earth if it were compressed to the density of a black hole, in inches : 3/4
Price of Dr. Cloner's Genetic Engineering Home Cloning Kit, for "children over 12" : $559
Percentage of American teenagers who do not know the meaning of the date stamped on dairy products : 58
Number of Wisconsin's 33 state senators who voted in favor of a 1988 bill that allows the blind to hunt : 27
Entry fee for the Defense Research Institute's benefit dove shoot in Hope Hull, Alabama : $250
Estimated cost of a partridge in a pear tree, retail : $39.95

Figures cited are the latest available as of October 1988. Sources are listed on page 76.
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READINGS

[Speech]

HISTORY OUTSIDE OF HISTORY

From "Myth and Misquotation," a commencement address delivered last May by Greil Marcus to the Department of History at the University of California, Berkeley. The speech appears in the Fall 1988 issue of the Threepenny Review. *Marcus is the author of* Lipstick Traces: A Secret History of the Twentieth Century, *to be published this spring by Harvard University Press.*

This is not a position I ever imagined occupying. In 1964 I was, I think, the first student in the annals of sophomore history honors to get a C in that course.

In that same year, though, an event took place here that I want to talk about today. That was the Free Speech Movement: a few students, then several thousand students, insisting that the limits the university administration had placed on their advocacy of social change were wrong. This event had far-reaching consequences, though not even the most farseeing of those who were part of the event could have imagined the most concrete, perhaps the most important. Today, thanks to the commercial hook of media anniversaries, there are plenty of books in the stores highlighting the Free Speech Movement as the spark for the decade of protest called "The Sixties"—but this may just be gush.

More vitally, the Free Speech Movement was very likely the crucial factor in Ronald Reagan's election as governor of California in 1966—and thus, if one follows the line, his election as President of the United States fourteen years later. In 1980, Ronald Reagan, calling for "National Renewal" and setting himself against the chaos of the previous two decades as the embodiment of traditional values, was still running against the Free Speech Movement. Edwin Meese, who as an assistant district attorney of Alameda County led the prosecution of Free Speech Movement demonstrators, became Attorney General of the United States; it was that prosecution that brought him to the attention of Ronald Reagan. It was often said, in 1964, that those who took part in a revolt against their own institutions would someday be running them. It hasn't worked out that way.

It's a commonplace that history is written by the powerful; it's more to the point to say that power writes history. Events that do not change into power or that take place outside of the normal circuits in which power is exchanged, outside of the institutional distribution and control of social goods—such events, in certain ways, do not make history at all. They are resistant to history, because history does not know how to account for them; and history resists them, because it can get away with it. Such events are precisely what Walter Benjamin was talking about when he spoke of the articulation of real history as the attempt to "seize hold of a memory as it flashes up in a moment of danger." But because such moments do not turn into history, they lose their shape, and turn into stupid self-parodies, legends, nonsense—old stories, told by cranks.

I'm talking about words on a page—the words some of you will be putting on pages. No decent historian would think of quoting one of Ronald Reagan's inaugural addresses merely by referring to a newspaper account, an oral anec-

dote, a vague memory. Any decent historian would go to the archives, get the documents, copy them out, get it right. During the Free Speech Movement, though, a speech was given that became famous, became a sort of touchstone of its time and place: the speech Mario Savio gave on the steps of Sproul Hall on December 2, 1964, just before the occupation that led to the finale of the drama. In the years that followed, down to this day, this speech has been quoted again and again—and, in my reading, through scores of books and articles, with one exception, never accurately.

The words Mario Savio spoke were not, as a theory of social change, brilliant. They were full of contradictions. They do not stand up under analysis, which in any case they have never received. But his words were poetic, part of a particular moment of danger—they helped define that moment, even partly created it. The speaker's cadence was part of whatever meaning his words had; the rhythm was part of the meaning. So was the strain, the catch, almost the whine, in Savio's voice—something his words, presented accurately on a page, can contain. This is what he said:

> There is a time, when the operation of the machine becomes so odious, makes you so sick at heart, that you can't take part; you can't even tacitly take part, and you've got to put your bodies upon the gears and upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus and you've got to make it stop. And you've got to indicate to the people who run it, to the people who own it, that unless you're free, the machine will be prevented from working at all.

Well, we could pause and think about those words—about their odd politeness, about Savio's use of the word "indicate," about his fundamental acceptance of things-as-they-are; there is no suggestion of destroying the machine. The cadence of the lines could, perhaps, tell us something about that time and place. But what interests me today is both the poetry of the words and the transformation of that poetry into a certain historical fact: that is, once past the year 1964, these words, for all of the hundreds of times they have been quoted, printed, published, have almost never appeared as they were spoken. Almost no one has gotten them right. Almost no one has bothered to get them right. No one had to.

Over the years, following these words through the essays and books in which they appeared, I played a sort of game. What obnoxious bit of false punctuation, what transposition of once carefully chosen words—or of words perhaps not carefully chosen at all, but simply seized out of the moment, generated by the moment—would take place? Here's a quote: "There comes a time when you've got to bend, fold, spindle and mutilate—AND SHUT THE MOTHERFUCKER DOWN!" Unquote. That is a published version of Mario Savio's speech; trees died that it might be published.

Why did this violence to history occur? There was no shortage of documents. Savio's speech was recorded, and even issued on a phonograph record. The correct words, with all of their rhythm intact, appeared in the basic anthology on the Free Speech Movement; it's in any good library.

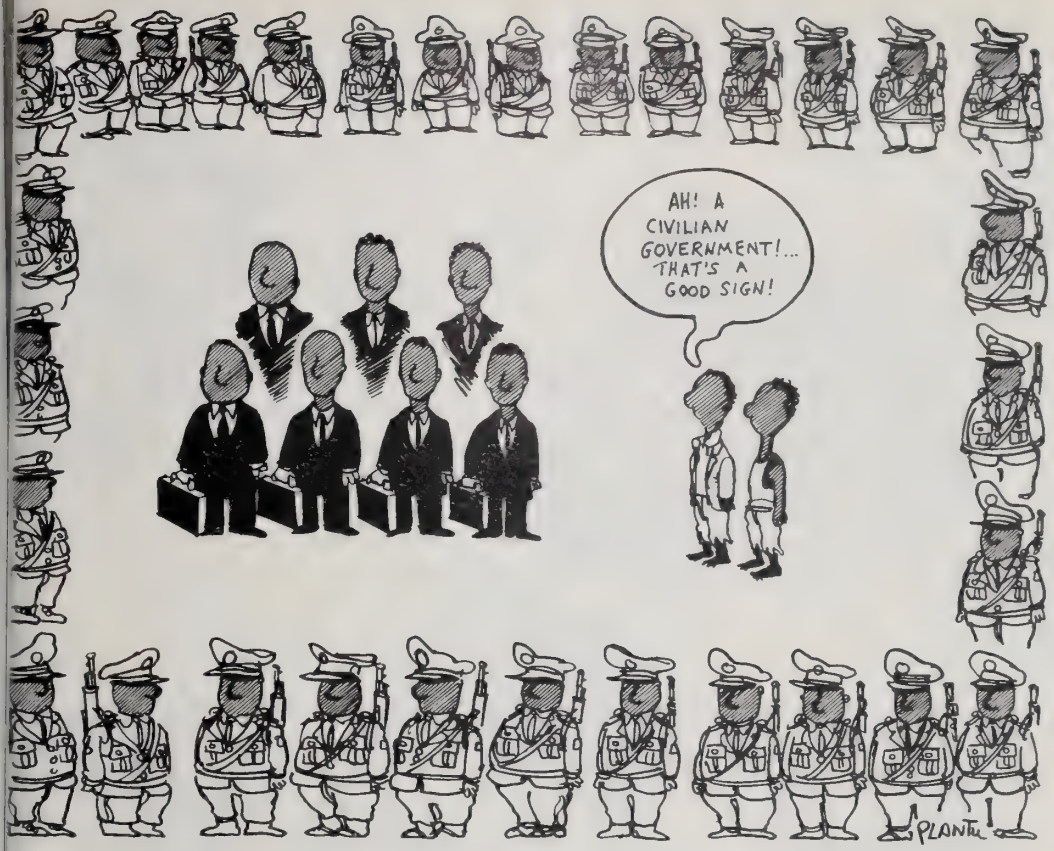
The words were not quoted accurately because they were not part of the circuit of significance. Not in 1964, and not today. Nor is anything else about the sort of moment they spoke for. Those words did not change into power, and so they did not make history.

The sort of history they spoke for is the history told by cranks. As a pop music critic, I've had fun diving into the role of the crank: lonely protector of the true text. It's a ridiculous role—and it's amazing how much work it offers.

Perhaps the most famous statement in the history of rock 'n' roll is a line spoken by a woman named Marion Keisker, who in the early 1950s was the co-manager of Sun Records in Memphis, Tennessee. She was quoting her boss, Sam Phillips, as she remembered him speaking in 1952 or 1953, when he made his living recording black blues singers: "If I could find a white man with the Negro sound and the Negro feel," she said Sam Phillips said, "I could make a billion dollars." A year or so later, she and Phillips discovered Elvis Presley.

Now, this statement is subject to all the uncertainties of oral history. Today, Sam Phillips denies he ever said any such thing—"it makes it sound like I only cared about money," he says. Marion Keisker herself says she said Phillips said "a million," not "a billion." But the interview with Keisker was taped, and you can examine it at the library at Memphis State University. Still, this too is outside the circuit of institutional significance—which is why a writer named Albert Goldman, by far the most widely read biographer of Elvis Presley, could, for his own purposes, alter the statement, still attributing it to Sam Phillips, still placing it in quotes: "If I could find a white boy who sang like a nigger, I could make a billion dollars."

Those obnoxious, libelous words were published in 1981. It was no matter that, from all evidence, Sam Phillips never used the word "nigger," in any way, in any context—from all evidence, he wasn't that kind of man. The new version has entered into history: in this book, in that book, in utterly respectable books. Sent proofs of one such book, I wrote the publisher,



From Le Monde.

pointing out the error, insisting on its seriousness. The publisher wrote back and explained that the author was sure the Goldman version was correct because it was "more vulgar," and in the history of popular music, "vulgarity is always closer to the truth."

Another crank story: in 1969 I was part of the team at *Rolling Stone* magazine preparing a report on the Rolling Stones' free concert at Altamont. At the end of their epochal 1969 tour, the Rolling Stones, feeling small after the Woodstock Festival, at which they had declined to appear, decided to mount a festival of their own. Three hundred thousand people showed up. But something was off on that day from the beginning—there was violence in the air. The Hell's Angels had been hired to guard the stage. There was violence all day—the people in the crowd were mean, selfish. Everyone waited for the last act.

The last act was the cold-blooded murder of Meredith Hunter, a black Berkeley teenager, by the Hell's Angels. He got too close to the stage; the Hell's Angels chased him away from it; one caught him, stabbed him, stabbed him again; then the teenager pulled a gun. He was running away from the stage at the time. The Hell's Angels chased him back toward the stage, caught him, and beat him to death. The gun was never fired.

That is what actually happened, though the context of the incident was trickier to establish. We reported that the killing had taken place as the Rolling Stones played "Sympathy for the Devil." We had a bad tape of the show—of course there was no announcement on the tape, "The murder has taken place." But in truth it sounded as if it had: because it was poetically appropriate. A murder at a Rolling Stones concert as they played "Sympathy for the Devil"—what could be more perfect?

We found out, not long after, that we were wrong: the killing happened during a different, less poetically appealing song (not that less appealing—it was "Under My Thumb"). There was no doubt—movie footage had captured the event. In the movie *Gimme Shelter*, millions saw it happen. So we set the record straight, right away—we ran a correction, and not just a line but a story, since it seemed important. But neither the correction nor the movie ever had any effect. Every time Altamont was mentioned, so was the killing that had taken place during "Sympathy for the Devil." We became somewhat obsessed; we ran a lot of corrections. The error never went away. We got tired of it. Seven years after the fact that no longer existed, we joked about running a cover story: some famous photo from Altamont, and a simple headline: NOT "SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL," "UNDER MY

THUMB." But this was an error that could not be corrected. "Even if it didn't happen," the editor finally said, "it did."

What he meant was this: when an event takes place outside of the strictures of power, it is swallowed by the imperatives of history, which are partly the imperatives of myth. History is a story: we want a story that makes sense, that is poetically whole, that fits what we already think we already know. This is what happens when a historian, after a hundred hours in the microfilm room, decides to omit a reported incident that contradicts her thesis, because no one will ever care that she omitted it—or when a historian, faced with a plainly dishonest testimony, elides a phrase and invents a quote. They are not exactly lying: they know the changes will shape real truth. Of course this is far less likely to happen when the history in question is attached to power—when one knows it will be checked. But if one is pursuing a different story, a story that is not about power, one is safe. This is the temptation of history: who hasn't felt it?

Today, it is a fact that at Altamont a murder, or anyway a killing—there was a trial, and the defendant was found not guilty—took place during "Sympathy for the Devil," even though, at the trial, whatever it was that happened certifiably took place during "Under My Thumb." More documents—and irrelevant. Who, writing about Altamont, feels a responsibility to the event? Sam Phillips said whatever he said—and even though his statement, or Marion Keisker's account of it, is a foundation stone of worldwide popular culture, we now have an obscene perversion of what he did or didn't say imbedded in some of the most widely read and respectably published books on our culture.

As for Mario Savio's words—well, they define a moment of danger, in all of its weakness, all of its passion. They would, anyway, if anyone had bothered to get them right. As they actually appear, they define nothing.

Imagine that today Mario Savio is the attorney general of the United States. There would be little question of the misquotation of words he had uttered twenty-some years before: those words would be seen to have had consequences, they would be taken as a clue to his successes and failures, his perspicacity and his blindness, and rightly so. He would be accountable to the words he once said—and rightly so.

History is finally a matter of accountability: a good historian can bring all of us up on trial. We are all accountable to what we have seen and done, to what shaped us, to what made our place and time. In a good history, we are not permitted to get it wrong, so far as it can be known what is right. A good historian will challenge *us* when *we* forget, when *we* elide, when *we* invent: the historian will have the documents, and we will have to face them. I was wrong, we will say, shamed by the evidence, and explain why; no matter what, we will say, I was right, and explain that, too, if we can.

[Memorandum]

NEWSROOM CHIVALRY

This inter-office memo was distributed earlier this year to the Los Angeles Times *staff.*

FROM: George Cotliar
SUBJECT: Courtesy Titles
TO: Staff

For fairness and uniformity, use only last names when referring to deaths of both men and women in news stories with overtones of violence and/or crime. When John Smith and Jane Doe are killed in a shoot-out, Smith and Doe are all that are needed after full identity is established.

However, this does NOT reflect a change in obituaries. As before, courtesy titles (Mrs., Miss, Ms.) will continue to be used in second references to deceased women. Also as before, last names remain all that are necessary for men.

[Catalogue Copy]

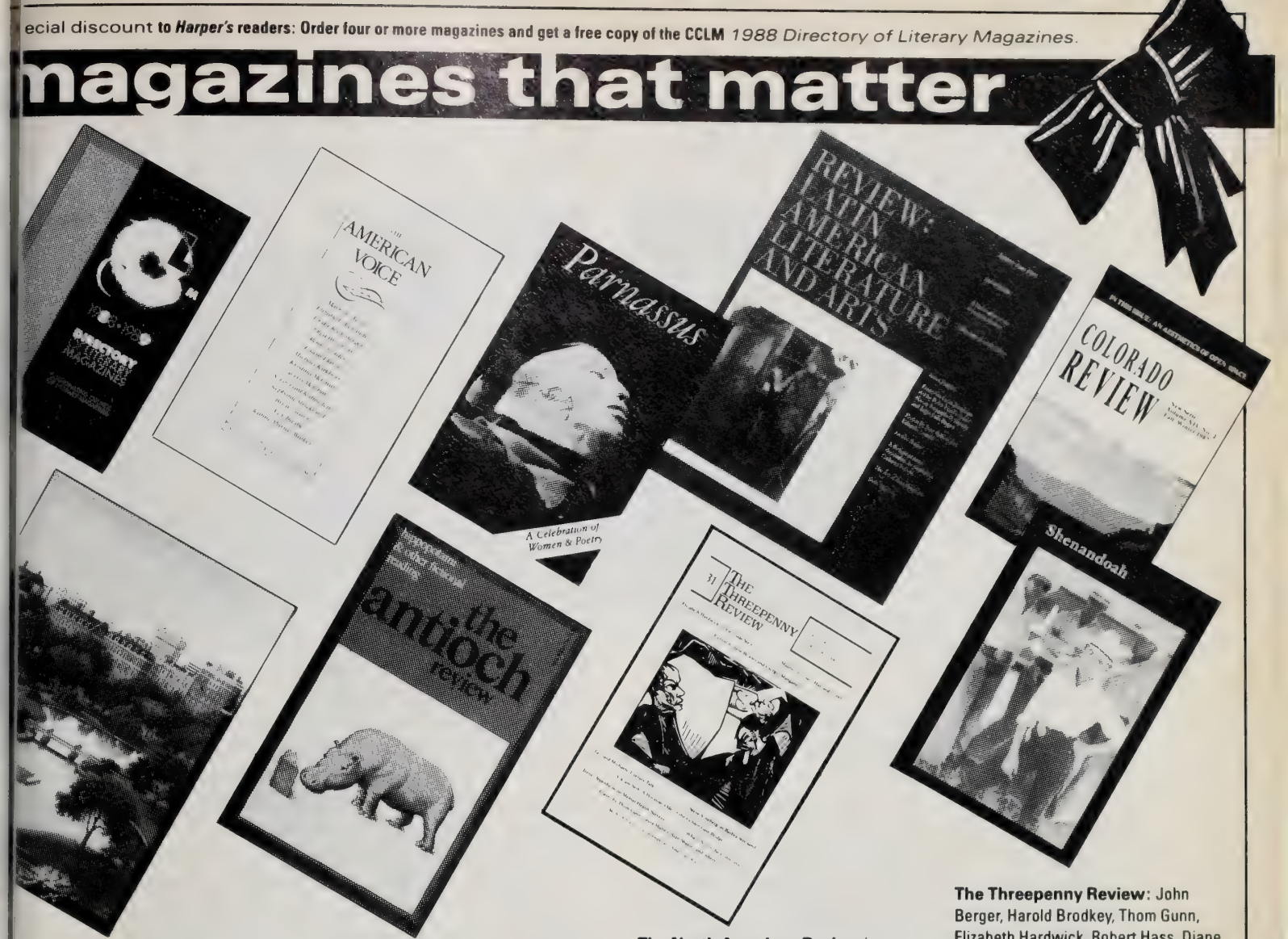
THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

From the catalogue listing for "How to Write and Get Anything Published, With Jay McInerney," a three-hour course offered in November at the Learning Annex, an adult-education center in New York City. McInerney is the author of Bright Lights, Big City; Ransom; *and* Story of My Life.

A month before his first novel was to be published, Jay McInerney was working in a dingy liquor store trying to make ends meet. One night, a drunk stumbled in, pleading earnestly for just one more bottle of cheap wine. But McInerney was too busy being stunned by a long-distance phone call to pay much attention. Hollywood was literally on the line, offering

ecial discount to ***Harper's*** **readers: Order four or more magazines and get a free copy of the CCLM** *1988 Directory of Literary Magazines.*

magazines that matter



arnassus, the only magazine in merica devoted to the review of ontemporary books of poems, "reflects ie importance of literary culture self"—Elizabeth Hardwick. The pcoming issue surveys the nternational scene including Hugh enner on Irish poetic spells, Eavan oland on Elizabeth Bishop, essays on rabic poetry, Paul Celan, Light Verse, tc. $15/yr.

The best words in the best order." One f the oldest, most reputable literaries the U.S., **The Antioch Review** kes an eclectic approach. Featuring oth well-known writers and utstanding newcomers, it serves as a ultural barometer for the literate eader. Gordon Lish, Helen Thomas, and Mark Strand. "...The Antioch Review pples with vigor,"—*Times Literary upplement.* $18/yr.

Shenandoah: Award-winning fiction, poetry, interviews and criticism since 1950. "...full of fictional, critical, poetic and biographic splendor."—*The New York Times Book Review.* Work published in *Shenandoah* 1986-88 has been included/noted in the annual Pushcart Prize, *Best American Essays,* The O. Henry Awards, *New Stories from the South.* $11/yr.

Review: *Latin American Literature and Arts:* Latin American fiction/articles on the Latin American arts. Fall 1988: Latin American writers on painting, including pieces by J.L. Borges, Carlos Fuentes, Fernando de Szyszlo, Cecilia Vicuña; fiction by José Donoso, book reviews of work by Gabriel García Márquez, Isabel Allende, and others; art, photography. Spring 1989: Latin American music, new fiction from South America. $14/yr. (ind.); $22/yr. (inst.).

The North American Review is America's oldest quarterly (1815) and premier fiction magazine, six times finalist and twice winner of the National Magazine Award for Fiction. Recent authors: David Hellerstein, Ingrid Smith, Susan Dodd, Lee K. Abbott, Ehud Havazelet, Barry Lopez, Erin McGraw. $11/yr.; $3/copy.

Radical, feminist, unpredictable, "**The American Voice** is liberating a new generation of writers"—Frank MacShane. Stories, essays and poems by Zoe Anglesey, Doris Grumbach, Crawdad Nelson, Sharon Doubiago, Brian Swann, Linda Hogan, Marjorie Agosin, etc. "A most impressive and ambitious new quarterly"—*Small Press* $12/yr.

The Threepenny Review: John Berger, Harold Brodkey, Thom Gunn, Elizabeth Hardwick, Robert Hass, Diane Johnson, Greil Marcus, Leonard Michaels, Czeslaw Milosz, Grace Paley, Vikram Seth, Susan Sontag, Gore Vidal and many others writing for California's "biggest little literary voice"—*LA Times.* Quarterly; $10/yr., $16/2 yrs., ($18 & $32 foreign).

The Colorado Review blends poetry, short fiction, translations from around the world, articles on literate culture, interviews with important poetry and fiction writers, reviews of recent works of the literary imagination. Recent contributors: David Ignatow, Robley Wilson, and Philip Garrison. Future issues will treat the relationships between literature and other arts and will offer "A Celebration of Gwendolyn Brooks." $9/yr., $17.50/2 yrs., $5/single issue, $5/back issue.

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Author of the phenomenal best-seller *Bright Lights, Big City,* Jay McInerney is still doing today what his passion dictates: six days a week he's at his typewriter, while the Sirens of Celebrity still lean hard against his door.

Published in 1984, *Bright Lights* was a daring venture: Vintage Contemporaries brought it out as an original paperback—something that had never been done before. Though it was not expected to sell particularly well, *Bright Lights* ended up changing the course of publishing in America. Today, paperback originals are "hot," and according to McInerney's editor and old college buddy, Gary Fisketjon, "We've proved that you can actually make money publishing these books."

But besides the pleasant realities of cash, *Bright Lights* has influenced publishing in another way. "Today fiction is back in America," says Jay, "and it's probably stronger than at any time since Mailer, Styron, and Capote. And a generation that was written off by the literary establishment as only interested in movies and music is back in bookstores."

Thanks to McInerney's tremendous talent, more and more first-time authors are being given the chance to strut their literary stuff. And that means the odds are in *your* favor—if you know how to do it. Spend an evening with this literary phenomenon and find out how he made it to the top, how he continues to stay there, and how you can too. This is a rare opportunity to listen to this best-selling author talk about his literary life and struggles. Jay will share everything from his creative process and what goes into creating a piece of critically acclaimed fiction, to the nuts and bolts of getting your work seen, accepted, and reviewed. He'll talk about finding the right editors, submitting your proposal or manuscript, the importance of finding the right agent, and what you need to know about contracts and rights.

Whether you're simply a fan of his novels, a would-be novelist or screenwriter, or you just want some contacts or inspiring nudges to get you back to the typewriter, this is one delightful, funny, serious, and invaluable evening you can't afford to miss!

[Bulletin]

AND THEY'LL SMELL OF RUSSIAN VODKA

From "Officer Safety Tips—Professional Terrorists," a bulletin distributed by the California Highway Patrol to its officers last spring. After the contents of the document were reported in the local media in September, the Highway Patrol acknowledged that, although the described shoot-out did take place, the men involved were not Sandinistas. Sergeant Joe Farrow of the Highway Patrol's Investigative Services Division told the Los Angeles Times, *"We didn't mean to imply that these guys were terrorists . . . We can't say that these guys are Sandinista rebels. Nor did we mean to imply that they are running up and down the freeways of California. We didn't mean to alarm anyone."*

A recent traffic stop by a two-man California Highway Patrol Unit involved a vehicle occupied by three members of the Sandinista National Liberation Front. During the course of conducting the traffic stop, one officer routinely remained behind with the patrol car while the second officer approached the vehicle. FSLN members in the vehicle intended to kill the officer approaching the vehicle but were thwarted by the passenger officer's actions. A brief gun battle ensued, and two of the three suspects were wounded. An investigation by the California Highway Patrol and federal agents resulted in the following information. It is being passed to uniformed personnel to alert officers.

☐ Members of the FSLN are trained professional terrorists who are vehemently anti-American and consider themselves to be in a state of undeclared guerrilla war with the United States.
☐ FSLN members are in the United States to raise funds to support their organization by committing armed robberies and smuggling drugs.
☐ FSLN members in this country number in the hundreds; they enter through Mexico and travel up U.S. Highway 101 to San Francisco, which is apparently their base of operations.
☐ On occasion, the suspects will be dressed in military garb. In the recent incident, one suspect was wearing a Soviet military field jacket.
☐ FSLN members favor large American luxury cars stolen from Budget car rental. Apparently Budget is preferred because it has an inventory-control problem that can result in a delay of up to thirty days before a vehicle is reported stolen.
☐ FSLN members (when traveling or transporting drugs) use two cars—a transport vehicle and a security vehicle, which appears to be a family car and may contain females and children.
☐ Should occupants of a stopped vehicle be members of the FSLN, the right front passenger

Trading Cards]

COLLECT 'EM, TRADE 'EM



From Terrorist Attack: America Fights Back, *a pack of eight "educational cards" sold by Sports Design Products, a maker of trading-card accessories, in Michigan.*

in the vehicle will be armed and will normally be the attacker.

☐ The driver of the FSLN vehicle will always exit the vehicle and walk back toward the officer to set him up for an attack.

☐ FSLN members will take the offensive and continue the attack even after defensive maneuvers by officers. In the recent incident, the attacker (the right front passenger) moved to a position of advantage to continue the attack *after* being shot. This terrorist surrendered only after his weapon malfunctioned.

[Letter]

VIP'S AND SEA TURTLES

From a May 29 letter written by Allen Neuharth to Robert Lawton, mayor of Cocoa Beach, Florida. Neuharth is the chairman and founder of USA Today. *Neuharth published a version of the letter last June as a column in* Florida Today, *his daily newspaper, published in Melbourne, Florida.*

Dear Mayor:

As you know, I am a longtime law-abiding citizen of Cocoa Beach, a heavy taxpayer, and a generous supporter of public-interest projects and of public employees.

I am writing to object to harassment caused me at 12:30 A.M. today by the Cocoa Beach Police Department. The police dispatcher awakened me at that time with a telephone call and told me to open the front gate to Pumpkin Center [Neuharth's estate] "and let in a police officer and two officers of the Sea Turtle Society."

Because I respect the police department, I got up, dressed, and complied. When I opened the gate I was confronted by two unkempt white males in shabby clothes. A white female officer in uniform stood to the rear. Only after I beckoned did she come forward to tell me she was here with these men because "your lights are in violation of the Cocoa Beach code concerning sea turtles." [Artificial light at night interferes with the sea turtle's reproductive cycle.]

I told her I believed she was wrong. She said, "We've already been down to the beach, and you are in violation." I suggested we take a look, and she and one of the men accompanied me to my yard and to the beach.

I explained to them the lights were specially designed and built at considerable cost to comply with the city code by shading the ocean side of the globe and directing the light inland. The sea-turtle spokesman then became very vocal and insisted I was a lawbreaker. The police officer sided with him.

When she realized I would not submit to their pressure, she said, "I guess we'll have to pursue other actions." She and the men then departed.

These are the points I want to make to you and the city:





By Ted Spagna. These photographs are part of a series depicting the sleep cycles of animals and humans. They appeared in "The Peaceable Kingdom," an exhibit of his work at the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art in New York City this fall. Spagna lives in Boston.

—I've recently done expensive renovations and landscaping at Pumpkin Center, all designed to upgrade the beauty of this piece of Cocoa Beach. Included was lighting that was carefully checked with the code in advance. All necessary state and city permits for the renovations were obtained.

—My property manager has informed me that last week the police department had a complaint about the lights. Captain Wicker dispatched an officer to Pumpkin Center in a normal, civilized, daytime way. The officer said some old mercury lamps were in violation, but the new lights were okay. My property manager disconnected the lights in question and was assured by the officer that everything else was legal.

—*If* any of the lights did not comply, I would have willingly modified them to meet the code, since I abide by all laws.

But I strenuously object to this middle-of-the-night harassment. I happen to agree with sea-turtle supporters that we should do anything within reason to encourage their nesting and hatching. But I also know, as I'm sure you do, that sea-turtle soapboxers are like all other special-interest pressure groups. They get carried away with their causes. For a city official to side with them in their harassment of law-abiding, taxpaying citizens is inexcusable. For our limited number of police officers to devote time to this kind of negative-interest night riding is political and/or bureaucratic bullshit.

I would have called you or come to visit with you about this, except that I did not wish to disturb your holiday weekend and I am leaving tomorrow to resume my globe-trotting JetCapade for *USA Today*. I took a brief weekend break between the Philippines and Switzerland to "relax" in Cocoa Beach. To have one of my three rest nights interrupted as I've described did not add to my weekend relaxation or enjoyment.

I have reported and crusaded against the middle-of-the-night, knock-on-the-door syndrome in communist countries worldwide. I will not tolerate such actions in my country, least of all in my city.

As you know, I have literally helped put Cocoa Beach on the map nationwide and worldwide. I have proudly bragged about this as the garden spot of the universe wherever I travel. It would sadden me if I should now have to report that this is a place where the police work with self-appointed and self-anointed special-interest people like the sea-turtle types to summon peaceful people like me from their sleep in the middle of the night.

I'll appreciate your personal attention to this matter, along with the city manager and the chief of police. I hope it will be made clear to city employees that part of their job is to serve and protect me and my property. It is *not* to harass me, and certainly not to aid and abet special-interest groups or individuals in doing so.

Should there be any reoccurrence of this sort of thing, the city and I will be involved in very

expensive and extensive legal actions.

I'll be back in Cocoa Beach on or about June 24. Please let me know by or before then how this has been handled.

With all best personal wishes,

Cordially,
Al Neuharth

[Statement]

OUT OF VIETNAM

From "Misfortune That Occurred to Me During My Escape From Vietnam to Thailand," by N., a seventeen-year-old Vietnamese girl. She was fleeing Vietnam by boat with her father, brother, and twelve other Vietnamese refugees when they were captured by Thai pirates in March. N. gave this statement to a volunteer relief worker at a refugee camp in Thailand.

I was born in 1971. On March 23, 1988, fifteen of us—nine males and six females—left by boat. After two days on the ocean, on the morning of March 25, we were captured by a Thai fishing boat. We all were silent in our painful worry. At 6 P.M. on March 25 all the men were removed to a small boat. At the same time, the captain summoned two other boats to dock alongside his boat. The six women were scattered among the three boats and raped continuously until 2 A.M. Thereafter, they returned all of us to our boat and cut the rope. But they had not given up. Ten minutes later, they came back and pulled me up onto their boat. I was crushed by many dark bodies until the next morning. Alone on their boat, subject to many ugly and terrible scenes, I cried my lungs out, but they did not have pity.

At 10 A.M. they called the boat my father was on and brought him to me. My younger brother was not permitted to board the boat with him. My father and brother cried while hugging each other and pleaded with them to allow the three of us to live or die together. They brought them both onto the boat.

From March 26 to March 31, we were allowed to see one another during the daytime. At night we were separated. I had to suffer the tragedy. I tried to stomach everything in order to save the lives of all three of us. My father had to swallow his immense pain. But things did not turn out as we wished. My life as a girl was ruined and yet my father and brother did not escape being thrown in the deep ocean. They threw my father overboard at 1 A.M. on April 1 and my brother at 3 A.M. Fortunately, my brother caught hold of a wooden board and floated on the ocean for three days. God had pity on him and saved him. As for my father, we have no news of him.

Only I remained on board their boat, crying in my painful situation until the boat arrived at port later that day. The boat stopped alongside the dock, but they kept me locked up in a small wooden armoire without a drop of water or a gust of fresh air, day after day. On April 3, they let me go out to the area of the engine. At 12 A.M. I awoke; the crew was sound asleep. I opened the window and threw myself into the bay and swam ashore. When I reached the shore, the Thai police brought me to their office and, after interrogation, threw me in jail. After twenty-three days in jail I was brought to a refugee camp in Thailand on April 27.

The above-mentioned were the bitter and humiliating events that happened to me on my exodus.

[Essay]

ECONOMIC JUSTICE—FOR US AND THEM

From "The Family, Internationalism, and Economic Justice," by Samuel Bowles, in the September/October issue of Tikkun, *a bi-monthly journal published in Oakland, California. Bowles teaches economics at the Center for Popular Economics in Amherst, and at the University of Massachusetts.*

A century ago there was a clear connection in the West between nationalism and political ideology: conservatives were nationalists—businessmen warned their employees and fellow citizens against foreign agitators—and progressives and the labor movement were internationalists. Today it is business, not labor, that thinks in international terms. We find the labor movement, and the progressive political community in general, reeling before the challenges posed by the globalization of production.

Recognizing the gains to be made by redistributing income within a national economy, labor has increasingly embraced a nationalist position since World War II, while business, recognizing the profit opportunities in global capitalism, has tended to adopt internationalist positions. The emergence of the Keynesian welfare state defined the limits of redistribution at the national boundaries; social security and unemployment insurance became necessary planks in any political platform, and foreign aid was never more than a luxury or a transparent arm of U.S. foreign policy. Within the circumscribed terrain of the national economy, the welfare

state delivered economic security and prosperity on an unprecedented scale. Poverty was not thereby abolished, but a commitment to care for those in need was established.

The economic effectiveness of the Keynesian welfare state and the power of the labor movement both required national boundaries, for in a world of cheap transport and cheap labor, the free movement of goods and labor jeopardizes the material gains of unions and social program beneficiaries. A truly global system of economic competition would eventually force wage restraint and even concessions on the more well-to-do segments of the world's working class.

Less obviously, but no less certainly, the more a nation is integrated into a global economic system that does not recognize national boundaries, the less effective will be the traditional tools of Keynesian economic policy, tools such as the use of deficit spending to stimulate output and employment. The reason is simple enough: Putting money in the hands of buyers (which is what a deficit does) does not stimulate the economy unless the buyers choose to purchase goods and services made in the nation in question. The more integrated into a world system that the economy is, the more likely that consumers and others will spend their additional dollars on Toyotas and Heinekens rather than Fords and Millers. The recent record-high U.S. budget deficits, for example, have stimulated other countries' economies at least as much as they have the U.S. economy.

While the labor movement went national, business went international, finding ready markets, unorganized workers, unprotected natural environments, and the other ingredients of capitalist economic health throughout the rest of the world. Many people in the labor movement, and many people concerned about the future of our industrial communities, found the rhetoric of nationalism ready-made to promote a kind of jingoistic populism to respond to the internationalism of business. As a result, multinational corporations are now portrayed as unpatriotic, and their global operations are targeted with uncommon criticism from the House of Labor. Asia-bashing has also seeped into labor's rhetoric.

From an egalitarian viewpoint, there are practical and moral problems with populist jingoism. While populist jingoism may succeed in promoting tariffs and gaining some short-run job protection, it is divisive within the United States because it pits the interests of (often low-income) consumers of imports against the interests of workers. While these consumers and workers sometimes are one and the same, often they are not. In Maine, I heard a mother on welfare lambaste a union worker over the issue of tariffs: "You want me to pay twice as much for my kids' clothing so you can keep your eighteen-dollar-an-hour job!"

Tariff protection—or any of its "get-tough trade policy" variants—is an unlikely foundation for a viable long-term populist coalition. For as long as wages, working conditions, and environmental protection in other parts of the world fall far short of U.S. standards, workers in the United States will always be threatened with losing their jobs when their plant packs up and heads overseas. Tariff protection can (and should) be used to promote smooth long-term economic adjustments, but it cannot protect the living standards of U.S. workers in the long run. Doing so requires two things: the maintenance of a high level of worldwide demand for goods and services, and the spread of democratic and union rights and environmental protection throughout the world. Neither objective can be realized if workers in the leading capitalist countries of the world (and those who speak for them) adopt a "blame the Korean workers" position.

The moral blindness of populist jingoism is evident: Many would share the discomfort I felt when asked by a Malaysian economist why Americans think that keeping an autoworker employed in Detroit is more important than providing a job in Guadalajara. In implicitly embracing the position that a dollar earned by a U.S. worker is to be preferred to an equivalent sum earned by some other worker, jingoism arbitrarily delimits the boundaries of just redistribution, often in racist ways. The result does not promote economic justice but undermines the moral legitimacy of the demand for redistribution. Equally damaging, by pitting the interests of workers in the rest of the world against the interests of U.S. workers, populist jingoism fosters an environment favorable to the kind of right-wing interventionist foreign policy that thwarts the spread of democratic and labor rights and creates safe havens for the runaway shop.

The key to a viable long-term international economic policy is international solidarity—both cooperation among nation-states in order to maintain aggregate demand via a kind of global Keynesianism, and active opposition to the policies of any nations that seek to perpetuate low-wage labor and environmental degradation.

But, the skeptic may wonder, can policies be designed that serve the interests of people *there* without sacrificing the interests of people *here*? Many come to mind. If the crushing debt that is now depressing the economies of Latin America were simply written off (in substantial part or in

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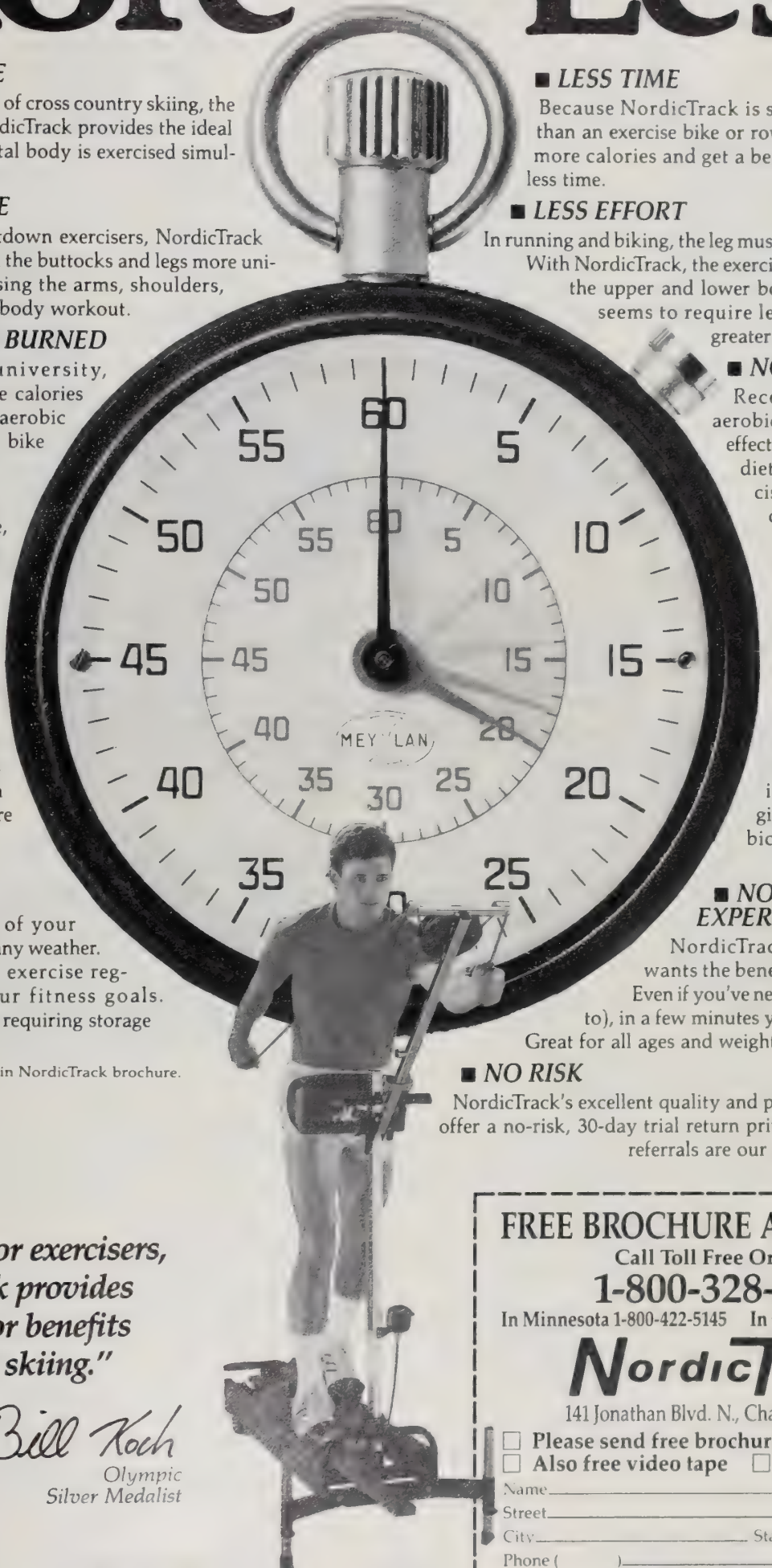
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A CML COMPANY

[Trial Exhibit]

McREADING

From "The Meanings or Functions of 'Mc,'" a list compiled by Roger Shuy, a linguist, and introduced as evidence in July, in Baltimore's U.S. District Court, on behalf of Quality Inns International. After Quality Inns announced last year that it would use the name "McSleep Inn" for a new chain of hotels, it received a letter of objection from the McDonald's Corporation and subsequently filed suit, seeking a declaratory judgment that would allow it to use the name. McDonald's, charging trademark infringement, countersued. Quality Inns argued that the prefix "Mc" has entered the language and is currently used for numerous products and services not associated with McDonald's. Shuy's list includes ninety-seven such instances, the largest category of which consists of uses of the prefix to connote "basic, convenient, inexpensive [and/or] standardized" qualities. In September the court declared in favor of McDonald's, and Quality Inns agreed to omit the prefix from the name of its hotel chain.

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McFood
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McGod
McHairpiece
McHealthcare
McHistory
McHospital
McJobs
McJournaled
McLaw
McLife
McLifestyle
McLube
McLunch
McMagazine
McMail
McMarketing
McMedia
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McMiz
McMovie(s)
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whole), those economies could use their export earnings to buy needed goods from the United States rather than to pay the banks. The result would be a dramatic improvement in the economic prospects of both regions. Similarly, if the U.S. government were publicly to consider imposing a selective tax on goods imported from nations that deny rights to their workers and citizens, and that condone environmentally destructive business practices, the ability of workers and others to advance their interests—and narrow the labor-cost gap—would be greatly enhanced. The objective would be not to limit imports but to send a clear message to American and foreign firms operating in the "friendly business climates" offered by autocratic governments: If you want secure access to the U.S. market, you'd better commit yourself to the strategy of producing better goods efficiently rather than gaining your cost advantage through the super-exploitation of labor and the degradation of the planet's environment.

Were we to make a commitment to global egalitarianism, there would be no shortage of practical policy steps to be taken. The main task facing democrats, egalitarians, and the labor movement today is not simply to devise programs. It is just as important to reevaluate and update our moral and political framework so that it can cope with the present realities, among them the globalization of production and our moral commitments.

[Theoretical Analysis]

HEAVY WEATHER

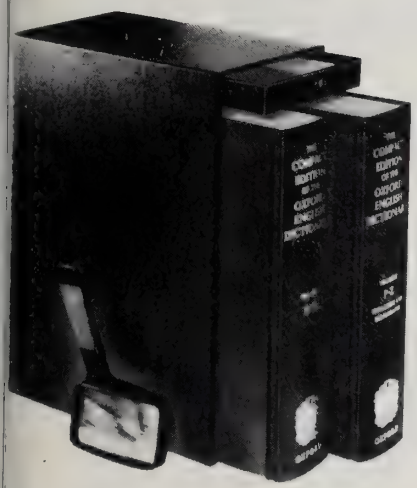
From "The Two Weather Channels," by Jane Feuer, in Cultural Studies, *Volume 1, No. 3, published in London. Feuer teaches at the University of Pittsburgh.*

Very frequently, I watch television as a postmodernist, caught up in the flow of signification, looking for diversion. But sometimes I watch television under the illusion—so widespread—that it will give me information about the world. It is this second, deluded, mode of viewing that led to my discovery of the two weather channels on my local cable system. The first weather station, which I will henceforth refer to as the "minimalist" weather channel, I tend to watch in order to gain knowledge of something called "the weather." In my deluded, ideological viewing persona, I believe that this channel will give me "true" information to the extent, that is, that the weather is knowable un-

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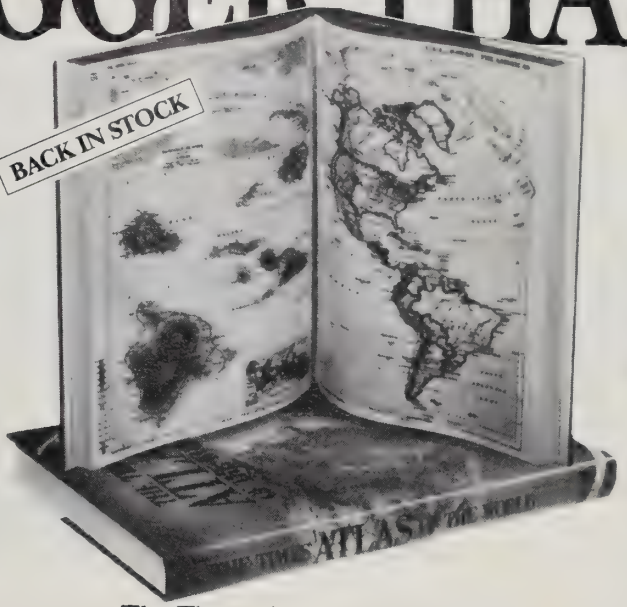
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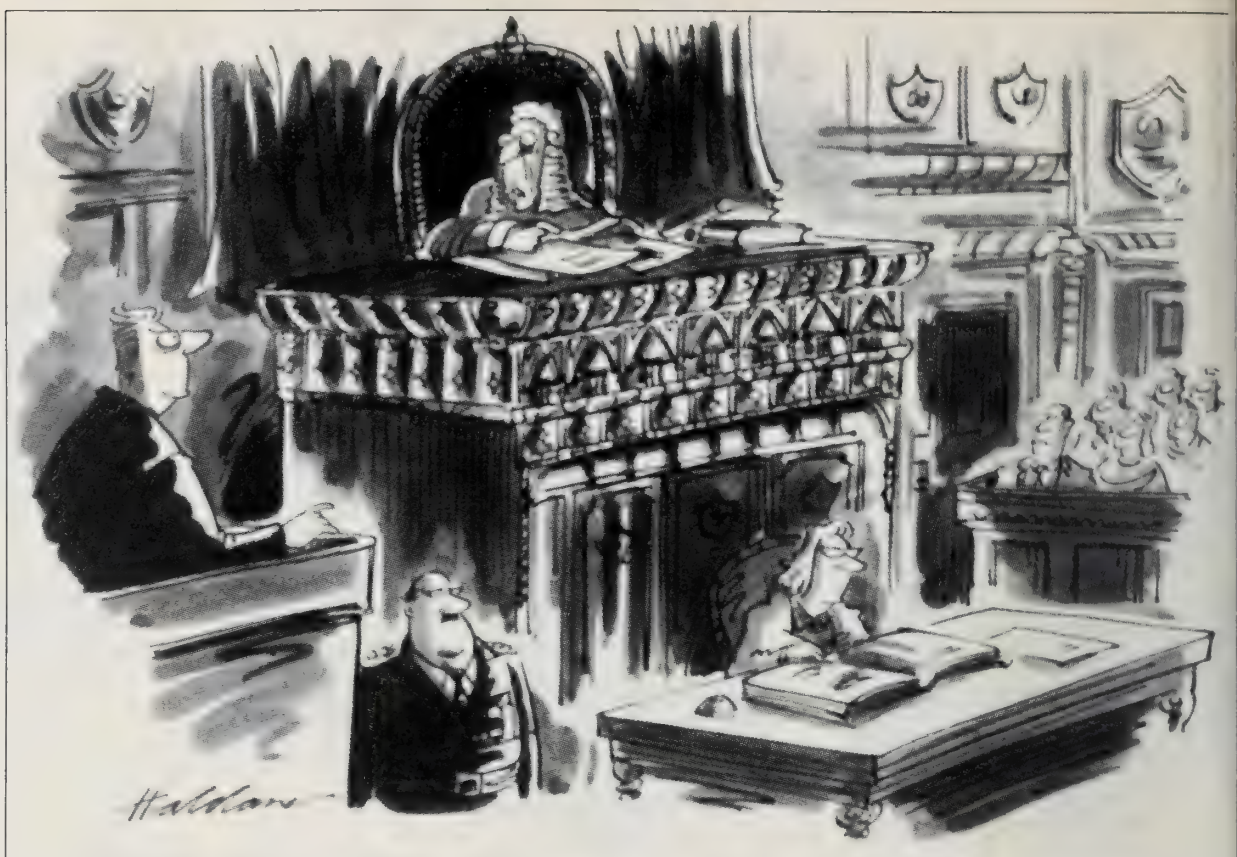
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der the ideology of modern scientific technology. I do not approach this channel with epistemological questions in the forefront of my consciousness. Rather, I watch with such questions in mind as "Will it snow tomorrow?" or "Should I wear shorts?"

Watching in a more theoretical mode, I can see that the minimalist weather channel gives us what we might term the "weatherband" frequency from the radio spectrum. But since it makes a claim to being *television,* it must also give us a visual representation, a little bit of spectacle. This takes the form of a brightly colored "radar map" of the tri-state region. I know that this vivid picture with its minimalist whirl of radar representation bears no *real* correspondence to that which gets my feet wet. Indeed, on further reflection, I realized I did not even know how to read the map. I was amazed at how little this bothered me, how willing I was to accept the map as a form of science and as a signifier whose message is "this is the weather *on television.*"

My willingness to accept this mediated representation as the "authentic" weather report causes me to question why I also watch the second weather channel known to cable subscribers nationwide as just that—the "Weather Channel." The Weather Channel is pure television. About half of its content consists of self-promotion—"coming up" graphics and constant station identifications (e.g., "Weather information to suit your life style," "National weather for you," "Thanks for watching the Weather Channel"). The voice is personal, and the practice of using attractive, bantering weather co-anchors simulates the intimacy of soft news with the reassuring premise that it's always fair weather. The Weather Channel shamelessly promotes the value of information about the weather regardless of its practical applicability (after all, one doesn't watch a feature on the Chinese weather proverb "Yell for Rain" in order to decide whether to carry an umbrella).

The Weather Channel fascinates me because it gives more information about the weather than anyone could possibly want. This makes it "good television." Much has been made about how channels such as MTV provide purely sensory experiences detached from narrative. But I would argue that these examples of "visual television" provide a refuge within mass media for high-culture aesthetics. Watching the Weather Channel can give us a more illuminating taste of the postmodern condition.

[Essay]

A RIVER'S ROUTE

By Gretel Ehrlich. From the introduction to the 1989 Sierra Club wilderness wall calendar. Ehrlich is the author of The Solace of Open Spaces. *This essay also appears in* Montana Spaces: Essays and Photographs in Celebration of Montana, *recently published by Nick Lyons Books.*

It's morning in the Absaroka Mountains. The word *absaroka* means "raven" in the Crow language, though I've seen no ravens in three days. Last night I slept with my head butted against an Englemann spruce, and on waking the limbs looked like hundreds of arms swinging in a circle. The trunk is bigger than an elephant's leg, bigger than my torso. I stick my nose against the bark. Tiny opals of sap stick to my cheeks and the bark breaks up, textured: red and gray, coarse and smooth, wet and flaked.

A tree is an aerial garden, a botanical migration from the sea, from those earliest plants, the seaweeds; it is a purchase on crumbled rock, on ground. The human, standing, is only a different upsweep and articulation of cells. How treelike we are, how human the tree.

But I've come here to seek out the source of a river, and as we make the daylong ascent from a verdant valley, I think about walking and wilderness. We use the word "wilderness," but perhaps we mean wildness. Isn't that why I've come here? In wilderness, I seek the wildness in myself—and in so doing, come on the wildness everywhere around me because, being part of nature, I'm cut from the same cloth.

Following the coastline of a lake, I watch how wind picks up water in dark blasts and drops it again. Ducks glide in Vs away from me, out onto the fractured, darkening mirror. I stop. A hatch of mayflies powders the air and the archaic, straight-winged dragonflies hang, blunt-nosed, above me. A friend talks about aquatic bugs: water beetles, spinners, assassin bugs, and one that hatches, mates, and dies in a total lifespan of two hours. At the end of the meadow, the lake drains into a fast-moving creek. I quicken my pace and trudge upward. Walking is also an ambulation of mind. The human armor of bones rattles, fat rolls, and inside this durable, fleshy prison of mine, I make a beeline toward otherness, lightness, or, maybe like a moth, toward flame.

Somewhere along the trail I laugh out loud. How shell-like the body seems suddenly—not fleshy at all, but inhuman and hard. And farther up, I step out of my body though I'm still held fast by something, but what? I don't know.

How foolish the preparations for wilderness trips seem now. We pore over our maps, chart our expeditions. We "gear up" at trailheads with pitons and crampons, horsepacks and backpacks, fly rods and cameras, forgetting the meaning of simply going, of lifting thought-covers, of disburdenment. I look up from these thoughts. A blue heron rises from a gravel bar and glides behind a gray screen of dead trees, appears in an opening where an avalanche downed pines, and lands again on water.

I stop to eat lunch. Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote, "The Gautama said that the first men ate the earth and found it sweet." I eat baloney and cheese and think about eating the earth. It's another way of framing our wonder in which the width of the mouth stands for the generous palate of consciousness. I cleanse my palate with miner's lettuce and stream water and try to imagine what kinds of sweetness the earth provides: the taste of glacial flour, or the mineral taste of basalt, the fresh and foul bouquets of rivers, the desiccated, stinging flavor of a snowstorm—like eating red ants, my friend says.

As I begin to walk again it occurs to me that this notion of "eating the earth" is not about gluttony, hedonism, or sin, but, rather, unconditional love. Everywhere I look I see the possibility of love. To find wildness, I must first offer myself up, accept all that comes before me: a bullfrog breathing hard on a rock; moose tracks under elk scats; a cloud that looks like a clothespin; a seep of water from a high cirque, black on brown rock, draining down from the brain of the world.

At tree line, birdsong stops. I'm lifted into another movement of music, one with no particular notes, only windsounds becoming watersounds, becoming windsounds. Above, a cornice crowns a ridge and melts into a teal and turquoise lake, like a bladder leaking its wine.

On top of Marston Pass I'm in a ruck of steep valleys and gray, treeless peaks. The alpine carpet, studded with red paintbrush and alpine buttercups, gives way to rock. Now all the way across a vertiginous valley, I see where water oozes from moss and mud, how, at its source, it quickly becomes something else.

Emerson also said: "Every natural fact is an emanation, and that from which it emanates is an emanation also, and from every emanation is a new emanation." The ooze, the source of a great river, is now a white chute tumbling over soft folds of conglomerate rock—brown bellies. Now wind tears at it, throwing sheets of water to another part of the mountainside; soft earth gives way under my feet, clouds spill upward and spit rain. Isn't everything redolent with loss,



Lanesboro #8, by Thomas Bremer, from "Photography Etc.," a group show organized by the Center for Photography in Woodstock, New York, and shown at the Louis K. Meisel gallery in New York City last summer. In September, his work appeared in "New Landscapes: 1985–1988," a group show at the Society for Contemporary Photography in Kansas City, Missouri. Bremer lives in Burnsville, Minnesota.

with momentary radiance, a coming to different ground? Stone basins catch the waterfall, spill it again, like thoughts strung together, laddered down.

I see where meltwater is split by a rock—half going west to the Pacific, the other going east to the Atlantic, for this is the Continental Divide. Down the other side the air I gulp feels softer. Ice spans and tunnels the creek, then, when night comes but before the full moon, falling stars have the same look as that white chute of water, falling against the rock of night.

To rise above tree line is to go above thought and after, the descent back into birdsong, bog orchids, willows, and firs, is to sink into the preliterate parts of ourselves. It is to forget discontent, undisciplined needs. Here the world is only space, raw loneliness, green valleys hung vertically. Losing myself to it—if I can—I do not fall . . . or, if I do, I'm only another cataract of water.

Wildness has no conditions, no sure routes, no peaks or goals, no source that is not instantly becoming something more than itself, then letting go of that, always becoming. It cannot be stripped of its complexity by CAT scan or telescope. Rather, it is a many-pointed truth, almost a bluntness, a sudden essence like the wild strawberries strung along the ground on scarlet runners under my feet. Wildness is source and fruition at once, as if every river circled round, the mouth eating the tail—and the tail, the source.

Now I am camped among trees again. Four yearling moose, their chestnut coats shiny from a summer's diet of willow shoots, tramp past my bedroll and drink from a spring that issues sulfurous water. The ooze, the white chute, the narrow stream—now almost a river—joins this small spring and slows into skinny oxbows and deep pools before breaking again on rock, a stepladder of sequined riffles.

To trace the history of a river, or a raindrop, as John Muir would have done, is also to trace the history of the soul, the history of the mind descending and arising in the body. In both, we constantly seek and stumble on divinity, which, like the cornice feeding the lake and the spring becoming a waterfall, feeds, spills, falls, and feeds itself over and over again.

[Story]

IN OUR STATE

By Tom Drury. From In Our State, *a collection of three of his stories published this month by the Mason Press, in Providence.*

Last weekend, while trying only to buy a kite, Derrick ran over a woman in Hurley and broke both her femurs.

The steering went out on him. This is what he says, and we have no other accounts to go by.

The femur is the thighbone—one of the thickest human bones. Below the knee we've got the tibia in front and fibula as supporting backup, but, in the thigh, the femur goes it alone.

Turning to the dictionary to study the havoc Derrick put on this particular woman, and to get a sense of leg structure in general, I learn that ancient people carved animal tibiae into flutes.

Also I note that "tickety-boo" is British slang for "fine, excellent, in working order, etc."

Derrick is free on his own recognizance. In his view the situation is far from working order.

◆

The same goes for Crystal, who works in accounts receivable. She and her husband, Kyle, have a cabin on a mountain up in Montcalme, or had a cabin, for vacations, for summer. Just before Labor Day, a Piper Cherokee came down and leveled Crystal's dream shack.

With no one aboard, is the mystifying part. All the emergency people found, according to the report Crystal got from a travel-agent friend in Montcalme, was a charred Ouija board and a gross of Tic Tacs.

The box containing the Tic Tacs had been ripped open, but that could have happened on impact. They were wintergreen Tic Tacs.

Crystal and Kyle are heading up this weekend to assess the extent.

It's insult and injury for Kyle, a lawyer who was a key figure in the Gary Hart organization in our state.

◆

Sondra puts in long days in non-billable exemptions and when they're over she likes nothing better than watching footage of tapir families dangling from trees. Seventeen months ago she phoned in a $35 pledge but due to an apparent computer mistake the revenue people at WQHA understood her to be putting up a very generous $3,050.

This is her version, anyway, and we have no cause to believe she would give away a third of her yearly income on purpose.

Now the collection agency has a lien on her house. You can go by and see the sign in her yard. The sheriff put it up, a big orange placard.

She said, "This comes down the minute you go around the corner."

He said, "I'll see you in jail."

Sondra is making the most of the sign. She planted purple flowers around the base and moved a plaster yard deer so that it seems to be reading with great curiosity about the claim made on its home.

I watch very little TV, but I tuned in WQHA after Sondra started mentioning the absurd notices she was getting. The McLaughlin Group caught my attention, especially McLaughlin himself: "Elections in India! Damage to Rajiv Gandhi, Bob!"

But one of the panelists (name withheld on advice of counsel) impressed me from the first time I watched as "a rabid fice dog that even William C. Faulkner would be hard put to admire."

That's what I said in a letter to the *Clarion-Star*, anyway. Kyle and I go to court on it next Tuesday, so I've reminded him not to linger at the wreckage up in Montcalme.

◆

In the meantime, I've been reading up on Rajiv Gandhi. During my lunch hours I cross over to the library and sit in the reference alcove.

According to *Current Biography*, Rajiv is "a self-styled member of the Beatles Generation." This is what his mother, Indira, said about his birth: "I think it was one of the most joyful moments in my life, although I must say at the time he seemed quite ugly."

Indira talked him into politics after his brother, Sanjay, died in the crash of an aerobatic biplane that he, Sanjay, "was flying in a daredevil stunt over New Delhi."

Rajiv himself drove prop planes for Indian Airlines and spoke to the passengers modestly as "Captain Rajiv." When he joined his mother's party he gave up the dream of learning to fly "the more sophisticated Boeing jet planes."

Indira liked to get astrologers' advice on what to do next but Rajiv said, "We aren't living in the Flintstone age."

All this is in *Current Biography*.

◆

The *Clarion-Star*, by the way, is now the *Pennysaver-Clarion*, which is why we have to rely on Derrick's account of the accident in Hurley. But you can't top it for food coupons and classifieds, both of which we could all be needing due to

what's happening to our operating cash pool.

Part of this must be laid to Marian, who is our boss. She's a killer, but not always. For instance, she ordered 275,000 suctioned yellow diamonds saying INFERTILE, HIT ME and we ended up swallowing most of those.

The real problem, though, was what happened with her mother. Our operating cash pool is all mixed up with Marian's mother's fortune, and one day Marian dropped in at the family place in Lake Park and found Elliott Abrams sitting on the porch clipping his nails.

Abrams "rose quickly and slipped behind the garage." This was in *USA Today*. Marian went inside. Her mother had just agreed to buy six humanitarian helicopters for the *contras* in exchange for the use of the North American Air Defense Command headquarters in Colorado Springs for the month of July 1989.

Everyone was concerned when the *USA Today* article came out. The uproar was such that Marian held a meeting at the front of the office near the Telex. She conceded that NORAD had put out a nice brochure. She said we'd all been seeing a run of tough luck but not to worry about the contract because she was going to have it canceled.

That was the last we heard until yesterday, when five of the helicopters came to town, landing by mistake in Kellson's pasture out on Pinchaque Road. I understand they are Lockheed gunships shaped like dolphins. During the landing a goat was buffeted across the field and is in satisfactory condition at Wiley's Animal Hospital.

No one knows what happened to the sixth helicopter.

That's the story, anyway.

Kyle has agreed to look into the chopper contract after he finishes with my trouble, and then Sondra's. Derrick has a public defender.

The Kellsons are studying their options.

◆

And there must be a mixup about the tapirs. In the picture in *Collier's Encyclopedia* they look like a cross between a horse and a pig, with hooves, a wily snout, and a hump on the back of the head; I don't see how WQHA could have shown them hanging from trees.

"The Malay tapir," reports George G. Goodwin, "not only swims and dives well, but it mates in the water and can walk on a lake floor." The South American tapir has been hunted with dogs for food, although, when trapped, it puts up a "furious fight with its teeth."

Some people place medicinal value in the stones found in the tapir's stomach and grind the nails into powder that is believed to cure epilepsy.

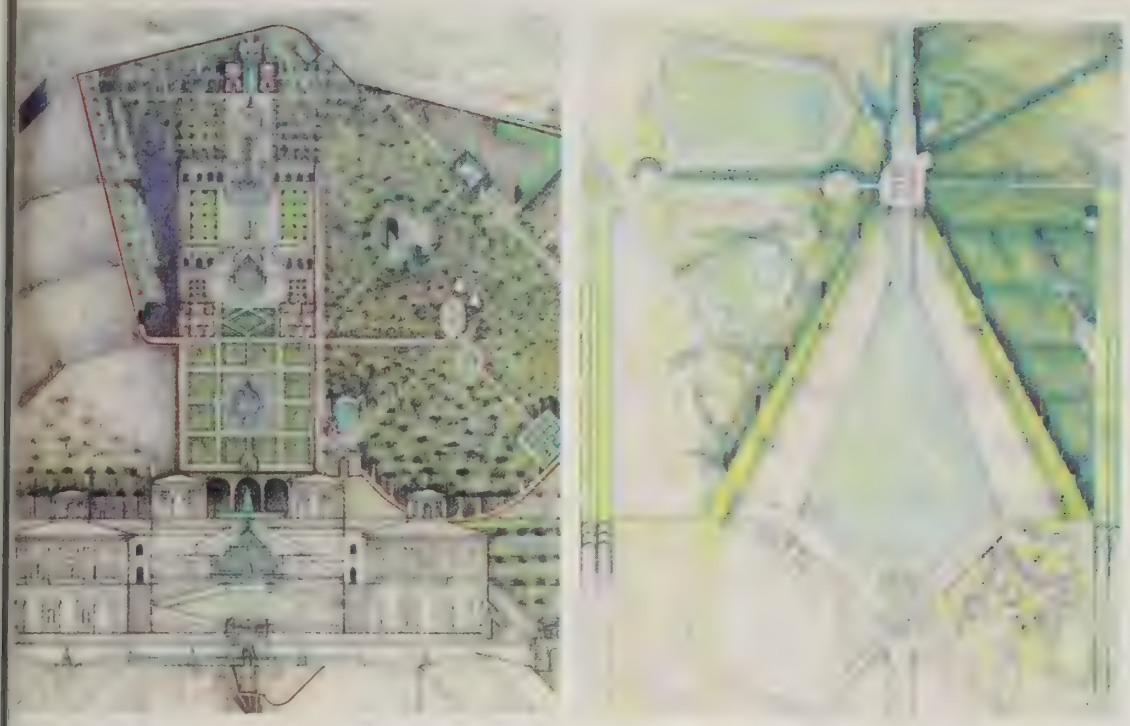
Tapirs are a member of the group Perissodactyla, which arose 60 million years ago. Back then all the animals were testing their limits. "Some mammals were taking to the trees or learning to run," Mr. Goodwin writes, "while others were on their way back into the water."

[Census]

HOT GOLF SPOTS

This list, "Twenty-five Hot Spots for Public Golf Course Development," is being distributed by the National Golf Foundation in Jupiter, Florida, to "stimulate awareness and interest in the need for more golf courses in the United States." The list shows the number of golfers per public course in twenty-five cities.

Metropolitan Area	*Estimated Number Of Golfers*	*Golfers Per 18 Holes*
1. El Paso, Tex.	44,401	17,760
2. Fayetteville, N.C.	26,849	13,424
3. Jacksonville, N.C.	12,621	12,621
4. Merced, Calif.	16,396	10,934
5. Albuquerque, N.M.	59,658	9,943
6. Florence, S.C.	9,793	9,793
7. Colorado Springs, Colo.	42,631	9,474
8. Modesto, Calif.	30,856	8,816
9. Greeley, Colo.	15,792	7,896
10. Sherman-Denison, Tex.	7,803	7,803
11. Cumberland, Md.	7,514	7,514
12. Las Cruces, N.M.	14,936	7,468
13. Columbia, S.C.	36,459	7,292
14. Corpus Christi, Tex.	29,138	7,285
15. Montgomery, Ala.	13,846	6,923
16. Fresno, Calif.	57,879	6,809
17. New Haven–Waterbury–Meriden, Conn.	74,671	6,788
18. Williamsport, Pa.	9,582	6,388
19. Albany, Ga.	6,290	6,290
20. Victoria, Tex.	6,233	6,233
21. Medford, Ore.	15,218	6,087
22. Wausau, Wis.	18,255	6,085
23. Topeka, Kan.	20,505	5,859
24. Yuba City, Calif.	11,128	5,564
25. Pensacola, Fla.	31,512	4,848
National Average		4,583



From Green Architecture and the Agrarian Garden, *a book of drawings of gardens by Barbara Stauffacher Solomon, published by Rizzoli. At left is Villa Lante, in Bagnaia, Italy; at right is Louis XIV's garden at Marly-le-Roi, in France. Solomon is an artist and landscape designer who lives in San Francisco.*

[Poem]

THE FUTURE AS A COW

By Lucie Brock-Broido. From A Hunger, *a collection of her poems published by Knopf. In an accompanying note, Brock-Broido writes that the poem is based on a magazine interview with Manute Bol, the Sudanese basketball player. In the interview, Bol said: "My father was a farmer. . . . He had about 150 cows. . . . When I want to get married to some girl, and her father says, 'I want 100 cows,' what are you going to do if you don't have the cows? That's why you keep cows. I took care of the cows. I looked for animals that would like to kill the cows. Lions, hyenas. Sometimes I talk out loud to keep them away. . . . Right now I play ball. . . . I can't say the future is not a cow. The cow may be my future. I don't know."*

From the great warm side of the animal
heaving with meat, as she breathes out
the day tightens to this rare night.

The herds put their faces as close to the
ground
as possible, listening for what grows
& moves, for what is kind, the stuff
of this dark earth, clean as the day
before this day, we were the only ones alive
preparing for the news of some momentous
thing.

I like this world like no one
else has ever liked this world.
I can't say there isn't a certain
amount of radioactivity. I can't say
anyone will save anyone

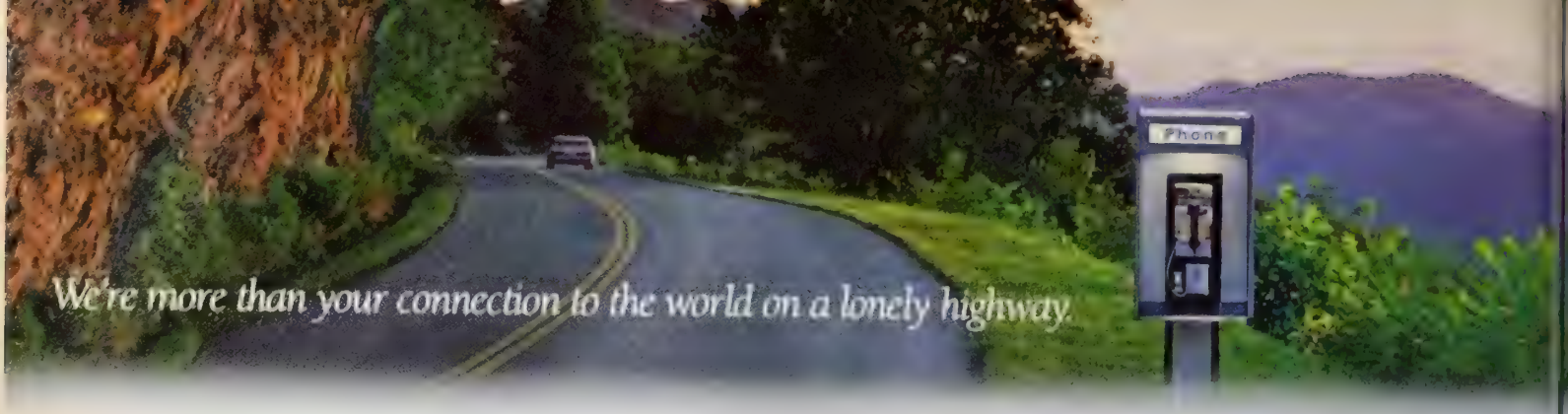
because I know
by now about cherishing & miraculous deaths
& the deep days of summer which lie
ahead of us & I might know
what is lost

as the girls in North Dakota waken in the
midst
of their own blonde hair & tie it back
with grosgrain, startled somewhere in the
middle
of this landlocked dream, or that they had
dreamt
of anything other than bliss,
one you can know, but never have.

That what is lost
cannot be gotten back.

& the animals move together
bunching,
grazing their softest parts
against the ground, each other,
most vulnerable of all.

I took care of the cows. I looked for animals
that would like to kill the cows.
Sometimes I talk out loud to keep them away. ■

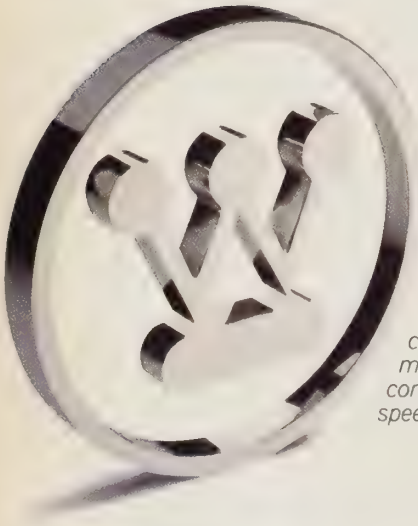


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Most o
is unheard



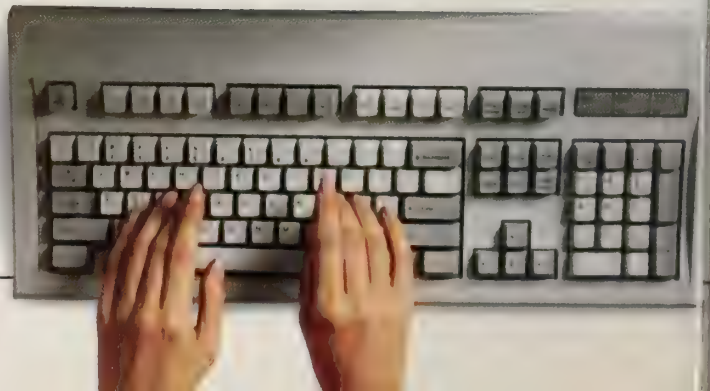
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IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH, YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND.

INSIDE MI6

A spy's memoir banned in Britain

By Anthony Cavendish

An Introduction

The memoir published here has been banned in Britain. It is a spy's story, but not a "sensational" or "explosive" one—and not one, as even its censors acknowledge, that reveals important secrets or that compromises any agent or undertaking of British intelligence. What is revealed, in the act of suppressing such a story, is the mind of the censor: the way a government may use its authority not simply to keep secrets that affect "national security" but, even more simply, to control information, limit debate, and enlarge its power. It is this secret—the secret about the workings of the censor's mind—that prompts Harper's Magazine to publish a memoir censored by the government of a democratic Western nation.

The author, Anthony Cavendish, a former British agent, tells his own story and the story of a government agency, intending it not for the Soviet KGB—a.k.a. "the enemy"—but for the British public. It is from British citizens that the Thatcher government insists the memoir be kept hidden.

And therein, for American citizens, lies the moral of this cautionary tale. All too many signs in our own society suggest that all too many people, not a few of them well placed in government, wish to enlarge their already ample powers to control information, limit debate, suppress dissent, and deny the right of free speech.

Sixty-one years old and now a banker, Cavendish says that he was inspired to write his memoir by the need to defend an old friend—Sir Maurice Oldfield, onetime chief of MI6, Britain's Secret Intelligence Service—from malicious slander. Oldfield died in 1981, and not long afterward, Cavendish began hearing rumors that Oldfield had a fondness for young men. The rumors did not subside; last year, Prime Minister Thatcher herself told Parliament that Oldfield had engaged in homosexual activities.

Cavendish began his book in 1985, and what he at first conceived of as a defense of Oldfield (Cavendish insists Oldfield was not a homosexual) turned into something at once more personal and more broad—a 160-page memoir of his service in British intelligence in the 1940s and early 1950s. Upon completing the manuscript, which he titled Inside Intelligence, he brought it to the British publisher Cassell, which purchased it. Cavendish, who has maintained all along that he harbors no wish to damage national security, then submitted the manuscript for vetting to Sir Christopher Curwen, MI6's current director general—even though he, Cavendish, had quit MI6 ten years before agents were required to sign any document agreeing to confidentiality. The Cavendish manuscript was not cleared by the government. All references to his intelligence work—that is, a good deal of the book—would have to be "blue-penciled," i.e., excised. Cavendish was warned that if he and his publisher went ahead with the book, they would face steep fines and perhaps prison. Cassell challenged this ruling in court but abandoned the argument after two years, citing the prohibitive cost of pressing on. Cavendish was effectively silenced.

But only for a year: last Christmas, about 500 people—friends of Cavendish, many of them senior members of Parliament, the judiciary, and the intelligence services—received as gifts a copy of Inside Intelligence. Cavendish had published the memoir himself. His idea was to make his story known without technically introducing it into the "public domain." This strategy collapsed when the Times of London acquired a copy of the "Christmas card" and revealed its contents. The government sought and was granted an injunction against any further printing of the book. The injunction has been challenged and, as we go to press, is before the Law Lords, Britain's highest court.

Last spring the manuscript was made available to the journal Granta, whose editor, Bill Buford, has his office in Cambridge, England. The journal publishes both British and American editions; the bulk of its circulation is in the United States. Granta decided it would publish a long excerpt from Cavendish's memoir in the Summer 1988 issue of its American edition. It was assumed that the American edition would not be affected by the injunction. The government threatened, however, that Buford might be held in contempt and be subject to fines and possible imprisonment if the injunction was defied on either side of the Atlantic. (There was talk too that Viking Penguin, which is owned by the British conglomerate Pearson p.l.c., and which distributes Granta in the United States, might also be sued.) In its summer issue, Granta published a bowdlerized version of Cavendish's memoir—eighteen pages of the issue were excised. The Thatcher government, in effect, has censored a publication beyond its own borders—within our borders. With more and more American publishing companies being bought up by foreign-based multinationals, what happened with Granta should be cause for alarm.



When an uncensored copy of Inside Intelligence was made available to us, we chose to publish the material that Granta could not. You may ask: what concern is it of ours? Nothing like this could happen here, in the United States. We have a written Constitution, the British do not. We have a First Amendment guaranteeing the right to free speech. We're protected. Yes. And no.

The Constitution and the First Amendment did not protect former CIA agent Frank Snepp. When Snepp completed Decent Interval, his critical account of the U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam, he refused to submit the book to the agency for prior clearance, fearing censorship. After the book was published in 1978, the CIA took him to court to prevent him from publishing more material and to seize any profits that might accrue from the book. A CIA regulation prohibits any agent or former agent from publishing any work—even if no "classified information" is revealed—unless the agency has seen and approved it. Moreover, the agency maintained in its suit that this regulation has nothing to do with free speech. The Virginia Federal Court—and eventually the Supreme Court—agreed.

Nor did the Constitution and the First Amendment prevent the Reagan administration from revising the system for classifying government information; this has resulted in more, not less, information being classified "secret." Or prevent new impediments being placed upon the exercise of powers granted to us under the Freedom of Information Act. Or prevent the administration from imposing lifelong "non-disclosure" contracts not only on CIA agents but, to date, on more than 300,000 federal government employees, with penalties ranging from loss of job to prison terms. Or prevent the government from prosecuting Samuel Loring Morison, a civilian employee of the Navy who gave altogether harmless—but "classified"—photographs to the magazine Jane's Defence Weekly. (Morison is currently serving a two-year sentence.) Or prevent William Casey, when he was director of the CIA, from regularly threatening to bring espionage charges against major news organizations. The President approved; he has long believed that the press is against "us." And who is "us"? A reporter finally asked him not long ago. "Our side, militarily—in other words, all of America." That is, Reagan and many in his administration understand "we, the people" as "we inside Washington's national-security loop."

It could happen here. It is happening here.

To prevent this, the censors must be challenged. That is why, despite Cavendish's story being largely a "British matter," we are publishing it. Moreover, a recent decision by the Law Lords with regard to Spycatcher—another former intelligence agent's memoir banned in Britain—leads us to believe that our publishing Cavendish's story may have a more immediate, practical effect. On October 13, the Law Lords ruled that three London newspapers could publish excerpts from Spycatcher, reasoning that the memoir was widely available elsewhere. (The book has been a best-seller in the United States.) By making part of Inside Intelligence available here, we may be chipping at barriers in Britain.

Perhaps the British press will someday have the opportunity (if that's the word) to do the same for us. In the meantime, we invite you to read this excerpt from the memoir and to decide if this is the kind of information a government—British or American—should be allowed to place under the seals of secrecy.

—The Editors

Photograph by Desmond O'Neill

Cavendish spent the years immediately after World War II in the Middle East, working in army intelligence. In July 1948 he steamed out of Port Said for Europe and, upon arriving, took a four-week vacation in Switzerland. He then returned to England, "clear in my own mind that what I wanted most was to carry on in the intelligence world." He wanted to work in foreign intelligence and covert operations—the work done in the British government by MI6. As we pick up his memoir, he is about to be interviewed for just such a job.

In September [1948], I received the following letter from the 'Intelligence Co-ordination Staff':

> We understand you might be interested in government service involving periods of work abroad. We should be obliged if you would come for an interview at Princes Gate, SW7.

The interview was conducted in a large room. There were five men sitting around a long mahogany table. There was the chairman, Captain Frank Slocum, who had, during the war, run a hotchpotch fleet of yachts and fishing boats carrying agents into Europe; there was Dick Brooman-White, formerly head of the MI6 station in Turkey and later a Member of Parliament; and I believe there was Tony Milne, then deputy-head of the counter-intelligence and counter-subversive section of MI6 that had been founded by Kim Philby.*

I was asked mainly about my childhood in Switzerland and my service in the army. I was questioned about a family friend whom I had given as a reference, a senior officer of the Trades Union Congress. The interview lasted roughly an hour. No one told me what he did or the department he represented. I discovered later that others who had been interviewed had not realized that they were being considered for the Secret Service, and there were some who, once appointed, did not know that they had been recruited for intelligence work until they had completed a week or two in the Broadway Buildings in St James's—at that time, the headquarters of MI6.

I received another letter from the 'Intelligence Co-ordination Staff', asking me to attend a language test. The test was conducted by a man in a dark, double-breasted blue suit; he had highly polished black shoes and sleek brushed-down white hair. I later discovered that he was the Count Vanden Heuvel, who was, it turned out, the managing director of Eno's Fruit Salts; he was also a close friend of the current head of the Secret Service and had run its wartime operations in Switzerland.

A few days later the 'Intelligence Co-ordination Staff' wrote to me again: I had been offered employment as a junior officer, one who might have to serve from time to time overseas; my starting salary was £400 per year. I was to report the next day.

I signed the Official Secrets Act.* I had become a member of the Secret Intelligence Service, otherwise known as SIS or MI6 or the Firm or the Friends. MI5** described us as the 'people across the park'. The Chief was Sir Stewart Menzies, whom I never met but saw from time to time when I walked along the passages of the fourth floor, which housed the suites of the top three men in the Service. The other two were the Vice-Chief, Sir John Sinclair, and the Assistant Chief, Jack Easton.

I reported to an establishment officer at 54 Broadway. There were different sections within MI6. There was one that dealt with the air ministry, one with the admiralty, another with military information and the War Office. I was told I would work in R5—counter-espionage and information on subversion and communism—and was then sent up to Maurice Oldfield's room, where I finally realized an ambition I had nurtured since I first arrived in Cairo: to work with him again, this time in the most professional of British intelligence services.

Shortly after joining, I was required in Germany, delaying my proper introduction: an eight-week training session in intelligence, known as 'General Trade Craft Course', held in an old building beside the Albert pub on Palace Street. There were twenty-four of us, divided into six competing groups or 'syndicates'. We were given a box file, a 'diplomatic bag' for our papers, that was stored overnight and regarded as inviolate.

There were a variety of exercises: shadowing or being shadowed through the streets of the West End; 'making contact', utilizing recognition signals and passwords (for instance, carry-

Kim Philby, perhaps the most notorious double agent, defected in 1963 to the Soviet Union, where he died this year.

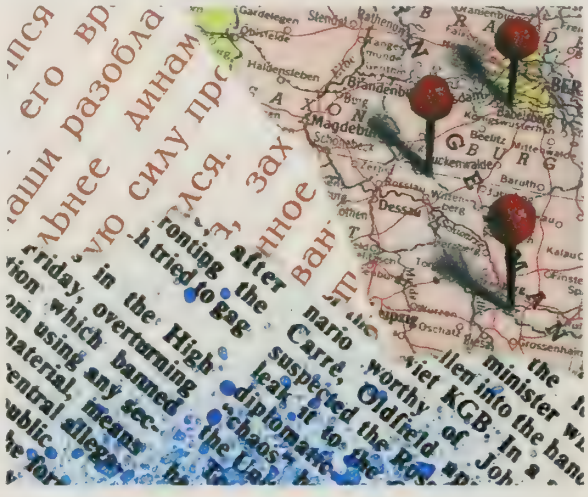
The Official Secrets Act makes it illegal for a British agent to obtain or communicate any information useful to an enemy. At no time has Cavendish been accused of violating this law.

**MI5 [illegible] Secret or Security Service, concerned mainly with internal security (like our FBI) and counter-intelligence.

I found Tokaev, one of the first Soviet defectors, warm and friendly and, like most defectors, anxious to be seen to have more importance than he had

ing a specific newspaper in the left hand and a rolled umbrella in the right, standing under the lamp-post at such and such a place, waiting for a stranger to appear saying, 'I live at number twenty-four; what number are you looking for?'); tests based on famous case studies of agents; travelling to Fort Monkton at Gosport* for training in weapons and explosives.

I recall one exercise involving each syndicate being pitted against the others for four days. On the last evening I went back to our building in Palace Street and, on the pretence of having misplaced a valuable cigarette lighter, asked the security guard to let me into the building. I then went up to our lecture room, opened the cupboard containing the sacred boxes, and memorized the plans of the other five syndicates. On the last day, when the solutions to the problem were given, it was obvious that someone from our syndicate knew beforehand what the five other syndicates were planning, because we had a counter for each of their moves. It was obvious that somebody from our group had violated the secure box files. It was equally obvious it had been expected by the instructors. But a recruit from the Indian police force objected, stood up, white with anger, and said that this was 'not cricket', and he resigned—no loss to a service prepared to go to any length to achieve its objectives.



On completing the Craft Course, I returned to R5, dealing with counter-espionage in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Most of my job was desk work, but I was also involved with one of the first defectors from the Soviet Union: Grigori Tokaev, a brilliant aeronautical scientist in the Soviet air force, who was being kept in a safe house in the suburbs of London with his wife and daughter.

He was obviously of enormous interest and value both to the air force and to our aeronautical design people, for this was at the time that the MiG-15 Soviet fighter was astounding Western aviation experts with its performance. It was also of value to have a senior Russian staff officer providing us with some understanding of Russian military methods and techniques. Once a week I drove down to the suburbs to see Tokaev, and we spent hours in his small drawing room or in the nearby park, talking about his life in the Russian air force, senior officers he knew, their views, the way they thought, and, of course, about anything he knew of Soviet intelligence. I found Tokaev warm and friendly and, like most defectors, anxious to be seen to have more importance than he had in fact.

That summer, I was to be posted to Germany, and I set off from Northolt Airfield near London and flew in an RAF Dakota to Bückeburg in West Germany. There was no mystery about the person who met me: he stood waiting beside a black Humber Super Snipe, one of the most powerful British cars at that time. I could never establish why the Secret Service in Germany had to be supplied with a fleet of those distinctive cars; it didn't take long for anyone sufficiently interested to realize that, where there was a black Humber Super Snipe, the British Secret Service was at work. The driver who met me was called Harry, someone I would use later whenever I needed a big fast car.

In Germany, my cover was as an officer of the Control Commission, and indeed nearly all SIS officers and secretaries had this or a military cover. Our headquarters was in a small spa town not far from Bielefeld,* and we were supported by outstations in Berlin, Hamburg, Hannover, Düsseldorf, and Frankfurt, and a one-man operation in Munich. There were an enormous number of SIS officers in Germany at the time—probably fifty with a backup staff of a further 200. Apart from the officers and secretaries, there were drivers, clerks, storemen, workshop men, batmen, safe-housekeepers, and the staff of the officers' mess. Nobody really thought that our cover was very good.

The next morning I was informed I would be working under 'Derek', second-in-command of the station (whose vivacious wife's main project appeared to be matching up secretaries and officers). My work, initially, included a range of tasks. During the first three months, I provided support for a number of agent-running operations; I worked on an SIS evacuation plan; I looked into the American-backed intelligence network of Reinhard Gehlen, a former German

*Gosport lies to the south, in the county of Hampshire, on the coast.

*Bielefeld is about fifty miles southwest of Hannover, and was at this time within the British zone of post-war Germany.

Illustrations by Victoria Kann

general, that operated in the American zone, and did this—an obviously delicate operation—through one of General Gehlen's secretaries, recently recruited by the Service (we always met 'romantically' one hour after sunset on rotating days once a month, at one of three little *Gasthäuser*). I looked into the League of Free Jurists, a group of West German lawyers that had been set up in 1949 to provide legal advice for people in the Soviet zone but that was also becoming an efficient intelligence machine. For the same reasons of intelligence gathering, I became interested in Radio Free Europe; set up in 1949 as an anti-communist broadcasting service to the Soviet zone and the satellites, it had developed an information department that produced reports of great value to us. Later, I was given the uncomfortable task of investigating one of our own officers, whose name appeared in the diary of an East German call-girl who had been picked up in West Berlin.

Good intelligence was provided by the Social Democratic Party in Germany whose members remained in friendly contact with former comrades in the East. There were also émigré associations and various organizations for the exiles from the Ukraine and Poland and the Baltic states. In fact, I became quite familiar with the activities in the Baltic states, but I was first to learn of an operation about which, on the basis of the SIS's 'need to know' policy, I would have remained ignorant. I will call it PROJECT ONE: training and dropping SIS agents into the Soviet Union itself.

It had always been extremely difficult to get intelligence out of the Soviet Union; in 1950, the Cold War at its height, it was decided to try to contact the resistance movements working against the [Soviet] regime. So it was that [MI6 Chief] Menzies obtained authority for the SIS to recruit and train new agents who would be parachuted into the USSR. The operation was run by Colonel Harold 'Gibby' Gibson, who, born in Russia and married to a White Russian, spoke perfect Russian. Most of us in that small spa town knew Gibby was engaged in something involving the Soviet Union but, with security so tight, only those who needed to know actually knew he was, at suitable phases of the moon, dropping teams of two or three highly trained agents into the Ukraine or Byelorussia. Once his agents made contact, PROJECT TWO, PROJECT THREE, and PROJECT FOUR followed.

Ernest Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary,* by now convinced of the seriousness of the Cold War by the blockade surrounding Berlin, authorized the first major covert operation: a plan to foment a revolution in Albania that would overthrow the communist dictator Enver Hoxha. The plot was proposed by two agents, Billy MacLean and Julian Amery (now a Conservative MP), who had been active in the military mission to Albania during the war and felt that one of their partisan contacts, Abas Kupi, was a strong enough leader to bring about a rising that would result in Albania becoming a non-communist thorn in the side of the mainly communist Balkans.

The CIA became involved, and a joint SIS and CIA committee was established in Washington to co-ordinate the operation. Kim Philby was a member. However, while Philby could have informed his Soviet masters of the proposed action, it is also probable that insecure communication blew the operation. There were casualties and then more casualties, and finally, in the spring of 1950, the whole large-scale operation was cancelled. It was the first major covert operation since the war, and it failed.

Thereafter agents would travel only in teams of twos and threes. In fact I personally was asked to run one of the next operations, one that has been unrecorded in the Western histories of Europe. I was to be the MI6 liaison officer with the Royal Navy in Hamburg in an operation involving the covert landing of agents on the Latvian coast.

During the war, the Germans had used their very fast S-boats to carry agents onto the beaches of the Baltic states. We recruited one of the most successful of the S-boat captains, Hans Helmut Klose, to carry out a similar operation for SIS, using one of the S-boats. The S208, which had been built by Lürgens in Vegesack, was taken to a British yard near Portsmouth, stripped down, and then enhanced so that it could do almost fifty knots per hour. The cover for the operation was that Klose, his German crew, and the S208 were part of a fishery protection service run by the British Control Commission. The East Germans already had a border protection service.

The men we recruited were quite young: they were, first, ideologically sound; second, prepared to return to their homelands; and, third, could complete successfully a training course that involved instruction in the use of weapons, explosives, radio, codes, cyphers, and secret inks. The training was done in Britain, following which the agents returned to an RAF airfield in Germany.

In the meantime, I was co-ordinating activities with the Navy in Hamburg as well as locating suitable housing for the agents for the few days before their mission began, and I settled on

I was given the uncomfortable task of investigating one of our own officers, whose name appeared in the diary of an East German call-girl

*Bevin served as Foreign Secretary in Britain's first majority Labour government, 1945–51.

From half-distance to the Latvian coast they were to keep radio silence

a beautiful old house with overgrown grounds running down to the Elbe in the Blankenese district of the city. It was secluded, had a private drive, and a large loft that served as a communication centre where a team of wireless operators set up their communication links between SIS headquarters in London and Germany and with the S208. We had a cook and a household staff drawn from SIS ancillaries.

The agents arrived at [Royal Air Force] Bückeburg, led by their conducting officer, Peter. We used two fifteen-hundredweight Opel Blitz trucks with CCG numbers and an Opel saloon car. The agents came complete with their equipment, automatic weapons, ammunition, wireless sets, and, not least, their money belts filled with a ransom in gold coins.

Peter and I debated whether it would be useful to have a trial run in the S208—we were worried that the three agents would start to brood on the danger of what they were about to do—and in the end we agreed and took them down to the Elbe. Klose picked us up and took the S208 down the river, gradually going faster, but never doing more than about two-thirds of maximum speed. Even so, Klose was impressive and his crew's handling of the boat superb.



That evening we took the agents down to the Reeperbahn, the red-light district of Hamburg, to a little bar we had selected beforehand: it had an erotic floor show and its manager was an informant for the local Field Security Section. We were soon joined by four girls, each heavily made-up, and, as the serious drinking began, I headed back to the house where I was staying, only a stone's throw from the safe house of our Baltic agents.

At about three in the morning there was violent banging on my front door: one of the radio operators stood outside asking me to come to the safe house immediately. Two of our agents had returned, but Peter and the other agent had got into a fight. I foresaw that the operation could be cancelled or that the trouble Peter and the 'joe' were in might result in publicity or blow their cover.

I got hold of the duty officer of the Control Commission's Intelligence Division and met him at the nightclub, where it was clear there had been serious fighting. There was nothing he could have done, the manager told us, except call the police. It was only because of my companion's long-standing contacts with the local police that we were able to get Peter and the Latvian released into our custody.

When we got back, I had to determine how much the two might have given away. And after a couple of hours going endlessly over every aspect of the evening's events I was satisfied that neither the young tarts nor any of the other people in the bar would have learned anything more than that Peter was a drunken English businessman, with a friend who obviously was not English but who was a business colleague.

I knew that if I reported Peter's behaviour he would be dismissed or else suffer a severe setback. I decided to do nothing. I noticed that the two agents who returned on their own had grown reserved in their relations with Peter. Later I was to wonder how many times Kim Philby and George Blake* might have committed similar slips which, if reported by a colleague, might have put the service on its guard.

Our intended departure next morning was delayed by bad weather. Following the fight the night before, there was tension in the safe house. I was relieved the next night when the Navy and Klose confirmed that the operation was on.

We went down to the jetty at about 4 P.M. and loaded the kit and equipment aboard. I bade farewell to the party. Peter and I watched the S208 slide out towards open water, and we returned to the house to listen for its radio signals. From half-distance to the Latvian coast they were to keep radio silence and on their return only send a short success signal when they were well away from the Soviet-controlled coasts. However, that night it was not to be, and I got a signal that bad weather and a failure of the navigational gear had forced the S208 to return. The next day, Klose and his men took advantage of what the forecasters promised would be a calm patch, and that night they completed a successful operation. In due course our agents came on air with their first contact. We did not know then that the operation had

**George Blake, an MI6 officer, was accused of spying for the Russians. He was tried and convicted in 1961. Among the secrets he betrayed was the Berlin Tunnel Operation, a joint MI6/CIA undertaking in 1955 that established a tunnel into what was then the Russian sector of Berlin.*

ot in fact been a success.

Many years later I heard through a friend in telligence that all the agents dropped by the 208, and later, by a second S-boat, were cked up by members of the KGB. Like most curity lapses this one has been laid at Kim hilby's door. It was only recently, having had ccess to a film made by East German televi- on, that I thought of a different possibility.

The film *Rottenknechte* (*Band of Knaves*) re- nacts the whole of the S208 operation with ast German actors taking the part of Klose, the gents, and even me.

The re-enactment, however, is not devoted o just one operation. In the film we see the 208 edging its way along the beach, confident n the belief that no one—not even the groups hat have already landed or members of the Lat- ian resistance movement—knows it is coming. Suddenly we see a Soviet reception committee vaiting for the boat's arrival.

I am quite sure that while Kim Philby at his iaison post in Washington was privy to the gen- ral outline of our S208 operations, he would ot have had detailed latitude and longitude po- itions for this landing, nor would he have had he exact timing. This therefore could point a inger at somebody else close to, or in, the peration.

In later years, it always amazed me that these arious operations were authorized by a Labour overnment in London, and I attributed this to the power of the Foreign Secretary at that time, Ernest Bevin.

With the completion of this operation, I eturned to headquarters and worked as a staff fficer on various assignments until Derek told me that I was being posted to Berlin. I was delighted.

Our social life was very gay in Berlin. I was delighted to discover that Claude Deshurst, whom I had first met in Cairo, was now in Ber- lin as a brigadier. He gave magnificent parties which, from time to time, got more than a little out of hand. Indeed, Claude called me one morning to warn me that one of his guests, who had been dancing in Claude's fountain at a par- ty, had had a photograph taken in a compromis- ing position with a young German boy. Claude's friend—who was of use to us—was anxious that the photographs should be retrieved before they damaged his civilian career. A bit of quick ac- tion on the part of one of our agents soon brought the poor man relief and us a fair mea- sure of gratitude.

In retrospect, there were a substantial num- ber of homosexuals at work in intelligence in Germany. Even so, it came as a bit of a shock when two of my colleagues suddenly disap- peared: one to prison and the other out of the Service for being caught *in flagrante* with young German boys. It was, in these cases, impossible to hush up the matter; but I will write later [in the book] of the position of gays (as they are called today) in the Secret Service.

I was posted to Berlin, however, to take over the war-planning activity in that station, and war-planning was dictated mainly by the threat that Germany could be overrun by the Russians at any time. There were, therefore, caches of wireless sets, explosives, arms, and ammunition stashed throughout the country—in the Soviet zones, the British zones, and in Berlin. They were usually hidden underground, but were sometimes placed in houses or barns or the spe- cific places found secure by various resistance movements during World War II. There was, for instance, a cache of wireless sets and codes that I decided was best hidden in the Grune- wald.*

In the guise of a Royal Engineers Officer, I and a wireless specialist reconnoitred the area during the day—dressed in civilian clothing, pretending to be having a picnic or bird-watch- ing, depending on the weather. On locating a suitable site, we would draw its position on a large-scale map and return in the evening, under the cover of a military night exercise.

There were a substantial number of homosexuals at work in intelligence in Germany

The last weekend of May 1951 proved to be memorable. A brief phone call to my flat—'Tony, get over here'—summoned me to the Olympic Stadium which served as the head- quarters of the British military and the main of- fice of the SIS. I arrived and found all the officers of the Station assembling, and our Sta- tion Commander handing out photographs: they were of two British diplomats, Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess, who, it was be- lieved, intended to defect and might pass through Berlin. Each of us was assigned to watch a specific crossing point; after forty-eight hours without sleep, we were all called off: the two had got through but not through Berlin.**

A little later, I received a bitter blow.

I was told to travel from Berlin down to the British zone: Big John wanted to see me. Next morning I reported to John's office and had to wait. When he arrived he asked me gruffly to sit down. He was sorry, he said, but he had some bad news. London had received a confidential

*The Grunewald is a forested park in West Berlin.

** Maclean and Burgess, two well-born Foreign Office diplomats working as double agents, made it to Moscow, even though British intelligence knew about their planned defection. It is generally believed that Kim Philby, the "Third Man," tipped off Maclean and Burgess, enabling them to leave Britain and escape the tightening net.

At the end of the war a number of MI6 agents were sent abroad as journalists

report about me after my first three years in the Service and had decided that I was not suitable to be confirmed as a 'long-term' SIS officer.

The report had been compiled by Derek, who had written that he was unable to make up his mind about me and thus felt that, if he could not himself be certain about my suitability, it would be wrong to give me the benefit of the doubt. It is ironic that some years later, when I left the Service, I learned that Derek had been a member of the Communist Party, had lied during his vetting procedure, and had been found out and sacked during an intensive shake-up of SIS when Sir Dick Goldsmith White took over as Chief [in 1956].

I demanded to see Commander Kenneth Cohen, the Chief Controller for Europe. I summarized my achievements; he told me to return in twenty-four hours, and when I did, he announced that he was revoking the decision made on the basis of Derek's report, that I would be posted to Vienna, and the future was up to me. After I arrived, there would be a new Station Commander—'Charles'.

That it would be Charles was not entirely fortunate. Charles and I had previously had a serious fight over one of his pet agents known as 'Dandelion'. 'Dandelion', one of our successful double agents, announced that his Russian case officer wanted him to move to South America; if he was to continue with the Service, 'Dandelion' asked to be provided with a new passport and a considerable amount of money. I and my colleagues in R5 at the time were convinced that 'Dandelion' was a fraud, using us to pay for his resettlement. We opposed the project but we were eventually overruled by Jack Easton. A few months later, when 'Dandelion' arrived in Venezuela, he gave the Station two fingers. Although I had been right, I was not endeared to the Vienna Station. It is equally ironic that in recent years I discovered that Charles, too, was a one-time member of the Communist Party. He kept a ghastly Pekinese that followed him everywhere and which he never succeeded in house-training. I was surprised that half of my colleagues were homosexual.

I had not been briefed on my cover before leaving for Vienna but had assumed I would be in the Embassy, although I knew there was currently no diplomatic slot available.

All intelligence operatives are invariably obliged to have 'cover'. Before World War Two, most British intelligence operations were grouped around the passport-control officer in the consulate; MI6 officers now working in an embassy generally are there as first, second, or third secretaries or as attachés, and one or two senior posts—the MI6 liaison officer in Washington, for instance—rank as counsellor.

At the end of the war a number of MI6 agents were sent abroad as journalists. Indeed, the Kemsley Press* allowed many of their foreign correspondents to co-operate with MI6 and even took on MI6 operatives as foreign correspondents. Other covers included businessmen or sales representatives. Hostile foreign intelligence services still treat most Britons or Americans residing in their countries as capable of being engaged in intelligence and watch them accordingly. Intelligence officers who used military cover normally took on the rank that best suited them, but nearly everybody wanted to be at least a lieutenant-colonel; when I was in Germany, I worked with at least ten 'colonels'. Having myself left the army as a captain, I reappeared, once required to use military cover in Berlin, as a major, with all the supporting documents signed where necessary by the GOC Berlin, General Sir Geoffrey (later Lord) Bourne.

Soviet intelligence officers could be found among the members of Aeroflot, Intourist, the Moscow Narody bank, and merchant seamen, who, owing to the tolerance of immigration officers, are free to move in and out of Western countries at will, using bogus seamen's papers. The most effective cover is probably provided by the Transport International Routier (TIR) agreement that, for trucks with sealed goods compartments, guarantees free and uninspected passage through all the countries that are signatories: virtually every country in Western Europe and the Soviet Bloc. Most of the trucks from behind the Iron Curtain have, at some point, carried a Soviet tank or artillery commander sent to obtain firsthand knowledge of the terrain over which he would advance during a war. These lorries have also been known to carry sophisticated electronic equipment that is conveyed across nonsensical routes passing military installations.

In the event, I was told I was to be in the Intelligence Organization of the Austrian Control Commission as a Liaison Officer with the Embassy. A new SIS secretary was posted from London with an Intelligence Organization cover. My main assignment was to establish a war-planning system as I had done in Berlin and to run two agents: Edgar, who, working the main office of the Austrian Oil Company on the other side of the Danube at Zistersdorf, supplied information on economic developments, mainly related to Austrian oil production and its shipment to the East, and Hans, who supplied information on the Soviet army and air force. Hans was about thirty-five, blond, and blue-eyed, and a great, though almost obsessive, athlete. He strode around in leather knickerbockers, heavy

* *The most important paper of the Kemsley Group in the years after the war was the* Sunday Times *of London.*

IS RELIGION JUST FOR THE IGNORANT?



In many intellectual circles the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted and unlettered. Yet, recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, and amid inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious renaissance entail embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or superpatriotism. Nor does it imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, or human dignity. Rather, there's an awareness that, as Jean Bethke Elshtain put it, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political choices which are far more durable than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

The New York Times Magazine article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this return to religion, and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments that yield humane social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as St. Francis, Gandhi, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Tawney, Schumacher, Mounier, Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary and philosophical riches offered by such greats as Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Waugh, Merton, C.S. Lewis, Simone Weil, Flannery O'Connor, and Graham Greene.

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PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

It was understandably dangerous to be caught loitering near a Soviet airfield—especially with the camera we were using

walking shoes, and a thick, white pullover: summer and winter, morning and evening.

At the time, the Head Office had recently developed an automatic robot camera with a sight through the lens, which enabled agents to pan the camera on an aeroplane in flight, even when the camera was equipped with a 175mm telephoto lens. Our priority was to get clear photographs of the Russian MiG fighter plane, which flew over Vienna from time to time, although they were always so high that even a good telephoto lens could not give a satisfactory picture. The trick, therefore, was to take the photographs near a Russian airfield, and one of the main ones was at Wiener Neustadt about forty miles south of Vienna on the way to Graz and Klagenfurt. It was understandably dangerous to be caught loitering near a Soviet airfield—especially with the camera we were using. Even so, it was in doing this that I met a number of important Russian officials and military personnel: each one of whom subsequently and mysteriously disappeared.

The military was given Wednesday afternoons off for recreation, and so I took to spending Wednesday afternoons and Saturdays and sometimes Sundays in the country, ostensibly for the purpose of fishing. I had the special camera with me. Whenever I saw any MiGs I would lift the bonnet of my car and then, peering out from under it, would photograph whatever MiGs were in sight.

In Melk I discovered a beer shop with seats on the terrace where Soviet officers gathered. Whenever a Soviet officer appeared, I would seek to engage him in conversation. I always used German. Eventually a young Russian artillery captain struck up a conversation with me which, in due course, led to a drinking competition.

At the pub, there was a vast drinking glass holding two litres called a *Stiefel,* a riding boot. My Russian friend challenged me to drink a *Stiefel* of beer and a glass of vodka and he would do the same. Then we would repeat the process until one gave up, who would then be the loser. Eventually he grew rather green and the competition was called off because of ill-health. We agreed to try again on another occasion, perhaps the Sunday after next. I knew only his first name and patronymic—Grigori Vassilevitch—not enough to trace him on SIS records.

A fortnight later I returned to Melk and was slightly surprised to see that Grigori was already there, sitting on his own. I drew up a chair and ordered a beer, a small one. Grigori told me he wanted to apologize for his behaviour the previous time we had met. We carried on talking, discussing everything—families, home life, relations—except matters of the Soviet military. Ingratiating myself, I told him that my father had been a factory worker who was now dead. He told me that his father had been killed in the war by the Germans and that he himself had been in the Red Army for the famous advance on Berlin. He was now a captain in the artillery with an office job in St Pölten, the Soviet military headquarters.

We'd agreed to meet again a fortnight later, same place, same time. I arrived as arranged, but there was no sign of Grigori. A fortnight later I went to the pub again and there were three Soviet officers drinking on the terrace, two of whom I had seen among the group with Grigori. I approached the proprietor and said that I was anxious about Grigori, but for various reasons did not want to approach the Russians myself. I asked him if he would mind asking after Grigori, saying that the last time Grigori had been he had left behind a box of cigarettes, which fortunately the landlord had picked up.

He returned. One of the Russians was made angry by the question: Captain Grigori would not be coming for his cigarettes; he had been posted back to the Soviet Union.

It was while I was in Vienna that SIS agents completed one of their most successful operations, digging a long tunnel from a house in the British sector through to the point where they could tap into the telephone lines from Russian headquarters in Vienna to Red Army headquarters in St Pölten, and from St Pölten headquarters to Moscow. The whole Soviet order of battle, down to the whereabouts of this or that field bakery, was soon known to our Defence Intelligence Staffs. The operation was abruptly terminated when a tram, passing over the tunnel, caused it to collapse, with the tram sinking into the resulting depression. The matter was hushed up, but it was also the end of the operation.

My social life at the time was taken up mainly by two young women working for the CIA, which did not please our Station Commander, Charles. In fact, there was little I did that did please him. I felt little affection for him, and I continued to find his ghastly Pekinese infuriating. Even so, I should have thought more of the fact that he would be writing the next report about me, except that I was so confident about the job I was doing.

Late one night, returning from a party in the American sector, I skidded in the spring slush and knocked a cyclist off his bike. Charles decided this was irresponsible, and the irresponsibility unacceptable, and wrote a stinging report that caused me to be recalled to London. My career in the SIS was brought to an end by two former members of the Communist Party. ■

UNTIME OF THE IMAM

By Salman Rushdie

Gibreel Farishta, for fifteen years the biggest star in the history of the Indian movies, had spent the greater part of his unique career incarnating, with absolute conviction, the countless deities of the subcontinent in the popular genre films known as theologicals. Then, during a near-fatal illness, he used every conscious minute to call upon God, without success; until he lost his faith. On the day he was discharged from the hospital, he told the driver to take him to the Taj hotel, where in the great dining room he devoured a loaded plateful of the forbidden flesh of the swine; rashers of bacon, pork sausages, hams. And after he ate the pigs the retribution began, a nocturnal retribution, a punishment of dreams. In these visions he was always present, not as himself but as his namesake, the archangel Gibreel, large as life. And every time he went to sleep the dreams started up from the point at which they had stopped; they were serial visions, inexorable, impossible to escape. Gibreel, fleeing his old life and arriving in London, brought the visions with him.

◆

This, for instance, has started coming: a mansion block built in the Dutch style in a part of London, which he will subsequently identify as Kensington, to which the dream flies him at high speed past Barkers department store and the small gray house with double bay windows where Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair* and the square with the convent where the little girls in uniform are always going in, but never come out, and the house where Talleyrand lived in his old age when after a thousand and one chameleon changes of allegiance and principle he took on the outward form of the French ambassador to London, and there it is, a seven-story corner block with green wrought-iron balconies up to the fourth, and now the dream rushes him up the outer wall of the house and on the fourth floor it pushes aside the heavy curtains at the living-room window and finally there he sits, unsleeping as usual, eyes wide in the dim yellow light, staring into the future, the bearded and turbaned Imam.

Who is he? An exile. Which must not be confused with, allowed to run into, all the other words that people throw around: émigré, expatriate, refugee, immigrant, silence, cunning. Exile is a dream of glorious return. Exile is a vision of revolution: Elba, not St. Helena. It is an endless paradox: looking forward by always looking back. The exile is a ball hurled high into the air. He hangs there, frozen in time, translated into a photograph; denied motion, suspended impossibly above his native earth, he awaits the inevitable moment at which the photograph must begin to move, and the earth reclaim its own. These are the things the Imam

Salman Rushdie is the author of Midnight's Children *and* Shame. *His new novel,* The Satanic Verses, *will be published in February by Viking.*

thinks. His home is a rented flat. It is a waiting room, a photograph, air.

The thick wallpaper, olive stripes on a cream ground, has faded a little, enough to emphasize the brighter rectangles and ovals that indicate where pictures used to hang. The Imam is the enemy of images. When he moved in, the pictures slid noiselessly from the walls and slunk from the room, removing themselves from the rage of his unspoken disapproval. Some representations, however, are permitted to remain. On the mantelpiece he keeps a small group of postcards bearing conventional images of his homeland, which he calls simply Desh: a mountain looming over a city; a picturesque village scene beneath a mighty tree; a mosque. But in his bedroom, on the wall facing the hard cot where he lies, there hangs a more potent icon, the portrait of a woman of exceptional force, famous for her profile of a Grecian statue and the black hair that is as long as she is high. A powerful woman, his enemy, his other: he keeps her close. Just as, far away in the palaces of her omnipotence, she will be clutching his portrait beneath her royal cloak or hiding it in a locket at her throat. She is the Empress, and her name is—what else?—Ayesha. On this island, the exiled Imam, and at home in Desh, She. They plot each other's deaths.

The curtains, thick golden velvet, are kept shut all day, because otherwise the evil thing might creep into the apartment: foreignness, Abroad, the alien nation. The harsh fact that he is here and not There, upon which all his thoughts are fixed. On those rare occasions when the Imam goes out to take the Kensington air, at the center of a square formed by eight young men in sunglasses and bulging suits, he folds his hands before him and fixes his gaze upon them, so that no element or particle of this hated city—this sink of iniquities which humiliates him by giving him sanctuary, so that he must be beholden to it in spite of the lustfulness, greed, and vanity of its ways—can lodge itself, like a dust speck, in his eyes. When he leaves this loathed exile to return in triumph to that other city beneath the postcard mountain, it will be a point of pride to be able to say that he remained in complete ignorance of the Sodom in which he had been obliged to wait; ignorant, and therefore unsullied, unaltered, pure.



And another reason for the drawn curtains is that of course there are eyes and ears around him, not all of them friendly. The orange buildings are not neutral. Somewhere across the street there will be zoom lenses, video equipment, jumbo mikes; and always the risk of snipers. Above and below and beside the Imam are

Illustrations by David Johnson

he safe apartments occupied by his guards, who troll the Kensington streets disguised as women n shrouds and silvery beaks; but it is as well to be too careful. Paranoia, for the exile, is a prerequisite of survival.

A fable, which he heard from one of his favorites, the American convert, formerly a successful singer, now known as Bilal X. In a certain nightclub to which the Imam is in the habit of sending his lieutenants to listen in to certain other persons belonging to certain opposed factions, Bilal met a young man from Desh, also a singer of sorts, so they fell to talking. It turned out that this Mahmood was scared within an inch of his life. He had recently *shacked up* with a *gori*, a long red woman with a big figure, and then it turned out that the previous lover of his beloved Renata was the exiled boss of the SAVAK torture organization of the Shah of Iran. The number one Grand Panjandrum himself, not some minor sadist with a talent for extracting toenails or setting fire to eyelids, but the great *haramzada* in person. The day after Mahmood and Renata moved into their new apartment a letter arrived for Mahmood. *Okay, shit-eater, you're fucking my woman, I just wanted to say hello.* The next day a second letter arrived. *By the way, prick, I forgot to mention, here is your new telephone number.* At that point Mahmood and Renata had asked for a new ex-directory listing but had not as yet been given their number by the telephone company. When it came through two days later and was exactly the same as the one on the letter, Mahmood's hair fell out all at once. When he saw it lying on the pillow he joined his hands together in front of Renata and begged, "Baby, I love you, but you're too hot for me, please go somewhere, far far." When the Imam was told this story he shook his head and said, that whore, who will touch her now, in spite of her lust-creating body? She put a stain on herself worse than leprosy; thus human beings do mutilate themselves. But the true moral of the fable was the need for external vigilance. London was a city in which the ex-boss of SAVAK had great connections in the telephone company and the Shah's ex-chef ran a thriving restaurant in Hounslow. Such a welcoming city, such a refuge, they take all types. Keep the curtains drawn.

Floors three to five of this block of mansion flats are, for the moment, all the homeland that Imam possesses. Here there are rifles and shortwave radios and rooms in which the sharp young men in suits sit and speak urgently into several telephones. There is no alcohol here, nor are playing cards or dice anywhere in evidence, and the only woman is the one hanging on the old man's bedroom wall. In this surrogate homeland, which the insomniac saint thinks of as his waiting room or transit lounge, the central heating is at full blast night and day, and the windows are tightly shut. The exile cannot forget, and must therefore simulate, the dry heat of Desh, the once and future land where even the moon is hot and dripping like a fresh, buttered chapati. O that longed-for part of the world where the sun and moon are male but their hot sweet light is named with female names. At night the exile parts his curtains and the alien moonlight sidles into the room, its coldness striking his eyeballs like a nail. He winces, narrows his eyes. Loose-robed, frowning, ominous, awake; this is the Imam.

Exile is a soulless country. In exile, the furniture is ugly, expensive, all bought at the same time in the same store and in too much of a hurry: shiny silver sofas with fins like old Buicks DeSotos Oldsmobiles, glass-fronted bookcases containing not books but clippings files. In exile the shower goes scalding hot whenever anybody turns on a kitchen tap, so that when the Imam goes to bathe, his entire retinue must remember not to fill a kettle or rinse a dirty plate, and when the Imam goes to the toilet his disciples leap scalded from the shower. In exile no food is ever cooked; the dark-spectacled bodyguards go out for takeaway. In exile all attempts to put down roots look like treason: they are admissions of defeat.

The Imam is the center of a wheel.

Movement radiates from him, around the clock. His son, Khalid, enters his sanctum bearing a glass of water, holding it in his right hand with his left palm under the glass. The Imam drinks water constantly, one glass every five minutes, to keep himself clean; the water itself is cleansed of impurities, before he sips, in an American filtration machine. All the young men surrounding him are well aware of his famous monograph on water, whose purity, the Imam believes, communicates itself to the drinker, its thinness and simplicity, the ascetic pleasures of its taste. "The Empress," he points out, "drinks wine." Burgundies, clarets, hocks mingle their intoxicating corruptions within that body both fair and foul. The sin is enough to condemn her for all time without hope of redemption. The picture on his bedroom wall shows the Empress Ayesha holding, in both hands, a human skull filled with a dark red fluid. The Empress drinks blood, but the Imam is a water man. "Not for nothing do the peoples of our hot lands offer it reverence," the monograph proclaims. "Water, preserver of life. No civilized individual can refuse it to another. A grandmother, be her limbs ever so arthritically

stiff, will rise at once and go to the tap if a small child should come to her and ask, *pani, nani.* Beware all those who blaspheme against it. Who pollutes it, dilutes his soul."

The Imam has often vented his rage upon the memory of the late Aga Khan, as a result of being shown the text of an interview in which the head of the Ismailis was observed drinking vintage champagne. *O, sir, this champagne is only for outward show. The instant it touches my lips, it turns to water.* Fiend, the Imam is wont to thunder. Apostate, blasphemer, fraud. When the future comes such individuals will be judged, he tells his men. Water will have its day and blood will flow like wine. Such is the miraculous nature of the future of exiles: what is first uttered in the impotence of an overheated apartment becomes the fate of nations. Who has not dreamed this dream, of being a king for a day? But the Imam dreams of more than a day; feels, emanating from his fingertips, the arachnid strings with which he will control the movement of history.

No, not history.

His is a stranger dream.

His son, water-carrying Khalid, bows before his father like a pilgrim at a shrine, informs him that the guard on duty outside the sanctum is Salman Farsi. Bilal is at the radio transmitter, broadcasting the day's message, on the agreed frequency, to Desh.

The Imam is a massive stillness, an immobility. He is living stone. His great gnarled hands, granite-gray, rest heavily on the wings of his high-backed chair. His head, looking too large for the body beneath, lolls ponderously on the surprisingly scrawny neck that can be glimpsed through the gray-black wisps of beard. The Imam's eyes are clouded; his lips do not move. He is pure force, an elemental being; he moves without motion, acts without doing, speaks without uttering a sound. He is the conjurer and history is his trick.

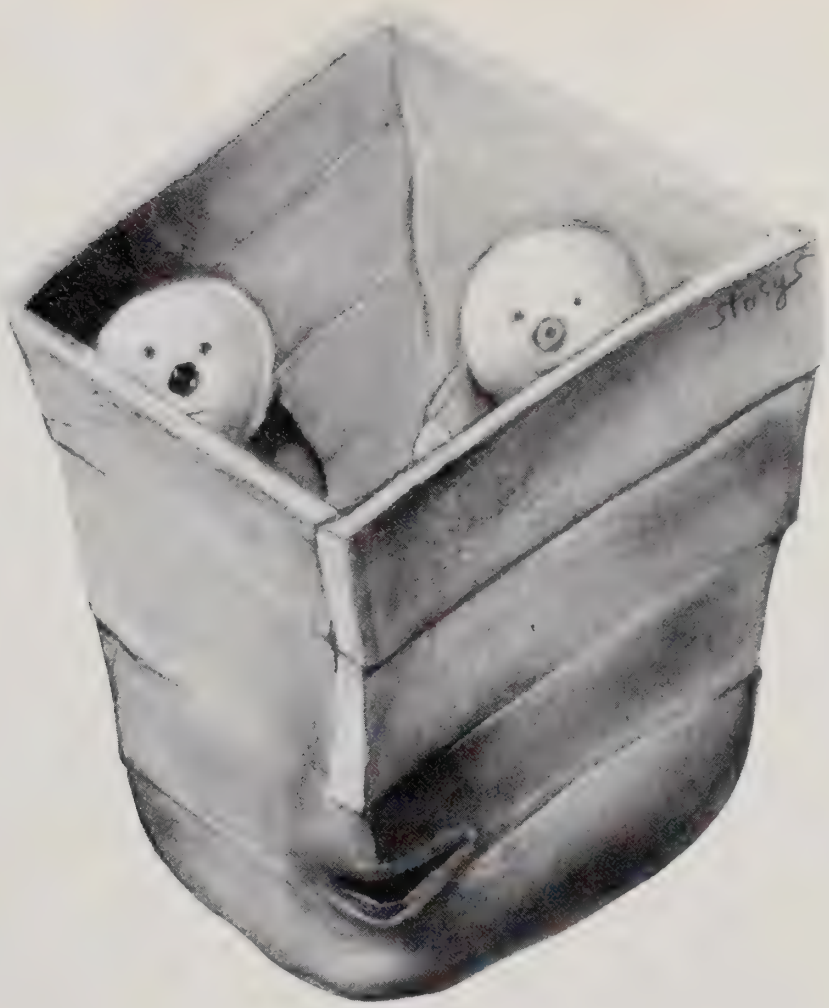
No, not history: something stranger.

The explanation of this conundrum is to be heard, at this very moment, on certain surreptitious radio waves, on which the voice of the American convert Bilal is singing the Imam's holy song. Bilal the muezzin: his voice enters a ham radio in Kensington and emerges in dreamed-of Desh, transmuted into the thunderous speech of the Imam himself. Beginning with ritual abuse of the Empress, with lists of her crimes, murders, bribes, sexual relations with lizards, and so on, he proceeds eventually to issue in ringing tones the Imam's nightly call to his people to rise up against the evil of her state. "We will make a revolution," the Imam proclaims through him, "that is a revolt not only against a tyrant but against history." For there is an enemy beyond Ayesha, and it is History herself. History is the blood-wine that must no longer be drunk. History, the intoxicant, the creation and possession of the Devil, of the great Shaitan, the greatest of the lies—progress, science, rights—against which the Imam has set his face. History is a deviation from the Path, knowledge is a delusion, because the sum of knowledge was complete on the day Al-Lah finished his revelation to Mahound. "We will unmake the veil of history," Bilal declaims into the listening night, "and when it is unraveled, we will see Paradise standing there, in all its glory and light." The Imam chose Bilal for this task on account of the beauty of his voice, which in its previous incarnation succeeded in climbing the Everest of the hit parade, not once but a dozen times, to the very top. The voice is rich and authoritative, a voice in the habit of being listened to; well nourished, highly trained, the voice of American confidence, a weapon of the West turned against its makers, whose might upholds the Empress and her tyranny. In the early days Bilal X protested at such a description of his voice. He, too, belonged to an oppressed people, he insisted, so that it was unjust to equate him with the Yankee imperialists. The Imam answered, not without gentleness: Bilal, your suffering is ours as well. But to be raised in the house of power is to learn its ways, to soak them up, through that very skin that is the cause of your oppression. The habit of power, its timbre, its posture, its way of being with others. It is a disease, Bilal, infecting all who come too near it. If the powerful trample over you, you are infected by the soles of their feet.

Bilal continues to address the darkness. "Death to the tyranny of the Empress Ayesha, of calendars, of America, of time! We seek the eternity, the timelessness, of God, His still waters, not her flowing wines." Burn the books and trust the Book; shred the papers and hear the Word, as it was explicated by your interpreter and Imam. "Ameen," Bilal said, concluding the night's proceedings. While, in his sanctum, the Imam sends a message of his own: and summons, conjures up, the archangel, Gibreel.

Gibreel sees himself in the dream: no angel to look at, just a man in his ordinary street clothes, gaberdine and trilby over outsize trousers held up by braces, a fisherman's woolen pullover, billowy white shirt. This dream-Gibreel, so like the waking one, stands quaking in the sanctum of the Imam, whose eyes are white as clouds.

Gibreel speaks, querulously, to hide his fear. "Why insist on archangels? Those days, you



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Artwork: "Masks" by Stasys, Warsaw

should know, are gone."

The Imam closes his eyes, sighs. The carpet extrudes long hairy tendrils, which wrap themselves around Gibreel, holding him fast.

"You don't need me," Gibreel emphasizes. "The revelation is complete. Let me go."

The other shakes his head, and speaks, except that his lips do not move, and it is Bilal's voice that fills Gibreel's ears, even though the broadcaster is nowhere to be seen, *tonight's the night*, the voice says, *and you must fly me to Jerusalem.*

Then the apartment dissolves and they are standing on the roof beside the water tank, because the Imam, when he wishes to move, can remain still and move the world around him. His beard is blowing in the wind. It is longer now; if it were not for the wind that catches at it as if it were a flowing chiffon scarf, it would touch the ground by his feet; he has red eyes, and his voice hangs around him in the sky. *Take me.* Gibreel argues: Seems you can do it easily by yourself, but the Imam, in a single movement of astonishing rapidity, slings his beard over his shoulder, hoists up his skirts to reveal two spindly legs with an almost monstrous covering of hair, and leaps high into the night air, twirls himself about, and settles on Gibreel's shoulders, clutching onto him with fingernails that have grown into long, curved claws. Gibreel feels himself rising into the sky, bearing the old man of the sea, the Imam with hair that grows longer by the minute, streaming in every direction, his eyebrows like pennants in the wind.

Jerusalem, he wonders, which way is that?—And then, it's a slippery word, Jerusalem, it can be an idea as well as a place: a goal, an exaltation. Where is the Imam's Jerusalem? "The fall of the harlot," the disembodied voice resounds in his ears. "Her crash, the Babylonian whore."

They zoom through the night. The moon is heating up, beginning to bubble like cheese under a grill; he, Gibreel, sees pieces of it falling off from time to time, moon-drips that hiss and bubble on the sizzling griddle of the sky. Land appears below them. The heat grows intense.

It is an immense landscape, reddish, with flat-topped trees. They fly over mountains that are also flat-topped; even the stones, here, are flattened by the heat. Then they come to a high mountain of almost perfectly conical dimensions, a mountain that also sits postcarded on a mantelpiece far away; and in the shadow of the mountain, a city, sprawling at its feet like a supplicant, and on the mountain's lower slopes, a palace, the palace, her place: the Empress, whom radio messages have unmade. This is a revolution of radio hams.

Gibreel, with the Imam riding him like a carpet, swoops lower, and in the steaming night it looks as if the streets are alive, they seem to be writhing, like snakes; while in front of the palace of the Empress's defeat a new hill seems to be growing, *while we watch, baba, what's going on here?* The Imam's voice hangs in the sky: "Come down. I will show you Love."

They are at rooftop level when Gibreel realizes that the streets are swarming with people. Human beings, packed so densely into those snaking paths that they have blended into a larger composite entity, relentless, serpentine. The people move slowly, at an even pace, down alleys into lanes, down lanes into side streets, down side streets into highways, all of them converging upon the grand avenue, twelve lanes wide and lined with giant eucalyptus trees, that leads to the palace gates. The avenue is packed with humanity; it is the central organ of the new, many-headed being. Seventy abreast, the people walk gravely toward the Empress's gates. In front of which her household guards are waiting in three ranks, lying, kneeling, and standing, with machine guns at the ready. The people are walking up the slope toward the guns; seventy at a time, they come into range; the guns babble, and they die, and then the next seventy climb over the bodies of the dead, the guns giggle once again, and the hill of the dead grows higher. Those behind it commence, in their turn, to climb. In the dark doorways of the city there are mothers with covered heads, pushing their beloved sons into the parade, *go, be a martyr, do the needful, die.* "You see how they love me," says the disembodied voice. "No tyranny on earth can withstand the power of this slow, walking love."

"This isn't love," Gibreel, weeping, replies. "It's hate. She has driven them into your arms." The explanation sounds thin, superficial.

"They love me," the Imam's voice says, "because I am water. I am fertility and she is decay. They love me for my habit of smashing clocks. Human beings who turn away from God lose love and certainty and also the sense of his boundless time that encompasses past, present, and future; the timeless time, that has no need to move. We long for the eternal, and I am eternity. She is nothing: a tick or tock. She looks in her mirror every day and is terrorized by the idea of age, of time passing. Thus she is the prisoner of her own nature; she, too, is in the chains of Time. After the revolution there will be no clocks; we'll smash the lot. The word *clock* will be expunged from our dictionaries. After the revolution there will be no birthdays. We shall all be born again, all of us the same unchanging age in the eye of Almighty God."

He falls silent now because below the great moment has come: the people have reached the guns. Which are silenced in their turn, as

ne endless serpent of the people, the gigan-c python of the risen masses, embraces the uards, suffocating them, strangling, and si-nces the lethal chuckling of their weapons. he Imam sighs heavily. "Done."

The lights of the palace are extinguished as ne people walk toward it, at the same measured ace as before. Then, from within the darkened alace, there rises a hideous sound, beginning as high, thin, piercing wail, then deepening into howl, an ululation loud enough to fill every ranny of the city with its rage. Then the golden ome of the palace bursts open like an egg, and ising from it, glowing with blackness, is a nythological apparition with vast black wings, ner hair streaming loose, as long and black as he Imam's is long and white: Al-Lat, Gibreel nderstands, bursting ut of Ayesha's shell.

"Kill her," the Imam commands.

Gibreel sets him down on the palace's ceremonial balcony, his arms outstretched to encompass the joy of the people, a sound that drowns even the howls of the goddess and rises up like a song. And then he is being propelled into the air, having no option, he is a marionette going to war; and she, seeing him coming, turns, crouches in air, and, moaning dreadfully, comes at him with all her might. Gibreel understands that the Imam, fighting by proxy as usual, will sacrifice him as readily as he did the hill of corpses at the palace gate, that he is a suicide soldier in the service of the cleric's cause. I am weak, he thinks, I am no match for her, but she, too, has been weakened by her defeat. The Imam's strength moves Gibreel, places thunderbolts in his hands, and the battle is joined; he hurls lightning spears into her feet and she plunges comets into his groin, *we are killing each other,* he thinks, *we will die and there will be two new constellations in space: Al-Lat and Gibreel.* Like exhausted warriors on a corpse-littered field, they totter and slash. Both are failing fast.

She falls.

Down she tumbles, Al-Lat queen of the night; crashes upside down to earth, crushing her head to bits; and lies, a headless black angel with her wings ripped off, by a little wicket gate in the palace gardens, all in a crumpled heap. And Gibreel, looking away from her in horror, sees the Imam grown monstrous, lying in the palace forecourt with his mouth yawning open at the gate; as the people march through the gates he swallows them whole.

The body of Al-Lat has shriveled on the grass, leaving behind only a dark stain; and now every clock in the capital city of Desh begins to chime, and goes on unceasingly, beyond twelve, beyond twenty-four, beyond one thousand and one, announcing the end of Time, the hour that is beyond measuring, the hour of the exile's return, of the victory of water over wine, of the commencement of the Untime of the Imam. ■



NICARAGUA, ON

The iguana-ste

A sampling of Nicaragua articles, as summarized in last year's *New York Times* Index:

☐ President Daniel Ortega Saavedra says 1,019 Nicaraguan soldiers [opened restaurants] and 1,798 were [employed as iguana-stew chefs] in 1986, while U.S.-backed rebels suffered 6,600 ["Unsatisfactory" ratings by food critics], including 4,000 [for failure to garnish stew with cilantro sprig]. . . Adolfo Calero Portocarrero, head of largest *contra* group, disputes figures and promises [chain of fast-stew franchises] in 1987.

☐ Recent raid by Nicaraguan *contras* on [iguana-parts] cooperative in Quisilala was latest in continuing series of attacks by U.S.-backed rebels against [Marxist-Leninist gastronomic principles]; residents in towns in and around Chontales Province say *contras* have committed many [culinary] atrocities in [defiance of Government propaganda for Mr. Ortega's grandmother's official stew recipe]; ten people, including two opposition leaders, are arrested when they try to hold [a live iguana in a smoking-hot frying pan rubbed with the cut side of half a clove of garlic].

☐ Thousands of [iguanas] from Nicaraguan countryside make their way to Managua every day laden with [paper frills on their feet]; some Sandinista leaders have denounced [them] as unscrupulous [counter-revolutionary reptiles] seeking to [pose as lamb chops].

☐ More than 10,000 Miskito Indian refugees have returned to traditional [method of cooking iguana], defying war and inhospitable rain forest and living in shanties supplied [with charming handcrafted spice racks]; Sandinista Government . . . allows return now that most Indian rebel factions [concede that their iguana in wine-flavored cream sauce is more properly termed a "fricassee"].

☐ Nicaraguan people seen exhausted, apathetic, and bitter in holiday season heavy with suffering and poverty; economy has crumbled, armed challenge from *contra* rebels is sharpening, and popular support for Government appears to have declined markedly, although there is no apparent immediate threat to [ratings of Government TV show *The Frugal Iguana Gourmet*].



Veronica Geng writes for the New Yorker. *Her second collection of fiction,* Love Trouble Is My Business, *has just been published by Harper & Row.*

E BACK BURNER

Veronica Geng

r 41,000 articles

v tasty the

ontras. The Sandinistas. The peace

rocess. The arms buildup. Wouldn't

it be refreshing to read instead

about the famed iguana

stew of Granada and

the freshwater sharks

of Lake Nicaragua?

In addition to the

more widely-covered

topics, these also are

issues of deep interest

to the readers of

Condé Nast Traveler.

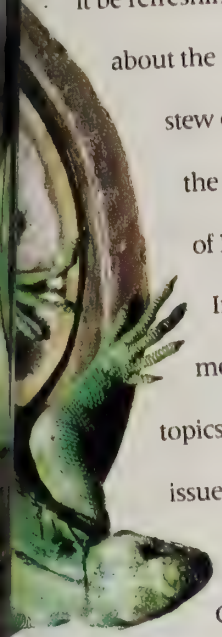
Readers with taste and discernment,

vs. Cultural perspectives. Environmental

e in no other travel magazine.

position on Nicaragua is very hard-

must try that iguana stew.



Them. The other ones. That. The opposite. Self-canceling pairs of skeletal nouns—not very tasty. No meat on these dried-out bones; worse than even the dreariest leftovers. And what does a person have to do to get a drink around here?

It would be. Bring something else. And not just a palate-clearing sorbet between courses of desiccated non-consumables, thank you very much. Take those away. Bring something *else*.

"... and the best places to go dancing in Managua?" (That's what the ad said when it ran in *Spy*.) So tiresome for Central Americans, being ignored unless there's a war on. Just as it's tiresome for us, jaded by night after night of nouvelle roasted baby antelope, Spielberg movies, and the club scene. So much more refreshing to break out of our ethnocentric habits and boldly encounter a totally different culture from a whole new perspective: iguana stew, sharks, and the club scene.

Well, on second thought, because *Condé Nast Traveler* has no desire to look like a complete fool, those depressing *contra* and Sandinista carcasses can stay on the table. But as "topics" they're used up, so for God's sake put a napkin or something over them. And make room for the deep-dish "issues," like stew.

Busboy! Please clear away all these old copies of the *New Yorker*. Who wants to choke down a lot of politics along with their literary and environmental treats?

This ad ran in the *New Yorker* (September 26, 1988). In 1985, the *New Yorker* was bought by Advance Publications, which also owns Condé Nast Publications. The chairman of Advance is media billionaire S. I. Newhouse Jr. And when you are a publication owned by Advance, become an "insider" in Mr. Newhouse's house, it would simply be too rude to refuse—I mean, my dear, you absolutely *must* swallow some of that iguana stew.

THE MUSES ARE HEARD

Dancing in the heart of regional arts

By Stanley Elkin



And Jesus, I'm thinking at the time, this snob of geography, this longitude-latitude fop, it can't have been but three weeks ago I was living in a villa on Lake Como, taking the gelato, the customized pastas; servants were cutting my meat. And tucking in, too, feasting on the blood-oranges architecture folded into the terraced hillsides organic as agriculture, the lake's thin gray porridge and lumpy Chinese mists. Well maybe, I'm thinking at the time, in spite of Missouri is my hometown, distance is only a different time zone of the head. Because I recognize nothing here, all jet-lagged out in the van, two or so hours southwest of St. Louis on I-44 deep—I see by the recurring billboards that keep on coming, popping up at us like an infinite loop of highway in some redneck video game—in the walnut-bowl belt, in roadside zoo land, cavern and cave country. Among fireworks stands. Live bait mines. And there's a sense, God bite my high-hat tongue, of something so un-guncontrolled out there we may have fallen, may my swank wither and drop off, among a race of Minutemen. There's billboards for the Passion Play, for Silver Dollar City, for rides on the Wet Willies.

This ain't any America of franchise and one size fits all; this is a time warp. Some live-by-the-tourist, die-by-the-tourist figment of the imaginary by-gones and halcyons, of fiddles and corncobs and jugs. We are, I mean, deep, real deep, in a hanger-on economy, in some landscape of the novelties, and I ask Ross Winter, founder and artistic director of the Mid America Dance Company (MADCO), the man who leads our troupe of modern dancers bound for Springfield, Missouri, where we're performing Friday and Saturday evening, what folks do hereabouts when they're not minding the bait stores and walnut-bowl factories.

"Don't know," he said, "perhaps they groom each other for ticks." It's improbably close to what I've been thinking myself, for we seem to be traversing tracts of the summer pests and poisons, a vast American steppe of allergens and contact toxins, of wicked itch banes in the woods and high grasses.

The van, something in a fourteen- or fifteen-passenger Ford, has been

Stanley Elkin is the author of numerous novels, including The Living End, The Magic Kingdom, *and* The Rabbi of Lud.

Illustration by Barry Blitt

nted for the four days it will be re-ired. A second vehicle, also rented, ntaining the dance company's ops, wardrobe trunk, special equip-ent (some of which is also rented), d rolls of the vinyl theatrical floor-g it has just acquired and which ll have to be paid for by matching ants, had set out earlier, is probably ready in Springfield, setting up.

The dancers, I think, are used to e by now. (We go back.) We are actically colleagues, these toned, exible, almost jointless young men d women in their twenties and the ippled-up fifty-eight-year-old man ho has to negotiate the high step up to the van by means of a high step p onto a milk case, a breathtaking iece of choreography in its own ght, let me tell you. They call me by y first name, something which nor-ally squeaks against my blackboard ke chalk—I am, by ordinary, when ot playing *la strada*, a teacher—but hich, here, in these circumstances, ddly I do not mind at all, and even ind flattering, though I must say it's a ttle difficult to keep *their* names traight, wait for others to say them irst, only gradually constructing a rivate mnemonics. Liz is the married ne. Her husband, James, is part of he tech crew and has gone out with David in the other van. Raeleen is the ne with the close-cropped hair. El-en is the tall one, so Darla must be he one with the reddish hair and the expressive face you associate with white clown makeup and one dark apostrophe standing for a tear. The men are a bit easier. Paul is driving, Michael is reading the Stephen King. Jeffrey, unseen in the van's last row, is apparently sleeping.

No one calls me by my first name now, or says much of anything really. Indeed, they seem a bit torpid for a group normally so casual with gravity. Not like last time when they stretched out on the long ride to Winfield, Kansas, by improvising themselves into various riffs of position, a kind of jazz yoga. Not like last time when they passed the time in the moving vehicle playing board games without a board and counting cows and doing license-plate poker. When they made up ideas for dances. Even me. "You pass out these dinky cardboard glasses," I said. "You give a pair to everyone in the audience. There's this green lollipop cellophane over one eye, this red over the other."

"So?"

"So you tell them if they put on the glasses they can see the dance in 3-D."

"Right," Paul said, "then we chuck spears at them."

Not like last time when I smelled, I swear it, the lightly scorched odor of composition-rubber gym shoe in the van's closed air and browsed the curious sampler of upscale magazines, *Interview* and *Elle* and M, that the company favors, and dipped at will into proffered community snacks, introduced for the first time to the delicious sodium nitrites and scrumptious carcinogens of beef jerky, on whose long, tough leather I chewed with pleasure for half an hour, for if I am crippled up and need assistance to get into a van, I have the jaws of a grown man. Nature gives with the right hand, takes with the left.

Now we don't stop for gas, so forget beef jerky. Forget dinner, too. Not like last time. (Place in Kansas? No fast-food joint or truck stop or theme restaurant but the genuine article, the kind of place you see on the network news when Tom Brokaw breaks bread with vox pop—a banker, a farmer, the John Deere man. And there are plaques for Rotary, Jaycees? And Angie—the company's high school apprentice—asked what the Optimist Club was, and Liz told her it was a support group for people who are too happy.)

Hi-diddle-de-dee, the actor's life for me!

Only it isn't the boards I want to trod, it's the Road. Having been born with this J. B. Priestley sense of good companionship, some troupe notion of traveled kinship, a true believer—my pop was a traveling salesman—in lobby encounters, this vet of the shifting, shared geography, this heart's perpetual reunionist, you see, this sucker for chums, this long-standing-enough guy on that pavement in Paris who eventually runs into everyone he's ever known—this, this *auld acquaintance.* Because it ain't really friendship I'm talking about, it's *Miller time*! And even today I imagine all sports announcers, men covering not only different teams but different games even, know each other, and are always bumping into one another in the best hotels in the different towns—though it's always Cincinnati—and going off together to the good restaurants to catch up, to do the divvied shoptalk of their lives, speaking in a jargon so closed it's almost ethnic of the great patsies and fall guys—did you see *Broadway Danny Rose?* like that—doing the anecdotal schmooze and war stories, all high life's tallest tales.

Still, not like last time. Because we really do go back. Well a couple-and-a-half years anyway.

Ross Winter was born in Australia. He studied at the University of New South Wales and, though he took modern-dance classes while he was a student, he ultimately went for an architect. Emigrating in 1959, he was with a film company in Portugal for a year, moved to London and set up in the design and architecture trade. He choreographed dances for the London and Edinburgh festivals, married, started a family, came to America and moved to St. Louis, and in the early Seventies went to work for the Wetterau Corporation, a wholesale-food-distribution company, where he was head of the design department. While at Wetterau he founded, in 1976, the Mid America Dance Company, a sidebar to his life. Then, in 1984, the company closed down Winter's department, and it was suddenly a compulsory hi-diddle-de-dee on him. Missouri, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas—this is the venue of MADCO's modern dance.

Winter looks, in profile, rather like some King George on currency and, like other educated Australians, talks a sort of soft-edged English Prim, the vaguely indeterminate accent of someone raised in a mother tongue but an alien in the land where he speaks it. It's an agreeable, even amiable sound, but you can't imagine anyone ever shouting in it and so it seems, well, vulnerable, the patient calm of a forced, stoic courtesy. (*Aw geez, come off it. What are we talking*

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about here? Some great Greek patsy fall guy? A few not-like-last-times, and we're into the tragics? As Georgie Jessel said about his chauffeur forced to stand outside the limo and wait for him in the rain, "Nobody told him to go into his profession.") At fifty-two, Winter is slightly egg-shaped. "The irony about dancing," he says, "is that as a dancer gets better his body only gets worse." In any event he hung up the taps years ago, though he still performs in "The Madcracker," his parody of *The Nutcracker* and the company's most popular dance.

MADCO doesn't do badly. That is, it's a wash. The company takes in and disburses about $150,000 a year. Between $35,000 and $40,000, or about 28 percent of its income, comes from grants; touring brings in another 34 percent; fixed-fee performances in St. Louis, 8 percent; box-office sales, 14 percent; educational performances in schools, 11 percent; fund-raising, 3 percent; with a miscellaneous 2 percent coming in from classes and such. Salaries for the dancers range from $115 to $210 per week. Liz, who's been with MADCO eight years, gets $210 (for a thirty to thirty-five week season), but the mean salary for the dancers is $150. Ross allows himself $330 a week. David Kruger, the tech man and company manager, books the tours and works on commission.

I come into it in 1986, about.

Ross wanted to choreograph a dance to prose and asked me to write a story that I could read downstage left while the dancers carry on behind me. When "Notes Toward a Eulogy for Joan Cohen" is performed on Saturday night in Springfield it will be the fourth time, not counting rehearsals, we will have worked together. It's a long piece, about forty-five minutes, and although, owing to my location onstage, I've never seen all of it, the bits I have seen—in MADCO's rehearsal studio—have always seemed to me rather sexy. Well, all dance is about screwing, finally, even the barn dance, even the waltz, but we're talking leotards and leg warmers here, we're talking spandex and muscle. We're also talking, in the instance of "Joan Cohen," about a rabbi who officiates at the funeral of a woman with whom he's been carrying on an adulterous affair—talking porno movies in a Philadelphia hotel room, talking blow-job discussions. We are a distance from *Swan Lake*. And did I mention that Springfield is the world headquarters of the Assemblies of God? Not so much the people who gave you Jimmy Swaggart as the folks who took him away.

When we danced the dance in St. Louis those other three times there seemed to be a lot of enthusiasm for my cane, applause all around the minute they saw it when I limped in from the wings to take my seat behind the table where I do my stuff—all my plucky Look, Ma, I'm Dancin's and show-my-flags. Well, I'm known in St. Louis, a known cripple. When I stumble on in Springfield Saturday night and they *don't* applaud I will think, this is some tough audience! Well, I'm spoiled. (And why, incidentally, do top-hat, white-tie-and-tail types like Tommy Tune and Fred Astaire use canes in *their* acts?)

If the collective mood isn't like last time, maybe it's because these are the final performances of the season; and for Liz, married now and who, whither thou/thither me, will be leaving the company and moving to Arizona with James in a week or so, it's a last tango in Springfield altogether. And because Darla, she of the reddish hair and supple face, has been in severe pain for eight months now and has either torn ligaments in her hip or a ruptured disk in her back, maybe both, which isn't great for the leg extension and presents difficulty for her turnout, and has given her more downtime than a computer; and even if the company *is* family, unlike real families it's forced to function, is burdened always—unlike me with my merely hail-fellow, good-time-Charley, Miller-time intentions, all my visions of those sugarplums in a weightless world—and if that's the case, what alternative did she have except to ask Ross if he had a minute and then offer her resignation?

Only I don't know all this yet. I'm still sitting innocent next to the Stephen King–reading Mike, a few rows up from invisible Jeff, apparently

leeping. Passing with Ross the time f the day and, deep in my heart, ondering what the place will be like here we're going to stay.

Well, not much. It doesn't have a estaurant, it doesn't even have a cof-ee shop, let alone a lobby where one an transact old times with the other nnouncers. It's a hot day in the ummer of the great drought and hough there's an air conditioner in ny room, it doesn't work. Oh, it has he *sound* of air-conditioning down, ut no B.T.U.'s. And there are bugs quished against the walls. But hi-liddle-de-dee anyway, because isn't his how it's supposed to be? To all ntents, ain't it a kind of vaudeville we're doing, riding the tour van like a time machine, all symbolic trains, rails and clickety-clack like a montage in movies, name, pop, and elevation wig-wagging above the stations like the accepted synecdoche for distance itself? Ain't it? We're paying our dues, man. Look, Ma, I'm playing Spring-field! Ain't I? Ain't we? We're *taking* this show on the road! Ross, me, and the mean-average twenty-five-year-olds, those hundred-fifty-buck danc-ers. Hell, if we had any sense we'd go *all* the way, split the motel altogether, maybe look for a boardinghouse maybe, some place with just the one telephone next to the landlady's apartment in the front hallway, or something *really* fleabag, a hotel with old bus-station chairs and ripped-up green plastic cushions in the lobby. And that's *one* muse. The Muse of Myth, of How It Was. There were ho-bos in the earth in those days, a race of fry cooks, of broke-mouthed old fellows, closed-jaw, and all wide, ear-to-ear, turned-in lip like Popeye the Sailor. And you know what? If you permit me to get ahead of myself, you know what? There still are. I saw them.

Friday, breakfast morning of show-time, a bunch of us were sitting around Orville & Betty's Cafe—SERVING DOWNTOWN SPRINGFIELD FOR OVER EIGHT YEARS—doing the large OJ, French toast, sausage, and coffee, $3.25, when this bo came up. His hair was perfectly black but he was toothless. He was wearing a T-shirt, his exposed arms so covered with tat-too he looked abstract, as closely decorated with geometry as a mosque. He needed a light for his cigarette. Liz, or maybe Jeffrey, lit his cigarette, and he asked if anyone happened to know the time. It was 10:30, and Liz filled him in. "Thank you. Is that A.M. or P.M.?" "A.M.," said Liz, "it's 10:30 in the morning." "You want to buy a floor lamp for two dollars?" There it was, in the corner, this clas-sic floor lamp with this classic lamp shade, this classic wire, this classic plug. (And for my money, in my book, right there's another muse—the Muse of the Bizarre Confronta-tion. The muses are singing today I'm thinking. How it was is how it is, and I should get out more.) She didn't live in Springfield, she'd have no way to get it home. "I can understand that," he said reasonably. "I'm not from here myself. You can have it for a dollar." Betty, at the cash register, beside a wall mounted with a half-dozen stuffed heroic silver bass, is watching closely. Liz just plain doesn't want the damn thing. "Take it off my hands," pleads the tattooed man. Who is diffi-cult to look at, on whom time, booze, and circumstance have worked their magic and whose colors are running, who, like some ancient, benighted schoolboy, cannot seem to stay with-in his own lines. "Take it off my hands, take it for nothing." Betty shoos him, but before he goes he asks the time again, and once more needs to know if that's A.M. or P.M. (Later, Ross will mention he's seen him in the street, that he didn't have the floor lamp with him so must have gotten his price, better than his price. There were two bucks in his hands, and he was counting them out like some crazed miser, turning them over and over. "A dollar, and a dollar, and a dollar, and another dollar . . . ")

There are several agendas.

Even if five of the eleven of us showed up for breakfast today it isn't often we're in the same place at the same time. Michael likes to stay in the room when he's not working, though when he's with us I've noticed he's a superb mimic, a parrot of the zeitgeist. Of the male dancers, he is the most solidly built, the most powerful, though it's Paul, I think, who is prob-

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ably the best athlete. It's surprising to see him at the motel pool. Dancing must be a sort of ultimate acting. In a bathing suit he's almost scrawny. He *is* scrawny, yet when he swims there's no wasted motion, no energy loss. A few strokes take him the length of the pool. The women are similarly deceptive. Except for Ellen they're all relatively short, yet on stage they appear tall. In one of the dances Liz moves across the stage, apparently without effort, with Paul on her back. (*What's going on? Are you funny, are you in one of the high-risk categories?* No, of course not. *Of course not? Michael's powerfully built, Paul's the best athlete, Liz plays horsey with him? Of course not?* Well, it's the fashions. *The fashions.* The way their clothes fit, all right? *Are you caught up yet?* The way their clothes fit, I tell you. My clothes never fit me like that. *You're fifty-eight years old.* Don't make excuses for me, they *never* fit. *Whiner, you're in mourning for a wardrobe?* Yes, sure, why not? Only not for a wardrobe, just that accident in the genetics that skewed my architecture and made me silly in caps, jeans, in jockey and boxer shorts either, in all the extraordinary accessories of the rakish, windblown young down to the beaches in boaters and scarves. The only equality is the equality of sexual style, the Me Tarzan's, You Jane's, all the level playing fields of dalliance. You bet your ass I'm in a high-risk category, the highest. I'm not cute! *The grass is always greener, eh?* Always. *All right, get on with it.*)

So there are different agendas. Raeleen is at the theater with Ross, holding up costumes so David and James—who wears clip-on suspenders with a length of Mickey Mouses attached to trousers so baggy (fashion) he could be that Dutch kid who saved Holland—can preset the proper cues on the lighting board. Darla and Ellen are sunning themselves. Michael relates the plot of his Stephen King, and Jeffrey retrieves tossed dimes before they sink to the bottom of the pool. I chaise lounge alongside. Paul is dressing. There's a technical rehearsal at one.

"Step leap step skip," Liz drill-sergeants in theory class in Richardson Auditorium the afternoon of the

erformance at Southwestern College
n Winfield, Kansas. "Swing and up,
ft two three. Over right, two three
p," she calls out, commanding man-
as of the dance, square-dance calls.

"Oof."

"Shit."

"Find your center, you're not find-
ng your center."

Ellen pushes up on her push-up
leeves. Angie, the apprentice, fixes
he off-the-shoulder sweatshirt on
ier shoulders. Everyone wears leg
varmers, even the men, who appear
oddly old in them, as if their circu-
ation were impaired. Liz, a cappella,
continues to snap her fingers, never
urrendering the beat while the
roupe in its artfully ripped sweatshirts
(fashion! *fashion!*) hunts its lost cen-
er. Difficult, I imagine, to find in the
near dark they're working in, all the
three-ring din of the crew's prepara-
tions—they're putting together a jun-
gle-gym forest for the set of "Lemurs,"
they're testing the fog machine, ad-
justing sound levels for the romantic,
boozy music of "Silver" while a stage-
hand kneels in the dark and blows
up props, two dozen silver cushions.
"Are you the curtain puller?" Ross
asks a student. "When you're closing
you can always be a little faster than
when you're opening," he tells David.
"He's a quick study," as the curtains
come smoothly together.

"Two, that's warm," David ad-
dresses a person or persons unknown
in the booth. He speaks, like an air-
traffic controller, into a microphone
cantilevered across his mouth like
a prosthesis, some orthodontics of
sound. "Two and a half, that's even
warmer. Two and a quarter. Okay,
that's good."

Liz crickets away, the danc-
ers swarm.

They are theoried, beliefed, suf-
fused with us/them, farmer/rancher,
mountain/shore antipathies and yin/
yangs. Well, they have nothing
against ballet dancers *personally* . . .

Ballet dancers are bun heads.
" " " robots.
" " " toy soldiers.

As ruled and rigid as ice skaters
doing all the compulsories and man-
datories of their frozen art. Ballet a by-
the-numbers game, *tableau vivant*, not
classic so much as stiff, dead to the
arts as Latin is to language. Modern
dance is to ballet what jazz is to golden
oldies. (Though how much is terror
I can't say. Much would have to be,
no? It stands to reason, doesn't it?
Life up on pointe? Or down in plié?
Lowered in painful rice-paddy mother-
squat? Because all dance really *is*
about screwing. Even
ballet.)

When we get to the motel Ross
hands envelopes to each of us. They
are pay envelopes. Because I think the
check for my fee will be in it I am em-
barrassed to open mine in front of
them. I open it in the room. It isn't
my fee. It's my per diem—a lump sum
$45. This is Thursday, we will be leav-
ing Sunday. It will have to last me. (But
I come back with money to spare. I
could have lived a week and
a half in Springfield.)

When I finally see it, the Landers
Theatre gives me the hi-diddle-de-
dees altogether. It's the real thing. A
classically legitimate legitimate the-
ater. A theater like the theaters there
used to be a broken heart for every
light on Broadway for.

Once, years ago, in Rome, dubbing
a film into English (I was Sextus, son
of Pompey) and asked "What hour is
it?" I was supposed to answer, "It is a
quarter past the hour of the second
watch." I delivered the line not only
without credibility or good evidence
that I could even tell time, but with-
out any clear understanding (me,
Sextus, a grown co-conspirator) that
it was the time I was being asked to
tell. I worked almost the entire morn-
ing before being fired. The point isn't
that I was fired. It's that once, years
ago, in Rome, *I* dubbed a movie.
Wait, I take it back. The point is also
that once, in Rome years ago, I was
fired. Legitimate legitimate theater.

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1909, it has two balconies. Its seats
are plush, ornate. Great fierce gilded
masks—almost gelded masks, not
asexual, but not Comedy, not Trage-
dy, only dramatic—with bulbs sitting
on their tongues line the sides of the
theater and the bottom of each balco-
ny, perched like gargoyles on Archi-
tecture. The second balcony isn't

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used now, but, in its day, a full house would have been about 1,000 people.

This is it all right. By *God,* it is!

There's a kid, maybe he's eighteen, who volunteers his time as a stagehand at the Landers. He says his ambition is to *own* a place like this some day. Not an actor, mind, but an impresario. I don't know why this should move me but it does, as I am moved by the theater, as I am moved by the dancers, as one is always moved by odd, off-center hope, by people hanging in there and the persistence of the obsolete. (*You, Crybaby! You're so moved, why didn't you buy the bum's floor lamp? Why didn't you take it off his hands for two dollars?* That's something else. *Something else. Ri-ight.* Well it is. *Sure.* All right, smartguy, I've reason to believe it may have been an ill-gotten floor lamp. *Oh, an ill-*gotten *floor lamp!* I was *too* moved, I was *too!* Sometimes you're moved, sometimes you're only embarrassed. *This is a post-modern thing, right?* I could ask the same of you.) Because there's something in the blood, I think, eager to hold the other guy's coat, to present his card, to serve as second. That admires a blacksmith in the late 1980s but wouldn't necessarily care to be one. (*Didn't you used to be Charles Kuralt?*)

In the event, I am delighted to be at the Landers, thrilled in fact. And I can say *exactly* what it was like. It was like turning sixteen and getting your driver's license, receiving, I mean, the high privilege of doing what *real* people do. Because the guy is right, the grass *is* greener, and I wish I had Ross Winter's guts, or his dancers' bodies, or Ross Winter's guts *in* his dancers' bodies. Having it all on the low mean average. Not to fuss. Because *I* don't know how they do it. Hi-diddle-de-dee or no hi-diddle-de-dee, it can't be much of a picnic to have to live in America the Third World life.

To live it on a lark, of course, is a different story. Though it's odd, I'm thinking at the time, that I don't much care for backstage, that I find it oppressive, in fact. (David Kruger says the Landers's "stagehouse"—the term for the dressing rooms and work areas, everything not properly the auditorium—is badly in need of attention.) Indeed, the stagehouse is itself a sort of Third World, as cluttered and underdeveloped as a favela. Everywhere are cables, ladders, light trees, sets, wardrobe racks, sound equipment, props and gels and styrofoam cups, all the detritus of fast-food lunch, all theatrical schmutz, all dramatical squalor.

But mine ain't the only game in town. The company will perform two different programs in Springfield—"Pretty Fooles and Peasantries," "Silver," "Hard Day," "Tango Freeze," "Continents," and "Lemurs" Friday; "Flashpoint," "Canon Studies," "Hidden Walls of Time," and "Joan Cohen" Saturday—and they're doing the techs, not run-throughs exactly so much as a fitful electronic blocking on the new stage, vetting the audio. The dancers, for all their flexibility, are hostage to equipment. If movies are, as they say, a director's medium, then movies are the exception, for all the other performing arts belong to the technicians.

Indeed, watching the rehearsals, one is reminded of the book on movie stars, all the rap about the downside of glamour. The cliché must be true about the poor dears bored in their trailers. It's like the Army, or being on time for your doctor appointments, like hurry-up-and-wait enterprises everywhere. These folks are disciplined but, not like me out of harm's way on my chair on the stage —where the easel once stood that identified an act in old vaudeville days. First, I can't make out Ross and David's soft conferences, David's mumbled relays to James in the booth. I don't even understand Ross's minimalist comments to his dancers, his remote-control ways, the data they seem to store about stages everywhere in their collective show-biz unconscious, a stage's invisible cuts and primes and vectors, all its unmarked markings paced off in their heads meticulously as the universal weights and measures of duelists' strides. Ross waves them over or calls them in. He moves them about like a manager adjusting his fielders.

It's *very* technical.

And, that night, it's the technical side which blows, the equipment which fails.

I'm seated beneath the overhang of the first balcony near the back of the house, in a good seat on a side aisle. I want to get a feel for the demographics. Which are sparsish, a scant sparsish of demographics. Better than a handful, oh *way* better, but hardly the "pretty good house tonight" that the house manager promised, driven, I think, by hi-diddle-de-dees of his own, as if—Kansas, Springfield, St. Louis: I'm an old hand by now—the body counts and reassurances were intended to dish the same calming hush-hush politicals as government handouts in a war zone, say. Only kindly meant, servicing, stroking some perceived need for the old there-theres, palpable in performers as an open wound. Except I'm only crippled up, not blind. There are, oh, perhaps 150 summery souls in the demographics tonight. In a theater built to hold 1,000. Of these the vast majority are women. Plus, of course, a bun-head contingent of little girls and their younger brothers. A smattering (maybe) of the underwriters, patrons, benefactors, contributors, and sponsors of Springfield Ballet listed in the program. Most in frocks, the comfortable, neutral, down-home dowdy of people who have nothing to prove.

And they are appreciative, generous. On our side, they laugh in the right places, applaud with enthusiasm. Though they are so thinly spread out, I doubt if the dancers receive their message. I've noticed an audience's sound is tricky to hear onstage, as though acoustics were a one-way street, or the stage a transmitter, the house a receiver. Though the observation must be tempered. The dancers have told me they frequently speak to each other on stage, not pepper talk but flashing the clipped, distant early warning of contingency, guiding each other through the lifts and all the double- and triple-time of their close-order drill arrangements. Close to them as I am when we do "Joan Cohen," I've never heard them. So that's another thing—dead spots like the lead opaques of Superman's vision, all the willed limits of transmission, all reined-in, shut-lipped, back-of-the-throat pronouncements, For Performers' Ears Only's like the cleric's promptings and inaudibles to the bride and groom at a wedding.

But something's up—or down—th the sound system. MADCO's pes are incompatible with the Land-'s sound equipment. There'd been uble at the technical, some miss-g-nail thing in the tape deck in a -want-of-a-nail sequence, tempo-ily papered over by a run out to Ra-Shack by somebody in one of the ews. (The Landers has a crew of its n.) Tonight, when the curtain es and the lights come on, the uncy, lusty music for "Pretty Fooles d Peasantries" is neither bouncy r lusty. Indeed, it is scarcely heard. ertainly the dancers, who must take eir cues and rhythm from it, have uble hearing it. (What happened as this: the papered-over part tears. avid, backstage, stage-managing, nds an SOS. James leaves his post the light board and rushes to the cond balcony where their guy is nning the sound equipment. James unches up the sound levels, ampli-es the amplification. It's like Scotty iving the *Enterprise* warp speed by bbing two sticks together. After-ard their guys will say our guys had mproperly plugged something or oth-r into something or other. It's a their uys/our guys thing, an honest-to-god erritorial dispute.)

After the intermission the sound is ack where it should be, but it's too ate. The dancers are in a foul mood, David and James furious, Ross de-ressed. Personally I don't see what's o terrible, and argue so. They were retty good despite, I tell them after the show. But there'll be no hanging out tonight. Again.

I am dressed in my suit of lights—my Brooks Brothers Golden Fleece and special-ordered pants. And, give or take a row, pretty much in the same seat I'd occupied the previous night. I'm not nervous so much (though I'm nervous) as apprehensive, and not so much apprehensive as a wee gone with guilt. More than a wee. Why am I here? *I* don't have Ross's mission. The Regional Arts Commission, Arts and Education Council of Greater St. Louis, and Missouri and Illinois arts councils don't fund *me* to build an audience for modern dance. *Build* an audience? If I had my way, I'd disassemble what's here.

You deserve a factual look at. . .

Those "Moderate" Arab States

Should the U.S. sell them advanced weaponry?

Should we sell sophisticated armaments to the so-called "moderate" Arab countries? Recently, Saudi Arabia, usually considered the leader of the "moderate" Arabs, turned to Britain for the biggest arms contract ever. Many are concerned that the U.S. Congress, being reluctant to allow unlimited arms sales to the Arabs, is depriving the U.S. of lucrative business.

What are the facts?

■ The Arab states boast today one of the largest, most deadly and most sophisticated concentration of armament the world has ever seen, surpassed only (and not by all that much) by the arsenals of the two super-powers. And the buildup of arms continues incessantly—making one wonder how these essentially backward countries can possibly absorb and utilize all this weaponry. Excepting the oil-rich Gulf countries, most of these Arab states can fairly be described as economic basket cases, with social and demographic problems that seem almost unsolvable. Still, they dedicate a large share of their meager resources to the acquisition of ever more deadly and offensive weaponry, instead of putting them into the service of building their countries and uplifting their populations.

■ Saudi Arabia, the kingpin of the "moderates," is an immensely wealthy but sparsely populated country. It fields an army of only 72,000 men, but has 190 military planes and 550 tanks—just about the largest ratio of military hardware to military manpower in the world. Until recently, the fiction was maintained that it needed this enormous arsenal in order to defend itself against the "threat of Iran." But now that Iran is prostrate, this can no longer be alleged, and even the most naive no longer believe it. As King Khaled put it quite bluntly: "When we build our military power, we have no designs on anybody, except those who took away our land and the holy places in Jerusalem, and we know who they are!

■ "Moderate" Saudi Arabia has participated in every war against Israel, from the birth of the state in 1948. It has never made peace with Israel. It is the principal paymaster of Syria, Israel's most fervent enemy, and of the PLO, which is sworn to the destruction of Israel. It is the main player in the worldwide Arab boycott of Israel, whose purpose is the destruction of Israel's economy. Yet, Saudi Arabia, already armed to the teeth and beyond, has just acquired batteries of super missiles from China. They can reach every point in Israel within minutes and can be armed with chemical and atomic warheads. And Saudi Arabia has squadrons of fighter planes at its air base in Tobruk, just one minute's flying time from Israel.

■ But Saudi Arabia's "defense" needs are insatiable. It has just concluded an arms deal with Great Britain amounting to $27 billion, the largest ever negotiated by that country. It includes at least 40 Tornado fighter planes, 80 Westland helicopters, a minimum of six Sundown minesweepers, the construction of two major air bases, and much more. It is an enormous package and has only one purpose: to be part of the coordinated force that, it is hoped, will eventually destroy Israel. The remarkable thing is that Britain will not sell any arms to Israel, because it feels that it could "destabilize the region."

■ But those bare statistics refer only to some of the so-called "moderates." Including the self-proclaimed non-moderates, tiny Israel, the size of New Jersey, with 90% of its population concentrated in an area the size of metropolitan Indianapolis, faces one of the most daunting and fearsome military machines the world has ever seen. Counting only Syria, Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Libya and Egypt, Israel faces 17,265 tanks, 2789 combat aircraft and 3 million armed men. And that is before the huge sale of military material by Britain, missile deals with the Chinese, and other weaponry in the pipeline.

The concept of the "moderate" Arab states is a myth. The Arabs are single-mindedly determined to destroy Israel. They are spending hundreds of billions of dollars in order to attain strategic superiority to Israel, and then to accomplish its destruction. Israel is the only viable strategic asset the United States has in the entire area. Those who sell weapons to Israel's enemies—foreign countries and American companies—are playing into the hands of America's enemies. We do not find the Soviet Union selling weapons to the enemies of *its* allies. Why should the United States be any less straightforward in its foreign policy? If Israel were vanquished, the Persian Gulf with its vital resources, the entire Middle East and the Mediterranean Basin would fall under the unquestioned dominion of the Soviet Union.

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Though it's hardly SRO, or even the mythic "pretty good house" of our comforter's reports and special pleading, it's up from last night. Maybe 250. Many are little girls, even more than on Friday. More homemakers, too. I'm thinking of what I heard two ladies say to each other after MADCO's performance in Winfield: "Pretty neat, wasn't it?" "Oh, I thought it was *real* good." This far south in Kansas, I remember thinking, people sound as if they're from Oklahoma. It could be, this grammar, this music, this language of placed persons, the true, sweet, inflected neighborlies of Prairie itself.

Because I know what's coming after intermission.

Me. Yours truly's coming, the larky, city-slicker Jew with his love rabbi and his love rabbi's blow-job conversations and his love rabbi's death jive. Right here in walnut-bowl country, deep in the cavern counties, hard by Orville & Betty's two-buck ham 'n' egg breakfasts. In Passion Play territory. Only it's not like it sounds. I swear it isn't. I'm *not* afraid of them. I'm not. I just don't want to upset anyone's apple cart or ruffle the feathers. I would leave everyone's dander down where I found it. I've no desire to build an audience, even my own.

Only it goes without a hitch. Technical *or* spiritual. The applause is even more generous than last night. There are curtain calls. I get roses.

It's Ross, ringing me in my room, can he come over.

He sits in one of those light, polypropylene, contoured shell chairs, universal as coat hangers. He's drinking a generic 1.75-liter bourbon with ginger ale. I'm dressed, sprawled on the bedspread. He drinks, I think, recalling "affairs," like a Jew.

"I thought show people," I tell him, "were supposed to be sentimental, ceremonial. Well, those Awards shows, those Oscars and Tonys, that Lifetime Achievement crap. Well those curtain calls, well those roses." We're really talking about Darla, who drove off after the performance with her parents and boyfriend and scarcely a word to anyone. "I'd expected a scene, *counted* on a scene. At least toasts, at least hugs and handshakes and the we'll-meet-agains people taking their leave owe each other out of respect for endings, rites of passage. My turnout ain't any better than Darla's."

"Well," says Ross, "maybe not everyone can throw herself on the mercy of the court with your abandon."

Ross is in a mood. Not a *bad* mood. Actually he's rather pleased with how things turned out. Especially after last night's performance. He blames the dancers. "They should have gone to their battle stations."

We're gossiping, getting *down*. I have to be careful what I ask him. He won't duck a question. He tells me what he makes, he gives the reasons he broke up with his wife.

"Do you ever think of leaving St. Louis?"

"I think of changing my life. I don't mind about the money. You can decorate an apartment quite nicely with what people throw away. I would have taken that floor lamp. I didn't because it was ugly. Some street people have no taste at all."

And ah, I'm thinking, ah, the young 'uns out on the town, me and Ross waiting up for them, bandying our eleventh-hour truck-farm confessions and plans, talking all the high and dry, buddy-stranded locutions of lull.

"Well," Ross said, "I don't socialize with them anyway. They're my tribal family. I'm their elder. It's nothing personal. I guess Liz was teacher's pet. If I had one. By dint of long tenure, her right-hand-man manners. *Droit de* right-handedness."

"I have to laugh," I say. "You know what they said at the reception? 'Springfield needed to hear that.' *Jesus!* Want some gum? I chew lots of gum since I quit smoking."

"I don't chew gum. In Australia, during my formative gum-chewing years, it was rationed. Now it's too frustrating. I feel I should be able to break it down and eat it."

"I understand. I really do."

If the place had room service I'd have sent out long ago. There's nothing to nosh but gum, but we're all over the board. We could be in Cincinnati, I'm thinking.

"Liz used to be a mouse," Ross says. "She used to dance with her bod screaming 'Don't look.' And it hasn quite clicked with Ellen yet that she there solely for the pleasure of the au dience. She's too shy with her talent She has to learn to throw them ou into the house. An audience wants t be flashed."

Paul's too intense, Ross says. He very smart but too intense. In a mood Ross doodles his dancers. Of th women, Raeleen's the strongest. Je has the best stretch and turnout, th most extension. Michael is a tedd bear and could be a wonderful dance He watches too much TV.

"Too much TV?"

"Turnout, extension, strength and stretch are important. Mind is dancer's most important instrument.

Liz, James, Jeffrey, and David are a the door.

"Come in," I say, flattered, "com in. Come in."

"Is Ross around?"

"Come in."

Jeffrey, subdued, is already anxiou to leave. After Friday's performanc he went for a walk. He'd been think ing about his career. He didn't ge back to the motel until 2 A.M. He wa pretty tired, he said. He thought he better get going.

Ross is using my bathroom. Li says, "He has to know."

"Tonight? Come on," David says "tonight was terrific. Don't bothe him tonight."

"He should know. I don't care, h should. David, James, I'm going t tell him."

"Jeffrey should tell him."

"He just told *us*." When Ros comes back Liz says, "Ross, that Sat urday Jeffrey missed rehearsal? Wher he said he'd made plans? He was i Chicago auditioning with Shirle Mordine's company."

Ross didn't say anything for a while. I know that's what they all say that they don't say anything for a while. Or that they blanch, go white as the unimpeachable testimony o Darla's clown white pain, but that' what happened. Maybe there's a muse of the autonomic physiologicals fo bad news, or when you've been le down, badly disappointed, some Muse of the Involuntary Facials, and a muse working, too, when he recovers.

nally speaks. The Muse of At a Loss, amp 'til Ready.

"If he'd asked I'd have let him. I ould. It's helpful for a young dancer audition, to get someone else's inion of what he does wrong. I'd ave let him."

"Did he get the job?" I ask.

"He says he has a good feeling," Liz ys.

"You know Jeffrey," David says, he has a good feeling if the ketchup n his hamburger isn't green."

"I'm dissolving the company."

"Ross, you're upset." Liz is stroking is arm, giving out comfort like first id.

"Darla's gone. Liz is moving with ames to Arizona. Now Jeffrey? I'm dissolving MADCO. It's my company, I an do what I please."

"And put the others out of work?"

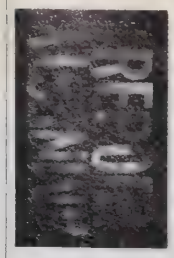
"Sleep on it, Ross," James advises. 'You're upset. Don't make rash decisions when you're upset."

"I'm a grown man. I'll make rash decisions when I please. More than just wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine," he tells him. "I'll tell them tomorrow."

But he doesn't. The Muse of Second Thoughts.

When Ross sent Jeffrey's check he thanked him for his patience but told him he was not being asked back for next season due to his lack of professionalism and commitment to the company. The women have been replaced, but until he can find a replacement for Jeffrey, they'll be dancing with two men, not three; six dancers, not seven. They book programs in advance. "Continents" may have to be dropped from the repertoire, though Paul thinks that with a quick costume change either he or Michael ought to be able to double up on one of the parts. "Hidden Walls of Time" and "Pretty Fooles and Peasantries" are definitely out, as is, of course, "Notes Toward a Eulogy for Joan Cohen."

The irony muse which plucks my gig and leaves this crippled-up old soul hi-diddle-de-deeless. Until, at least, Life breathes on my life again, the all-embracing muse of lark and unexpected compensations. ■



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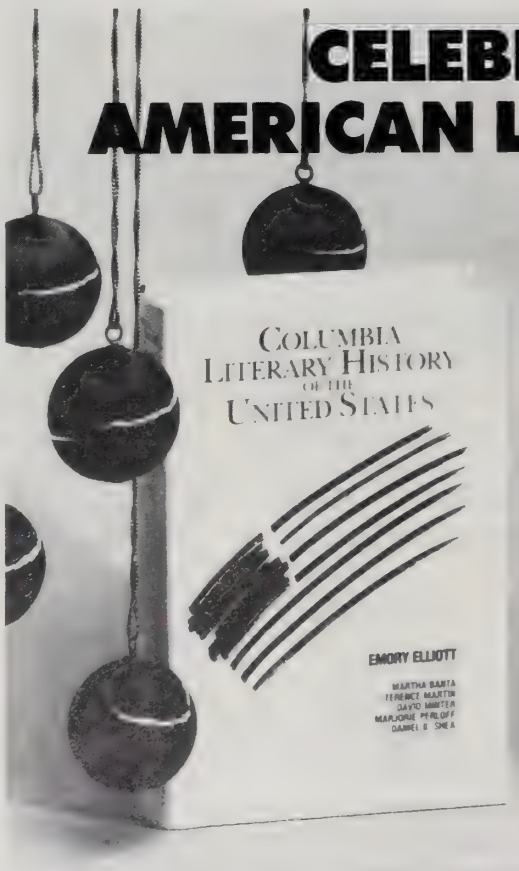
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BODIES

After the last battle of the Iran-Iraq war

By Tony Horwitz

Clinging to the death bar of an Army jeep, I hurtled toward the last major battlefield of the Iran-Iraq war. Cannons drummed the desert, each thu-thump throbbing through the sand and rattling the jeep's thin floor. The driver, a vacant-eyed Iraqi soldier, stared out through a tiny space in the windshield; the rest of the glass was smeared with mud so a flash of flare wouldn't lure the Iranian artillery. We were 270 miles southeast of Baghdad on a June day, headed for a border oil field called Majnoon, seized by the Iraqis in a predawn assault a few hours before.

Incoming shells had pockmarked the road. Every hundred yards or so, the driver slammed the brake to the floor, swerved around a blackened crater, then hit the accelerator, reaching eighty in time to dodge the next crevasse. Tomorrow I may die, he said with his driving; today I risk it all streaking down this fractured strip of tar.



Photograph by Tony Horwitz

He dropped two wheels onto the sandy shoulder to pass a mangled jeep, splayed on the roadside like a crushed cat. I heard a mechanical whir as the photographers in the seat behind me loaded their cameras.

"Bodies, *mon ami*," a French photographer said to the driver. "We must have bodies."

"What we really need," added the American beside him, "is a blown-out bunker with Iranians hanging out of it and Iraqis standing on top." He checked his light meter with a quick scan of the desert. "You know, victor and vanquished in the same shot."

Wars have a way of finding inhospitable terrain. The plain east and north of Basra, where most of the fighting occurred, is a flat expanse of dun-colored grit and fetid marsh, torched by searing winds. Winter was the season for slaughter; in summer, small arms became too hot to handle and tank drivers risked cooking inside their metal canisters.

By the summer of 1988, the landscape had been made over for the convenience of killing. Approaching Majnoon, the barrels of long-range artillery bristled out of the earth, pointing the way to the front. Bulldozers pummeled the desert into trenches and ridges topped by leaking sandbags. At the foremost line, soldiers planted a tangled garden of barbed wire and slant metal spikes to welcome any Iranian attackers. There was no shade from the 110-degree sun, and nowhere to hide outside the trenches. It looked like photographs of Flanders without the mud.

Majnoon is Arabic for "crazy," a pre-war name referring to the area's gushing oil wells, capped soon after the war began. Originally Iraqi territory, the Iranians had captured it in

Tony Horwitz is a Cairo-based journalist and author of One for the Road, *published this year by Vintage.*

1984. Now, in a rare summer assault, the Iraqis had crawled out of their trenches to reclaim Majnoon, the last significant chunk of Iraqi land in Iranian hands.

When we arrived, about four hours after the battle, the no-man's-land between the two armies had become a smoldering junkyard of charred tanks and twisted metal, snagged with bits of bloody uniform. The smoke and dust swirled so densely that the driver turned on his windshield wipers. In the backseat, the photographers cleaned their lenses and resumed their grisly refrain. "This is all very scenic," the American said, "but where are the goddamn bodies?"

The jeep clawed through a cut in the ramparts and deposited us behind a captured Iranian line. The Iraqis had cleared their dead from the field, but the Iranians lay where they fell. A lone gunner sprawled straight back from his forward post, eyes and mouth open; he appeared to be playacting, as if someone had said "Bang, bang, you're dead," but in a moment he'd leap to his feet and start playing soldier again.

Further on, the scene wasn't so ambiguous. In one spot, the main Iranian trench had become a corridor of bloodied flesh, one body overlapping another, apparently cut down together in a torrent of gunfire. Some of the bodies were beginning to bloat, giving off a horrible stench, as if from an outhouse stuffed with rotting meat. Limbs twisted in improbable, almost yogic contortions. One man died clutching a gash in his groin, entrails oozing onto his thigh. Another's wounds were hidden; he seemed to be dozing comfortably with his head on the stomach of a friend—his eyes were closed and his face turned toward the midday sun.

A Turkish journalist, on his fifth visit to the front, flipped open his notebook and lectured on the art of reporting war. "First thing, always study the corpses," he said, nudging his toe against the crushed skull of an Iranian teenager. "Are they fresh? Bullets in front or back?" He inspected the blood dribbling from the corpse's nose. "I think it's fresh. If the body is black and burst open, then maybe it's old. Number two. Are there signs of gas?" He plucked a mask from the dust and opened a frayed U.S. Army manual, a relic of the Shah's troops, that showed G.I. Joe with buzz cut and fatigues, demonstrating how to wear the mask. "They expected gas," the Turk continued, "but bullets were enough." He slapped his notebook shut. "With corpses, you must study these things."

Letters and journals fluttered from the bombed-out bunkers. Written in Farsi and translated by an Iraqi reporter, they recorded the tedium of trench warfare. "At 15:00 the enemy has added two rows of barbed wire in front of his position," read a log filled with pages of similar entries. One soldier passed the time doing Farsi crossword puzzles and doodling pigs. Another drew crude sketches of a woman with luxuriant curls cascading down her shoulders: pure fantasy in an all-male world, and in a country of heavily veiled females.

In a letter from Tehran to a young soldier named Jalil, each family member contributed a thought, with a sister composing a poem and a brother adding the final words. "I hope that this war is going to finish in favor of truth," he wrote. "Then all the youngsters will once again come back to the warmth of their families. And you too." The letter lay beside the body of a teenager who might well have been Jalil, faceup on the sand, his close-cropped hair and patchy beard matted with blood. Flies crawled in his one open eye.

Iran lists 60,000 men missing in action, and these corpses at Majnoon must number among them. About twelve hours after the battle, Iraqi bulldozers and trucks moved in to dig fresh trenches and turn the Iranian guns around. There was no room to maneuver and no will to identify the enemy dead. One huge vehicle and then another rolled straight over a dozen bodies. The corpses lurched up and jerked their arms under the weight of the wheels, as if in a final protest, before collapsing in an even spread of brains, bones, and organs. A truck bogged down momentarily, then churned on, leaving tread marks on a pancake of gore.

As soon as the convoy passed, a group of Iraqi soldiers interrupted their picnic of watermelon and crowded beside the bodies, firing guns in the air and flashing victory signs.

"Mister, picture!" they cried. "Mister, picture!"

The photographers jostled for position.

"Shadow!" the American yelled at a colleague. "Get your goddamn shadow off the goddamn corpse!"

Away from the tumult, two Iraqi soldiers slumped against a bunker smoking cigarettes. Nearby, four Iranians lay amidst scattered loaves of bread, a can of Kraft cheese, and an upturned teakettle. The corpses wore socks but no shoes, as if they hadn't even had time to dress for the predawn assault.

The two Iraqis looked exhausted but elated, suffused with the high of having just survived a fierce battle. Their eyes glowed, their chapped lips curved into glazed, involuntary smiles. "We attacked for six, maybe eight hours," said a soldier named Mahmoud, drawing arrows in the dust. "Then the Persians just got up and ran away." He nodded toward the corpses. Present company excluded.

Beside Mahmoud, an older man nursed a wound in his hand. His olive-drab uniform was mottled with blood, each crease in his face a pocket of grime, each strand of hair coated in dust. As he spoke, half in English and half in Arabic, he spit out dirt. "They don't fight like Iranians anymore," he said, shaking his head in disbelief.

Behind the two men, fresh troops trained machine guns toward the desert in case of counterattack. One man filled sandbags, another wandered off with a spade to dig a new latrine. A third dozed on his back, helmet tipped over his eyes, too flaked-out to stir at the celebratory bursts of machine-gun fire unleashed for the photographers a few feet away.

Mahmoud rose and peered inside a pillbox, checking for corpses, then crawled halfway inside and closed his eyes. "I do not like to see so much blood," he said. "But when the bodies are Iranian, I do not mind so much."

By the standards of the eight-year war, this small corner of the Majnoon battlefield was an unremarkable sight. In 1984, swarms of young Iranian

artyrs surged across this same desert eppe, armed by the Ayatollah with astic keys to unlock the gates of eaven. They hurled forward in hu- an waves, clambering over their ad until they reached the Iraqi enches. But beginning in late 1986, one of many attacks near Basra that e Iranians termed their "final offen- ve," the Iraqis mowed down wave ter wave of Iranians in a slaughter so unning that it has entered Iraqi war re as "The Great Harvest."

The grim reaping near Basra cooled an's suicidal fervor. So did Iraq's in- easing use of chemical weapons. A w days after our visit to Majnoon, a nited Nations team inspected the anian dead and wounded on the ther side of the border. They found hat, preceding the early morning as- ault, the Iraqis had lobbed gas-filled hells onto and behind the Iranian nes. The poisons included a crude orm of mustard gas called yper- te, named for the World War I bat- le at Ypres where it was originally leployed.

The first symptoms consist of "a urning in the eyes," states a U.N. re- ort. The burning is followed by lurred vision, vomiting, and blisters hat ooze an amber-colored fluid. Then the gas blackens and ulcerates he body's moist crevices: armpits, uttocks, groin.

"The skin all over the body is dark nd cracking," reads the report on a ineteen-year-old named Ali, exam- ned at an Iranian hospital. "Armpits lack, with lesions resembling sec- nd-degree burns; groin is black, with areas where the skin has peeled. Wheezing can be heard in both lungs."

Driving back from Majnoon, the photographers lamented the Iraqis' caution in concealing their outlawed weapons.

"They'd never take us someplace where they used the stuff," said the American, rewinding film.

"*Tant pis,*" said the Frenchman. "Now that, my friend, is a cover shot."

We traveled through the gathering dusk as the spoils of battle were carted to the Iraqi rear. The profligate ruin, not just of men but of matériel, was astonishing. Boots, canteens, gas masks, gun clips, canned food, and helmets littered the sand. The one-lane road was clogged with bent steam shovels, burnt tracks, and overturned jeeps. A picture of Ali, the seventh-century Shiite martyr, was emblazoned on the front of a captured Iranian tank. The tank's Iraqi driver poked his head from the turret, his face wrapped Palestinian-style in a checkered scarf, to keep out the dust.

As the traffic stalled, the Turkish reporter turned on his radio and picked up War Communiqué No. 3230 from Baghdad, announcing the "liberation of Majnoon." The news was followed by a song, repeated constantly throughout the war, about Iraqi President Saddam Hussein.

> We will challenge them if they cross the border, oh Saddam.
> The victory is for you, oh Saddam.
> With our blood and with our soul we sacrifice ourselves for you, oh Saddam.

No one knows the exact number of Saddam's martyrs, though 150,000–200,000 is a widely accepted estimate. During the eight-year war, no Iraqi defeats and no Iraqi casualties were ever reported. The only clue to the body count was the constant procession of flag-draped coffins, ferried home from the front on the rooftops of taxis. During the Great Harvest, the toll was so high that Iraq reportedly stored bodies in a freezer near the front, and released a few at a time to avoid panicking the public by sending fleets of taxi-hearses into Baghdad.

Even in victory, the Iraqis proved sparing with information. As night fell, we stopped five miles behind the Majnoon lines for a military briefing, brief being the operative word.

"It was quite an easy engagement," said the Iraqi commander. Like many of the nation's officials, he sported the bushy black mustache favored by the Iraqi President. "We attacked and the Iranians withdrew."

"How many dead?" asked the Turk.

"Many," the officer said. "Gentlemen, please. Let us have tea."

Nearby, we visited a wire cage where several hundred Iranian prisoners crowded beneath blinding floodlights. Earlier in the war, Iranians remained defiant in captivity, chanting "Khomeini!" and even biting their Iraqi guards. But at war's end, with estimates ranging as high as a half-million dead, their spirit had drained away, leaving a broken and silent huddle of soldiers, from teenagers to old men.

As we entered the cage, Iraqi guards brandished submachine guns and ordered the prisoners to sit down. It was a gratuitous gesture. Most of the men were already curled on the concrete, asleep or writhing from battle wounds. A shirtless youth rested his head on a sneaker, eyes wide with terror, bloody swathes of cotton piled on his crotch. A friend tried to calm him by bringing a cigarette to his lips. A gray-haired man with a wound in his throat kept getting up and trying to say something to a guard, pointing feverishly at his trachea. His voice was almost inaudible, and the Iraqi, who evidently didn't speak Farsi, kept ordering the man back to the ground.

One young soldier grabbed my sleeve and looked pleadingly at me with the dark, almond-shaped eyes of a prince in a Persian miniature. "From where you are?" he asked.

"America."

"Ever you go Iran?"

When I said that I hoped to someday, he took my notebook and scribbled his name in a mix of Arabic and Roman lettering. Then he added his birth date according to the Islamic calendar: 1387. He was twenty-two and had been at the front for three years.

I wasn't sure what he meant by the gesture, but as the Iraqis herded us away, another soldier called out in English. I turned to record a last-minute Iranian comment on the war. He gave me his name, then added in a weary voice: "Please, I have a brother. He is principal of a high school in Tehran. Please tell him you have seen me here."

It was midnight when we gathered for the two-hour drive to Basra, to spend the night in a house sandbagged to the eaves. Artillery still pounded in the distance, a gunpowder heartbeat, thu-thump, thu-thump, thu-thump. An Iraqi flare lofted into the sky to illuminate the enemy position and

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Complete mailing address of known office of publication: 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

Complete mailing address of headquarters of general business office of Publisher: 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

Publisher: John R. MacArthur, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012; Editor: Lewis H. Lapham, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012; Managing Editor: Tonice Sgrignoli, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012; Owner: Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

Changes during the preceding twelve months in the purpose, function, and nonprofit status of the Harper's Magazine Foundation and the exempt status for federal income tax purposes: None.

Extent and nature of circulation

	Average number of copies each issue during preceding twelve months	Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
A) Total number of copies printed	257,773	270,800
B) Paid Circulation:		
1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales.	33,849	34,243
2) Mail subscription	159,926	171,369
C) Total paid circulation:	193,775	205,612
D) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means (samples, complimentary, and other free copies):	5,636	6,285
E) Total distribution:	199,411	211,897
F) Copies not distributed:		
1) Office use, left over, unaccounted for, spoiled after printing:	3,362	2,653
2) Returns from news agents.	55,000	56,250
G) Total	257,773	270,800

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) John R. MacArthur

another concussion of shell fire shuddered through the sand. Then flares began whooshing and popping every which way across the desert. Anti-aircraft guns sent bright red and green tracers streaking into the night. Machine-gun fire erupted all around us as soldiers emptied their automatic weapons.

The Iraqis were celebrating their victory.

The Turk grabbed my arm and dragged me into a bunker. "All that lead has to land somewhere," he said. "Let's make sure it's not on our heads." ■

December Index Sources

1 U.S. Environmental Protection Agency; **2** Worldwatch Institute (Washington); **3** U.S. Department of Defense; **4** U.S. Customs Service; **5,6** Roper Organization (N.Y.C.); **7** U.S. Environmental Protection Agency; **8** *Fortune* (N.Y.C.); **9** U.S. Federal Reserve Board; **10,11** Robert M. Costrell, University of Massachusetts (Amherst); **12,13** National Academy of Public Administration (Washington); **14** Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (N.Y.C.); **15** Barbara A. Anderson, University of Michigan (Ann Arbor) and Brian D. Silver, Michigan State University (East Lansing); **16** Indochina Institute, George Mason University (Fairfax, Va.); **17** Abbie Hoffman (N.Y.C.); **18,19** Peter Newcomb, *Forbes* (N.Y.C.); **20** National Archives (Washington); **21** Smithsonian Institution (Washington); **22** David A. Boehm, editor, *Guinness Book of World Records* (N.Y.C.); **23** National Opinion Research Center, University of Chicago; **24,25** *Adultery: An Analysis of Love and Betrayal*, by Annette Lawson, Basic Books (N.Y.C.); **26,27** Congressional Office of Technology Assessment; **28** *Hippocrates* (Sausalito, Calif.); **29** *1988 Catholic Almanac*, Our Sunday Visitor Inc. (Huntington, Ind.); **30** U.S. Hispanic Chamber of Commerce (Kansas City, Mo.); **31,32** U.S. Commission on Civil Rights; **33** David Barnes, Steccone Products (Oakland, Calif.); **34** U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission; **35** American Astronomical Society (Washington); **36** Genemsco Corporation (Kingston, Mass.); **37** IOX Assessment Associates (Los Angeles); **38** Legislative Hotline (Madison, Wis.); **39** Ben Collier (Montgomery, Ala.); **40** Robert Christian, Provident National Bank (Philadelphia).

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I	C	E	S	M	A	T	E	A	N	R	D
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S	T	O	L	E	E	C	C	H	A	S	E
T	O	W	E	R	S	H	A	I	L	E	D

NOTES FOR "TRIPLE HEADERS"

Note: All Across clues were the double-meaning type. Explanations of the Down clues are followed with the definition located in an Across clue. DOWN: 1. RA(S)P (12 Across: scrape); 2. O-DOR (reversal) (14A: reputation); 3. SET-ROT, reversed (1A: cakes); 4. LE(ad)ERS (4A: ogles); 5. STREET, anagram of TE(a-m)STER (13A: way); 6. MIRT(h), reversed (15A: in excellent condition); 7. SA-ZERAC (anagram) (19A: cocktail); 8. ACNE, odd letters (11A: rash); 9. LE(GEN)D (7A: myth); 10. CH-O-ICE (22A: exquisite); 13. PAR-ACH (. . . U-T)ES (26A: leaves plane?); 16. RAN-K (24A: row); 17. SIMPLEST, anagram (34A: plainest); 18. ZEALOT, hidden (17A: fanatic); 20. M-ASQUER (anagram) (20A: costumed reveler); 21. REL-EASE (32A: free); 23. NIMBLE, hidden (36A: lightfooted); 24. S-WATCH (33A: sample); 25. (c)RESTED (37A: took it easy); 28. ARE(C)A (35A: palm); 29. FIN-A-L (27A: TERMINAL); 31. OT-TO (30A. Roman emperor).

SOLUTION TO NOVEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 71). JOYCE CAROL OATES: (WOMAN) WRITER. Melville is unsparing in his delineation of what actually happens in whaling—what is killed, how it is killed, and who the killers are. Moby-Dick may enjoy the invulnerability of a creature of legend, but his kin, pursued by harpooners, are not so fortunate.

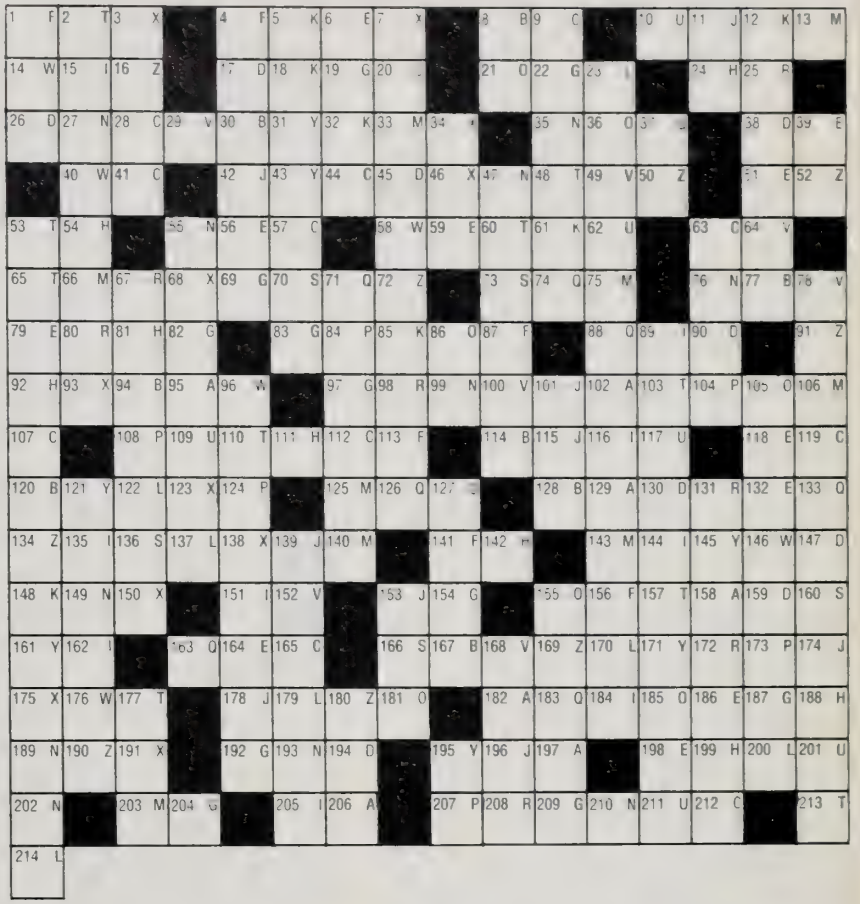
CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 72, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by December 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the January issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 70 are Cora Illes, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada; Johan Bakker, Union Lake, Michigan; and Dan Newmark, Los Angeles, California.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 72

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.



CLUES

A. Annoyed — 129 95 158 197 102 / 206 182

B. Flirtation, dalliance, trifling — 114 8 120 128 30 / 94 167 77

C. Lacking appetite (3 wds.) — 112 44 28 63 119 / 165 107 9 57 / 41 212

D. Quick, clever answer — 45 194 26 147 38 17 130 90 / 159

E. Means, especially money — 198 164 186 132 6 51 118 39 / 56 79 59

F. Purpose, design — 141 156 4 87 113 1

G. Dressing for leather (3 wds. & hyph.) — 187 19 192 83 82 97 22 204 / 37 154 69 209

H. "I have done ____ some service, and they know 't," says Othello (2 wds.) — 142 54 92 111 188 24 81 199

I. Refutations — 89 144 205 151 162 15 135 116 / 184

J. Something repeated — 11 178 174 42 115 153 101 196 / 139

K. Prolix — 148 85 5 12 61 32 18

L. Comprehensively (2 wds.) — 122 170 137 200 214 23 179

M. Canceled, annulled — 66 143 106 33 140 125 203 13 / 75

N. Printing from raised surfaces, as set type — 210 189 76 55 27 99 35 193 / 149 47 202

O. Trespasses — 155 21 181 86 36 127 105 185

P. "Soft is the strain when ____ gently blows" (Pope, "Essay on Criticism") — 104 173 207 84 124 108

Q. Very brief space of time; moment — 183 126 133 71 88 74 163

R. In Japan, a small figure used as a fixture on a man's sash on which to hang small belongings — 80 131 67 25 208 172 98

S. Manure of sea birds, used as fertilizer — 166 160 73 136 70

T. Origin, with reference to the creator or producer of a work — 110 213 53 48 60 177 157 2 / 103 65

U. Interfered officiously — 117 211 201 62 10 109 20

V. Exertions — 49 29 64 168 78 100 152

W. "Now Barabbas was a ____" (John 18:40) — 14 146 58 40 176 96

X. Put here and there or at intervals — 138 34 93 46 68 191 175 7 / 123 150 3

Y. Stirred up vigorously — 161 145 121 31 195 43 171

Z. Nonsense — 180 91 72 169 190 50 52 134 / 16

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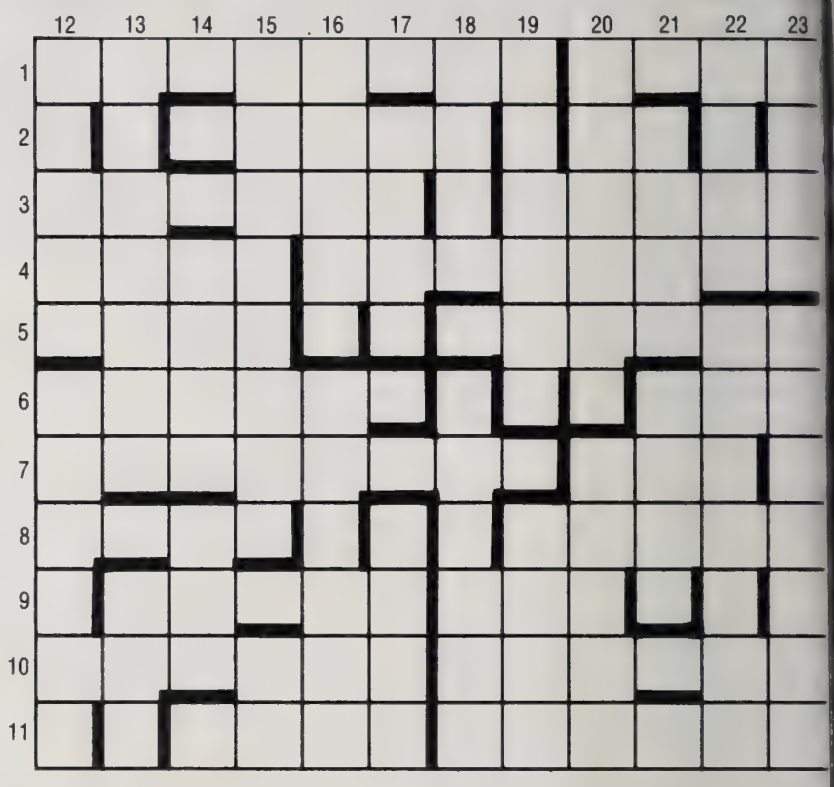
PUZZLE

Moving Parts

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Two clues are provided for each row and column. Their answers will provide the "lights" (diagram entries) in that row or column by moving a fragment from one answer to the other, creating two new words. The fragment is one to four letters long; if it contains more than one letter, they are contiguous. Thus, if a pair of clues produced the answers SOLAR and STARCH, the CH fragment could be moved to contribute the lights SCHOLAR and STAR. Note that the fragment can be taken from and added to any location in the clue answers.

Clue answers include one proper name. The lights include one proper name and one two-word phrase. Last month's solution appears on page 76.



Across

1. Behind you, German gets very loud (4)
   The big baboon's damn nasty—right unfriendly (8)
2. Extreme and just . . . not I (3)
   Very dry red, first one I drink without a lot of ice? (4)
3. Wildcat's outspoken associates . . . (4)
   . . . arrive during big blast in saloon (7)
4. Eggs bachelor in foolish folly with wife (7)
   Drunk's imbibing oxygen and products of combustion (5)
5. Poet looking foolish wearing English sun hat (5)
   Defile and satiate (5)
6. Flip over most of gold record (3)
   Fruit to nuts? Singular! (6)
7. Sounded catty as I married (5)
   A piano roll first is returned for lack of color (6)
8. Defies Democrat taken in by economic pessimists (6)
   Issue back numbers (3)
9. Right-to-Life rejecting the Left as common (4)
   Hearing one of the Apostles become tiresome (4)
10. He yields in religious probe . . . (8)
    . . . never losing right to give uniform back (4)
11. Western band played for pesos (5)
    True believer side-slips with time (5)

Down

12. Definition, when brief and true, is clever (4)
    Shot marbles with people out for a stroll (7)
13. A sound banking transaction is unique (5)
    Uncovered bread goes bad (5)
14. Confidant once around the track, suffers reversal (3)
    God engaged in foreboding (4)
15. Is a resident doctor lewd and lascivious around the edges (6)
    Conservative put on trial . . . there's nothing in it (4)
16. Some breads are said to do this! (4)
    Ribbons made of paste? Engineer sold one (7)
17. Excise taxes marginally trimmed (3)
    Elmer's playing "Blackbird" (5)
18. Elfin at heart? Yes! (3)
    Quietly acted as a sales agent and got ready to operate (7)
19. Fortitude could be brief (5)
    The color black was a blessing, in part (5)
20. Low note is a symbol of the unreachable (4)
    Legal promises vary or lapse (7)
21. He gives Mafia boss an alternative indication (5)
    It's harmful to give back a pat (3)
22. Fellow overly upset following girl (6)
    Fumes produced by shifting gears (5)
23. Men last to fall for sad songs (7)
    Associating this with flag is outrageous. Raise a rumpus (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Moving Parts," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the February issue. Winners of the October puzzle, "No Unches," are Irene McCaffrey, Kew Gardens, New York; Virginia Bergoff, Saginaw, Michigan; and E. A. Sweedyk, Ocean Grove, New Jersey.



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